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THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS



Symonds.



**Harvard University
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GIFT OF

*Mr. J. W. Symonds,
20 Jan. 1909.*





WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS.



THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
WILLIAM WINTER

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he does not sleep,
He has awakened from the dream of life

SH. 1117

WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS

FROM A CRAYON PORTRAIT BY

Private Collection of Mrs. William Law Symonds
1908



WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS
FROM A CRAYON PORTRAIT BY
MRS. RICHARD HILDRETH

O
THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
WILLIAM WINTER

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he does not sleep,
He has awakened from the dream of life.

SHELLEY

Privately printed for Joseph W. Symonds
1908

JAN 20 1909

Gift of
Mr. J. W. Symonds,
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PREFACE.

The design of publishing a book of the selected writings of William Law Symonds was formed some time after his death, in 1862; but the Civil War in our country was then raging and the time was unpropitious for the execution of any literary purpose involving public attention. An intimate friend of the deceased author,—Mr. Robert Carter, prominent among the writers who were at that time working for the newspaper press and the booksellers of New York,—undertook to collect his writings and to prepare a memoir of the writer; but obstacles intervened to impede him in the prosecution of the work and, ultimately, he felt constrained to abandon it. As years passed, circumstances became less and less auspicious for the publication as at first proposed. Friends of Mr. Symonds were dispersed by fortune or removed by death. The literary reputation that he had acquired,—not at any time extensive, though, within a limited circle, unquestionably brilliant,—was, practically, forgotten. The project slept. Now, at the distance of forty-six years since his death, the work he performed and the publicity it obtained are unknown, and, to the general public, the mention of his name would be mention of the name of a stranger. By virtue of what he wrote he ought to be known

as a royal intellect; as an acute thinker, in an important transition period of religious thought; and,—if originality, lucidity, and fervent emotion in a sympathetic display of high themes possess any relative significance,—a man of authentic, decisive genius. He is not known, except to a very few surviving friends, and to those infrequent scholars who dwell apart from the multitude and who habitually and carefully observe the forces of thought, often obscure in their origin and only indirectly influential in their effect, that are liberated upon the passing hour. The memorial of him that is now made, accordingly, a memorial inspired and accomplished by the life-long affection of a devoted brother, makes no appeal to the community, but is privately offered only to friends, who will deem it precious,—the reflex of a noble mind; the record of a beautiful life; the souvenir of genius that was suddenly blighted in its bloom.

The writings of Mr. Symonds are voluminous, and they range over a large variety of themes. It would not be possible to include them in a single volume. He began to write while yet a boy, and his pen was industrious to the last. His earliest published writings were contributions to the Portland Transcript. He never wrote verse. He wrote many essays, while he was a student at Bowdoin College, and he wrote numerous letters,—several of which, preserved in this volume, possess the substantial value of subtle disquisition on some of the most important subjects that can engage the human mind. In 1857 he became a member of

the regular staff of contributors to Appleton's Cyclopaedia, and, intermittently, he wrote for that publication during the ensuing five years. The editors of that massive and valuable compendium were George Ripley and Charles Anderson Dana,—two of the most erudite scholars of their time. Writing to Mr. Joseph W. Symonds, March 2, 1862, Dr. Ripley said: "The articles published by your brother are, of course, to a considerable extent, of the nature of a compilation, and, accordingly, do not so fully reflect his genius and culture as his more original compositions. Still, many of them possess a striking interest and are certainly remarkable productions, especially for so young a man. Among the best of them are the papers on Æsthetics, Beauty, Victor Cousin, Thomas Jouffray, Latin Literature, John Locke, Philosophy, Novels, Moral Philosophy, and Spinoza." Mr. Symonds not only wrote hundreds of articles for the Cyclopaedia, but he revised and amended very many that were furnished by other contributors. A list of his contributions, nearly complete, has been obtained. He wrote exhaustively on such varied topics as Junius, Leibnitz, Mysteries, Nominalism and Realism, the Mythology of the Ancients, and the philosophy of Hobbes. One of his fellow-workers has recorded that the most abstruse and difficult themes were customarily assigned to him, with absolute confidence that he would discuss them thoroughly well,—a confidence that was never disappointed. He furnished a considerable quantity of literary criticism to the Knickerbocker Magazine,

and during his occupancy of the pulpit,—for about six months, in 1861, at first in Boston and its vicinity, afterward at Chicopee, near Springfield, Massachusetts,—he wrote and delivered many sermons and lectures. The selection of his writings that has been made for this book, by its editor, will, it is hoped, serve to exhibit the dignity of character, the sweetness of temperament, the opulence of learning, the discipline of mind, the penetrative lucidity of thought, and the felicity of style for which Mr. Symonds was remarkable, and,—above all,—will display that grand desire, which was the absorbing passion of all his life and the fervid impulse of all his conduct, to promote happiness by the diffusion of religious enthusiasm; the celestial emotion not resident in dogmas and ceremonies, but in the practical living of the spiritual life which, as he believed, beginning in time, is divinely ordained to continue in eternity.

W. W.



*That's for
Remembrance*

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ERRORS.

On page 56 the date, 1853, has been accidentally omitted.
It should precede the letter of January —.

On page 80, in footnote: "Mr. James Ripley Osgood,
Bowd. 1852," read 1854.

THE LIFE OF
WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS.

I.

This book tells the uneventful yet significant story of the short career of a brilliant scholar, indicates the development and charm of a lovely character, and assembles some of the productions of an extraordinary mind,—productions valuable for what they contain of informing and guiding thought, and perhaps more valuable for what they disclose of noble intellect and inspiring example. The human being, however short-lived and however inadequately revealed, whose personality and conduct stimulate other human beings to endure and to aspire, to live “unspotted of the world,” and to make themselves worthy of a spiritual immortality, has achieved the best success that is possible in human life. The scholar and the writer who is here commemorated lived only till near the end of his twenty-ninth year; passed the most of his days and nights in reading, study, and literary industry; contributed, intermittently, to the periodical literature of his time; toiled and strove a little while as a minister of the Christian religion; and,—partly because of mental conflict and anguish incident to his endeavor to find and keep what seemed to him the right spiritual course, and partly because of incessant, conscientious, prodigious literary labor,—shattered his constitution and sacrificed his life, while yet only on the threshold of a great career.

“A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o’er-inform’d the tenement of clay.”

The life of a scholar is, usually, uneventful. He com-

monly abides in one place; his companions are books; his deeds are the records of processes of thought; his experiences are the emotions that move upon the theatre of his mind. The biographer of a scholar, accordingly, has but little to tell of actions, incidents, and events. William Law Symonds, whom I had the honour and the happiness to know, as long ago as 1860, impressed me then,—and the impression has remained unchanged, except that it has been deepened by a careful study of his writings,—as a mystic, a perfect type of the spiritualized intellect. He was then in his twenty-seventh year, a slight, gentle person; modest; reticent; calmly observant; not austere, and yet, even among jovial companions, isolated and alone. He sometimes joined a group of Bohemian comrades of which I was a member, and his presence in our favorite resort was always a pleasure: but, while kindly and sympathetic in demeanor, he seldom spoke and he was never ostentatious. It was in 1860 that he contributed to the New York Saturday Press, of which Henry Clapp was editor, his essay on Buckle's Philosophy, and among his friends and acquaintances at that time were Edward Howland, in later years notable as a socialist (he established a colony at Sinaloa, Mexico); George Arnold, the poet; the brilliant critic, John R. G. Hassard; Robert Carter, conspicuous in the journalism of that period; Charles A. Dana, and George Ripley. He was then employed as a writer for Appleton's American Cyclopædia, to which he contributed about 2,600 articles, and in the exacting and poorly paid service of which he worked himself to death. I did not know him intimately, but I knew him well enough to know that he possessed more learning than was possessed by any of our Bohemian acquaintances, a more potent and subtle faculty of analytical thought, and a more abstract, enthusiastic, ecstatic spirit. There was not a particle of worldliness in his nature. He was a zealot in his devotion to knowledge, and still more a zealot in his pathetic aspiration for the spiritual life. If Pegasus impris-

oned in the Pound was ever typified by any human creature it was typified by that wonderfully equipped young scholar, that sweet, patient, self-sacrificing spirit, subdued to be a drudge for a dictionary of popular information. Many of his articles in the American Cyclopædia are pearls of learning and of style; but most of such compositions, necessarily, are characterized more by research than spontaneity,—containing more of chronicle than of thought, and revealing more of study and labor than of genius and art. Happily, however, he found other avenues of expression; and his writings,—now, at last, after many years, collected,—eloquently testify to the devotion with which he improved them.

William Law Symonds, the fifth child of Joseph Symonds and Isabella Jordan, his wife, both natives of New England, was born at Raymond, in Cumberland County, Maine, on April 29, 1833. The town of Raymond is noted for the exceptional beauty of its situation; noted also for association with Nathaniel Hawthorne, who passed a portion of his boyhood there,—dwelling in a large mansion then owned by members of his mother's family, the Mannings, of Salem, Massachusetts. In that town, and at Portland, Brunswick, and Gardiner,—places practically adjacent to each other and all pervaded by a kindred atmosphere of rural peace and religious sentiment,—Mr. Symonds spent the greater part of his life, not establishing his residence outside of that region till 1855, when he became a student at the Divinity School of Harvard University, and never separating himself, for any considerable continuous length of time, from the haunts of his youth. There he acquired his education; there his character was formed; there his affections were centred; there he gained the best of his experience,—absolute self-control,—and there he found his grave. The story of his life covers the period from 1833 till January 18, 1862, when, after a sudden and brief illness, he passed away,—dying at the Studio Building in West Tenth street, New York. It

is the story of a noble and beautiful soul that could not reconcile itself with the hard conditions of this world; that strove continually for emancipation from the trammels of dogma and the impediments of materialism; and that never anywhere on earth found rest.

The early life of Mr. Symonds, involving the experiences of his boyhood, the growth of his youthful mind, and the rapid development of his remarkable character, could not be better described than in the words of his immediate relatives; those who knew him best and loved him most, and whom he cherished, all his days, with devoted affection. Let this memoir, therefore, as far as possible, proceed in the language of those who speak with the authority that is derived from intimate observation and personal knowledge.

A NEW ENGLAND HOME.

The first speaker is his sister Rachel, who thus describes the environment of their childhood:

"Our home (at Raymond) was a plain cottage, simple but substantial, and, within and without, indicating competency, thrift, and comfort. Nature had been lavish in her surroundings. A fine, sloping, undulating plain stretched away from the rear of the house to an immense forest, within whose broad enclosure lay one of those charming little ponds with which the New England landscape is studded,—a sheet of the most transparent blue, pure and mirror-like,—its borders fringed with verdure. Far beyond, the eye is attracted by another lake, Sebago, on whose silver surface white-sailed vessels are gliding, and whose remoter shore is lost in the blue of heaven. As the eye traces the shore along, a narrow point of land slips in between the sky and the lake. The land widens. Another point appears, with dim mountains lying in quiet beauty against the far-off sky. The water-line has become narrower, with its continued range of hills and mountains in remote and shadowy perspective, above and beyond; but again it widens, and again,

and we never lose sight of its shining surface, till in another quarter of the hemisphere we see Mount Washington and its satellites rising proudly and calmly to the heavens."

The next speaker is his sister Elisabeth, giving a comprehensive and particular description of their home life, such as no biographer could supply :

"Into the part of the town of Raymond in which we lived the mail penetrated but once a week. There were two churches, a Methodist and a Free Will Baptist. There was one store, which belonged to my father. It contained almost everything that was wanted in such a place. Besides the store my father had a farm and also business as justice of the peace and land surveyor, so that he was a man of various affairs and had a good deal of money for such a place. The people of Raymond were primitive in their manners and rather limited in their ideas. My father and some of my mother's brothers and cousins had been sent to a distant academy to eke out the little schooling they got in the town, but generally there was no great excess of book learning among them. They read the Bible a good deal, which was very necessary, as the atmosphere of the place was intensely theological. Religion, besides its customary uses, served also for entertainment and diversion. The meetings on Sunday and the frequent prayer-meetings were the only social gatherings, and the contentions of the rival societies, the revivals, the new preachers, and the serious cases of church difficulty, when, perhaps, some member would be suspended for improper conduct, were the chief sources of mental exhilaration.

"My mother was a woman of strong traits of character, perhaps somewhat tending to extremes. When very young, unlike the rest of her family, she joined the church, and religion became her absorbing interest. I remember her as a solemn and almost severe person during our childhood, always reading the Bible and Law's "Serious Call," of which last work it was her aim, I think, literally to exemplify the

teachings. As we grew up her character was modified by the companionship of her children and by her removal into the broader society of the city of Portland.

"It is not strange that my brother's mind was theological in its tendencies. The quality was in the blood. His mother has said, since his death: 'It is no wonder Willy was so good; I gave him to God, before he was born. I was a woman who believed in prayer, and, I promised Him, if He would give me a son, he should be trained for Him.'

"My mother had five brothers who were all equally interested in theology, but went to the other extreme. She was orthodox, while they were full of all manner of heresies, and when they came to our house both preachers and doctrines usually suffered sharp criticism. My father was a man of great persistency of purpose, but generally moderate in his views, with but one positive abhorrence,—Calvinism. This led him to adopt the peculiar doctrines upon election of Adam Clarke, whose Commentaries were a great consolation to him. So the case stood in this wise: My father believed men would be punished for their sins in another world, but that God did not know that man would sin when He created him. My uncles believed God knew he would sin and therefore would not punish him beyond this world. My mother believed both, and so, while they argued the case, she kept silent, with an occasional groan for both. My uncles used to call our house 'Pilgrim's Tavern,' and maintained that we were being 'eaten out of house and home' because all preachers, provided they did not disgust my mother, were welcome, with their John Rogers families, to come and remain as long as they liked, and, moreover, were pretty sure of not going away empty-handed.

"As a child Willy never gave any one any trouble. When wronged he was more grieved than passionate, but would not yield his right and could never be frightened. We used to learn our lessons at home,—our parents, both of whom had taught the district schools in their day, overlooking

them. When Willy was seven years old one of my mother's brothers, a handsome, intelligent young man, went into partnership with my father and came to live with us. I do not doubt that Willy's character was considerably influenced by him. He drank only cold water and Willy immediately abandoned tea and coffee, and never drank them afterwards, while he remained at home. By the aid of this uncle and the occasional assistance of one of his cousins, who was in college but who lived close by us, we were pretty well educated, for such a place as Raymond.

"Another of our uncles about this time became enamored of phrenology, and, as he was a man who always rode a hobby to death, by dint of his talk and his books and casts we all became amateur phrenologists. But I do not think Willy, at this time, manifested any marked enthusiasm for books. I remember his whistles and bow-guns, and pop-guns, his balls and sleds and swings, and his romps and leaps on the hay-mows, and his especial passion for the taking of bees' and hornets' nests.

"When we left Raymond he had nearly finished arithmetic and had studied more or less grammar, geography, and United States history, and had learned to write very neatly, as he always did afterwards. I do not think he had read much, except in the "Youth's Companion," a little paper published in Boston, and, I think, edited by the father of N. P. Willis. This paper was a source of great delight to us, and I remember Willy kept the numbers packed away with great care. Our library in Raymond consisted of the 'Evangelical Family Library,' in fourteen volumes, of which we read 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and perhaps Willy read others. We had, besides, 'Paradise Lost'; Young's 'Night Thoughts'; Thomson's 'Seasons'; Pope's 'Essay on Man' and 'Abelard and Eloise'; Dodd's 'Thoughts in Prison'; Tytler's 'Universal History'; 'History of Greece'; Williamson's 'History of Maine'; 'Letters from an Elder Brother to a Younger,' and a few other didactic and religious books, the names of which

I forget. Willy, I suppose, read all of them. I believe we also had Mother Goose and Red Riding Hood, but, generally, our gift books were Baxter's 'Call to the Unconverted,' or Allein's 'Alarm,' or something similar. I doubt if Willy ever read a novel before he went to college, except perhaps 'The Scottish Chiefs,' which we borrowed and were permitted to read, under protest. Our chief knowledge of literature was derived from our school readers, which we used to know nearly by heart, and from the newspapers.

"In 1845, when Willy was nearly twelve years old, our father removed, with his family, from Raymond to Portland. He wished to have Willy constantly at school till he was old enough to go into business, which was not possible while we lived at Raymond, unless the boy was sent from home—to which my mother objected; and he had assisted in purchasing a meeting-house for the Free Will Baptists in Portland, and he wished to be where he could watch over the interests of the new church. He did not become connected with any church till after his marriage, but, when he did, it became a leading purpose of his life to support it. He was not a burning and shining light in the prayer meeting, but his peculiar church office was always the building or buying of meeting-houses, making up the deficits in ministers' salaries, and looking after the other pecuniary interests of the society. The Christian Baptists had built the church in Portland which my father assisted in buying for the Free Will Baptists, and its first possessors had quarrelled among themselves to such an extent that it was a popular saying about town that 'the devil was *under* that pulpit'; and, judging from my own experience, I do not doubt the truth of the remark—to say nothing of his occasionally getting *into* the pulpit. The Christian Baptists that remained after the Free Will Baptists bought the house formed the larger part of the congregation, and they offered a strong contrast, as to views, customs, and personal characteristics, with the

reticent, quiescent, imperturbable farmers to whose society we had been accustomed in the country.

"Willy was placed in the grammar school and afterwards in the high school, where he was fitted for college. His sisters went to the best private schools in town,—there being then in Portland no high school for girls. Father became incorporated into the interests of the Free Will Baptist Church, and mother, true to her mystical faith, regarded all worldly advantages as nothing in comparison with being a Christian, and, if necessary, was ready to sacrifice them all for that. To harmonize the discordant elements of the church so that the worse should not expel the better part,—as had been the case when the Christian Baptists possessed the meeting-house,—and to regulate its finances, which were a constant drain upon his own, required delicate tactics on my father's part, but his unflinching purpose always kept pace with his difficulties. From the peculiar social character of the congregation a singular discrepancy arose in our lives. Religion and education were vital points, in which we were all deeply interested; but the persons we met at church were persons whom we never saw at school, no other children of the congregation attending the superior schools. At school our peculiar religious faith separated us somewhat from our schoolmates, while at church we were utterly isolated, by the difference of our tastes and habits from those of the congregation. This isolation, however, only served to unite us more closely to each other and to our books. Our evenings were spent at home, in study, and whatever interested one interested all the rest.

"Willy soon rose to one of the first seats in his school. As I look back it seems to me that the peculiarities of the boy were precisely those of the man. He was careful in his dress; very neat and exact about his books, and select in his acquaintances. He made but few intimate friends, but these were the most gentlemanly boys and best scholars of his school, and he had the same power then of closely attaching

his friends that he had in after life. At this time he not only learned his ordinary lessons at school but also whatever else his sisters were studying. Botany interested him much and also French, which he studied, with a native master, long before he went to college. One of his sisters had taken drawing lessons, and so he took lessons of her, and his sketches attest his neatness and accuracy of touch. His Greek, Latin and French exercise books are all executed in the neatest manner. His Thomson's 'Seasons' (date 1850) I find all marked through with marginal annotations, references to Virgil, etc.

"When we had lived in Portland about five years he went to college. He was prepared a year sooner, but his parents thought him too young to go. A part of this year he was assistant teacher in the high school, to supply the place of a teacher who had gone away.

"Willy was at home a little while after he graduated, and I perfectly well remember how he came in and sat down, in an absorbed way, and finally looked up to me and said: 'I believe I am a Unitarian.' That was, to him, a year of much perplexity. On his parents' account he disliked to leave their church, and on his own he could not join it. To know how anxious a question this must have been to him you must know how tenderly he loved his friends, and how he disliked to give them pain, and yet how true he always was to himself and his convictions. Once, when at home, he called his sisters into council, and asked how we thought it would affect us, and what he should do. He might have known that he was so beloved that the doer would sanctify the deed. They had never attempted to dictate to him in religion: nor did they attempt to control him now. His father, with his usual generosity, wished him to act for himself, and his mother, with a mother's instinct, found saving grace for him, though all other Unitarians should be lost sinners. But I think father always entertained a hope that he would return to the Free Will

Baptists, and mother that he would some time become an Episcopalian.

"When he had been graduated a year Willy went to Cambridge, in 1855, hoping there to find his ideal of Christianity. I think he was somewhat disappointed and that his disappointment chilled his enthusiasm for the ministry. His vacations were mostly spent at home, and at these times he read a great deal aloud to us. In the evenings of one vacation he read aloud Motley's 'History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic' and two volumes of Prescott's 'Philip II.' At twilight he always played awhile with a favorite white cat, teaching her to leap after a ball with a string attached to it, and after he went away Puss would wake up at her usual hour and walk round the room in search of him.

"The child was like the man, not very demonstrative, unless roused and called out. His mother once told a friend that Willy never spoke a word till he was nearly three years old, and the friend replied that 'he had never spoken many since.' But if his purposes were interfered with you came to resistance at once. Convince him that he was wrong and he would yield, but otherwise he always gave up with a sigh. He had always the most respectful deference for other persons, but at the same time a just respect for himself, and would never allow himself to be intruded upon. He was always more careful of the interests of others than of his own, and this peculiarity grew upon him. Self-denial, where his friends were concerned, did not seem self-denial at all, and he always maintained that it was not. His generosity and integrity are known to his friends, but the tender affection, the chivalrous love he bore his sisters, none can know so well as they. There was nothing that he could do for them that he did not do. There was no attention too great or too trifling to be bestowed. Though we were together months, alone, his manner, always marked by entire familiarity and confidence, never ceased to be carefully polite."

CHILDHOOD AND HOME LIFE.

This glimpse of his childhood, significant equally of the training that he received and the manly character that was developed by it, is afforded in the words of his affectionate mother:

"He was the darling of my heart and the delight of my eyes. He was active when very young. Quite as soon as he could walk he used to want the whip and the reins, when his father was driving. He was strong of nerve. I recollect one time when crossing a river, in a chaise, on a floating bridge, his father asked him if he was not afraid it would sink. He replied, 'It will not sink.' He did not show any timidity, although he was not more than four or five years of age. He could never bear rebuke; it would seem to break his heart. He had a strong disposition to please, but would never yield what he believed to be his right, to please any one. I have no recollection of his ever getting into a passion with his playmates or schoolmates, so as to use hard words or blows. The whole of his childhood seemed to be made up of beauty and innocence; that is, he seemed to see beauty in everything, and to enjoy all things innocently. I ever tried to teach him the principle of peace and universal brotherhood, and that war is wrong. I remember with pleasure two things that he said. One was, at one of the last times he was at home: he remarked that he could think of no way in which his father and I could have made his life more happy while he lived at home. This remark was occasioned by an expression from me, that, if we had known better, we might have done differently in some things. His other remark was made soon after he graduated, when we were talking about duty. He said: 'For a number of years I have intended to have *nothing* stand between me and *right* and *duty*.'"

In a kindred vein of reminiscence his sister Rachel describes his boyhood:

"He was a healthy but not very robust child. His form

was slight, and, though finely proportioned, seemed delicately organized. His temperament was ardent, enthusiastic. He was regarded as a choice plant, from around which all hindrances to its symmetrical growth were to be removed. Though in moderate circumstances, it was the wish of the parents to give their children every possible advantage. They were of strict religious faith, and the great principles underlying all religions were instilled into his mind at an early age. Great care was taken to keep him from those associates whose influence might not be the best, though the simple, quiet habits of the country people, and their remoteness from any large town, seemed to favor purity of life and character.

"He was fond of sport, when it was of a quiet kind, and often acted comic parts, with ease and naturalness. This faculty, as he grew older, he could carry so far as to imitate the features and peculiarities of expression of countenance of those whom he mimicked. His voice he could modulate at will, to give the finest or most ludicrous intonations. His time was divided mainly between home, school and church. At school he was an attentive, obedient scholar, always preparing his recitations with careful promptness and fidelity. He went regularly to church. At home he was gentle and obliging, heeding all suggestions and admonitions, with the same modest and deferential air which characterized him in later life. He was a home-loving boy, always manifesting the warmest affection for his family and friends. He greatly enjoyed long rambles, with his mates, to the pond, the river, the fields, and the woods, or rides about the country. His earliest years were passed with that class of New England people who think more than they speak. Hence a tone of subjectiveness in his character."

SCHOOL DAYS.

His character as a schoolboy is thus depicted by his schoolmaster, Mr. T. C. Abbott:

"William Law Symonds was my pupil in the Portland High School, where he read to me the Eclogues, Georgics, and *Æneid* of Virgil entire; Cicero's Orations; Sallust; Jacob's Greek Reader; two books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; and the Gospels. He was indeed a pupil to be proud of. Respected by his fellow students, as a leader among them in such of their sports as suited his taste, he rapidly came to take a front rank, and, age being considered, the first place in the school, as a scholar. Called on a sudden to assume charge of the school, I took him from amongst the pupils and made him my assistant,—a choice and an experiment which his success in the class-room fully justified. His modesty and accuracy there would cause his superiority in scholarship to be attributed to industry, for which he was noted. He early manifested his love for the study of mental philosophy and of metaphysical problems. He had, even then, formed a habit of looking *through* the language of an author, and of examining his thought rather than his expression. I well remember that some of his early compositions suggested the idea that they were too largely the recollections of late readings, on topics that should have been postponed to later years, and that conversation with him banished the suspicion. His letters, while at college and afterward, show the same habit of looking intently and directly at the thought of his author. Scarcely a word is written respecting the difficulties or beauties of the style of any of the classics, although he had taste and enjoyment in them also. At one time he writes of his great interest in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, but it is in the skill with which Socrates prepares his questions. His criticism of "*Picciola*," used as a text-book in French, makes no mention of it as a story, but as opening up problems with respect to the influence of opinions on character and actions. The analysis of his Commencement piece, on Rousseau, is another example. That Dr. Hitchcock, then a professor at Bowdoin, should have recommended to him a course of study embrac-

ing Descartes, Leibnitz, and Kant is evidence that he was considered one of the few who could, and would, pursue a thorough course of philosophical study."

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

His life as a student at Bowdoin College is clearly sketched by his fellow student and intimate friend, Rev. John F. Spalding,—deceased,—formerly Episcopal Bishop of Colorado:

"I knew William Law Symonds from his first entrance into college. He was in the class below me, but society relationships (the Athenian and Psi Upsilon), and our having neighboring rooms, drew us much together. Perhaps, also, like tastes and habits of thought may have increased our intimacy.

"He was a fine student. He studied hard and seemed to excel almost equally in everything. He was a good mathematician, a very fine Greek scholar, and laid the foundation for the knowledge he afterwards acquired of modern languages.

"He was especially fond of general literature and read much:—a great many novels, and considerable history, criticism, and poetry. His literary turn was decided.

"He excelled in composition. His theses always ranked among the highest. He wrote a great deal besides mere college themes. He showed, in many of these early pieces, a fine, quaint, odd fancy, humorous and droll, which made him much admired.

"I knew much of him as an earnest student of metaphysics. He read the usual English works, and, I am quite certain, some French and German, in translations. At any rate I know he got a pretty correct notion of the progress of modern thought in England, Germany, and France, in such studies. He was then an idealist. He did not like Sir William Hamilton nor the common-sense systems. He liked ontological or metaphysical studies better than psychological.

In his senior year he studied Rousseau very carefully. This had, I think, a strong influence on his mind.

"I have a still more distinct impression of what he was as a man. He was of a strong religious turn and what might be called, without cant, "spiritually-minded." At one time he was inclined to attach himself to the religious body of his parents, but for some reason or other,—probably from some want in it, something in which it did not satisfy him,—he delayed.

"He was very social with *intimate* friends, but silent with strangers. They who had the pleasure of his society will always remember it with the greatest satisfaction. He was a strong friend—warm-hearted, genial, self-sacrificing; always encouraging merit; more anxious for the success of his friends than his own.

"He possessed great enthusiasm. Everything that interested him called it forth. He studied, read, wrote, entered into Society-matters, elections, etc., with an intense, almost fiery zeal and energy. His firmness was unshakable.

"I think he intended Divinity as his profession, hoping, after graduation, and while teaching for a year or two, to settle himself as to the ecclesiastical organization he would connect himself with.

"I am sure that in college, and for the year or more in which he was struggling terribly with doubts as to the matters of the Church, he was strongly anti-Unitarian. And I am equally certain that he never adopted that system or sympathized with it *religiously*. He admired some Unitarians. He liked their culture, æsthetic and intellectual, but not spiritual. It did not satisfy his heart. His spiritual nature did not thrive under that system.

"His idea of the Church in his senior year and the year after graduation was entirely different from that which he held in his later life. He came to adopt a similar theory to that he had opposed as unspiritual—the historical Church, instead of the ideal.

"Every way he was a splendid fellow ;—brilliant, industrious ; full of genius ; of hope ; of courage ; of energy ; determined, from the first, to make the most of himself."

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

His devoted brother, Joseph W. Symonds, provides recollections of him that are richly illuminative in the portrayal of characteristic traits, and touchingly expressive of tender affection :

"One thing remarkable about my brother when a boy was the care with which he selected his associates, and the exclusiveness which he maintained towards those who were not to his taste. This did not proceed from any lack of good-fellowship, for he was always pleasant and genial, and with the few with whom he was intimate he loved to be lively and entertaining. He enjoyed as well as any of them the fun that was always going on among the boys, while in his quiet enthusiasm and the ardor with which he devoted himself to his favorite pursuits, he was utterly unlike any of his fellows. He rarely had an enemy, though his decided character occasionally brought him into collision with some of the boys who were not of his set, and when once in a quarrel he usually bore it so that his enemy might in future beware of him. But there was no malice about him, and his exclusiveness was solely from a desire to associate himself only with the best. Those whom I know of his chosen circle of friends at school speak frequently of the many happy hours spent with him, and for years after leaving school they seemed to make it a point to be with him as much as possible.

"My brother, from very early life, seemed to be borne away by an almost fatal passion for self-improvement. All his energies set so strongly towards a single purpose that it seemed to take away all desire and capacity for repose. It not only held him to his books with an ardor which never seemed to know fatigue, but, when his books were thrown

aside and he had gone away from home, alone or with friends, there was the same intensity of purpose, especially as he grew older,—the same absorption of power and concentration of it upon a single point, visible even in his amusements. After he had studied botany and become interested in flowers, it was his favorite mode of recreation to take long walks, in search of the finest specimens, and to analyze and press them. He knew all the best places about Portland to gather them, and was particularly pleased when he found a rare flower growing in but a single spot. He used to tell me of particular places where hepaticas could be found earliest in the spring, in the immediate vicinity of the city, and he was familiar with the hiding-places of all the wild flowers about. This method of amusement he afterward resumed at Gardiner, and so perfect was the system with which he conducted this, as he did every other pursuit, that he was at last perfectly familiar with the entire flora of Maine. He made a catalogue of the trees and shrubs, and also of the farming utensils, mentioned by Virgil in the Georgics, with both Latin and English names. He was fond of taking walks of ten or fifteen miles in length, with his sisters and friends, to the seashore to gather shells and sea-mosses: the latter he used to press upon card-board with great care and skill.

“His evenings at home were almost always spent in some literary labor. Many of them were whiled away in speaking French with his sisters, and in reading aloud or repeating from memory his favorite pieces in prose and verse;—selections from Webster’s speeches; Gray’s Elegy; “Thanatopsis”; John Neal’s “American Eagle”; Wordsworth’s “She dwelt among the untrodden ways,” and, in general, the best things in his readers. He afterward wrote me from Cambridge that the familiarity which he had acquired, in this way, with the best models and style had been of great advantage to him, and advised me to pursue a similar method. He read Shakespeare a great deal, and had a book in which he collected a large number of passages which pleased him. All

his tastes were literary. Mother always said that if any number of dollars, large or small, fell into his hands, it would be sure to come home in books, after his first walk down town. He used to learn mathematics at school quite thoroughly, for he always had a conscientiousness about his studies, but I think that languages and metaphysics were more pleasing to him. He has often told me this.

"His old Virgil was marked very nicely, in pencil, with the annotations which he had made, and, as I used the book afterward, they seemed to me as profound as the commentaries of the scholiast. The lines which are repeated in the *Æneid* were marked; resemblances and contrasts noted; singularities in the metre and beauties of word, of figure, or thought detected, with a discrimination which showed that the task he had set himself was, not to make a recitation upon the lesson, but to master the poem as he advanced. Though he distinguished himself in Greek at college, he always said that he studied it hard at first for the sake of puzzling the assistant teacher, to whom he recited. Yet there was so genial a temper about him that the puzzled teacher was a lifelong friend. I think my brother's school-days were really as earnest as the rest of his life. He joined heartily in all congenial sport, but with him there was a purpose and a method in it. He started a debating society, and in the prospectus of the constitution he stated its single object to be self-improvement, and laid out work enough to be done to appal the audience to which it was addressed. He was editor of one of the school papers, and at his graduation from the high school he appeared as the leading character in a French dialogue. His graduating part at the high school was upon "The Objects of Life." It had all the fervor of high expectation and untried purpose, and was thought to be remarkable for the beauty of its style.

"Even before he went to college he had written occasionally for the *Portland Transcript*, and afterward he frequently wrote for it. He used to spend the money which he earned

in this way in taking private French lessons of a Frenchman, at Topsham. He studied and read in college an immense amount outside of the course,—though he was the first scholar of the class. He once told me that he often went for a fortnight with only five hours' sleep a night, but at the end of the fortnight he said he slept tremendously,—meaning by that, I suppose, six or seven hours. One of his classmates told me that he never seemed to need exercise, or at all events nothing more than an evening's conversation with a room full of friends.

"Another thing peculiar about my brother was that he seldom allowed anything he had ever studied to be forgotten. I think Spanish was the only language he had studied which he did not know more and more about, from year to year, while Latin, Greek, Italian, French and German he was studying as long as he lived. Even of mathematics he retained a great deal, as is evident both from the fact of his writing the article upon them in the *Cyclopædia*, and also from his frequently amusing himself in the morning by going through with a demonstration of Euclid. He was always studying and reading Greek. He told my sister, when she visited him at Cambridge, that this was his favorite recreation. He said it was a perfect language, and that no one could read it without improvement. A person, he said, should not begin to study it unless he could devote five years to it, and then he would be able to appreciate it."

AT THE DIVINITY SCHOOL.

Mr. Symonds entered the Divinity School at Cambridge in 1855. One of his fellow-students there, Mr. John Albee, writing in "*The Chicopee Journal*," February 1, 1862, describes him as he then was, and indicates his way of life:

"I remember the first time I saw him in Cambridge. We were the first arrivals of the new class. He bore the unmistakable features of the scholar, and I drew a good omen for the character of the class, which was afterward more

than answered. At that period he seemed taller than he was; for he was very slight, and had almost womanly, sloping shoulders, long, light hair, delicate face, and a hand like an infant's. He, however, we soon found, was not wanting in force, and even muscle. In those exercises in which students are wont to pass some of their leisure hours he was superior to many of greater stature and weight. We were accustomed to consider that he was of tough, working constitution, which on account of the excellent adjustment and proportion of its parts, could sustain a much greater strain than seemingly stronger, but more angular shoulders; as a light arch will bear a great weight because it is evenly distributed. But then began those habits of night-work which at length undermined his health. The place he held at Cambridge was that of an extraordinary scholar and writer; he was self-controlled, modest, never claiming precedence, but always giving it. He seemed wanting, if in anything, in affection and warm personal attachments. He was either by nature slightly cold-blooded or he had seen to what possibilities of grief the heart is exposed in its affections; and he desired to nourish his intellect in a cooler, dryer light. He was jealous of anything that interfered with what was purely intellectual; he gave himself no holidays, seldom any vacations; and every hour passed away from his work was passed under protest."

The story of the life of Mr. Symonds, from his birth, in 1833, till 1857, when he established his residence in New York and began those prodigious literary toils, so productive for others but so destructive to himself, is told in the reminiscences above given and will be further told in his Letters and Journals which are now to follow. His last five years, as revealed in what he wrote, exhibit two contending forces of tempestuous activity—incessant conflict between mind and spirit, and incessant devotion to the literary art. Spiritual relationship to a spiritual world is sometimes con-

sidered as a theory ; sometimes as a vagary ; sometimes as a folly of superstition ; sometimes as an amiable delusion ; and sometimes it is not considered at all. To the subject of this memoir it was the one tremendous fact of existence. His conviction of it penetrated to the roots of his being, and his belief in it never wavered. A dweller in time, he felt that he was already a dweller in eternity. His doubts, and the perplexities that they caused, had reference solely to his treatment of spiritual relationship. He passionately desired,—above all things else,—to do right and to be right,—neglecting no duty to man, but fulfilling every particle of obligation to the awful Parent of spiritual life. He could not, as many other intellectual men have done, close his eyes and drift. His moral nature was keenly alive, in every instant, to an inexorable necessity of religious duty. That phase of his experience,—the contemplation of which may benefit those readers who care to consider it,—is best portrayed in his own words. It is a theme for thought, not for commentary, least of all for vague speculation. Upon his literary achievements critical taste will linger with deep satisfaction. They show a bold, clear, splendid intellect,—habituated to look things squarely in the face ; bent upon acquiring all knowledge ; wonderfully capable of cöordinating facts and ideas ; prone to take fresh and original views ; and able to state both the processes and the conclusions of thought with a light touch and in a style that blends cogent authority with winning grace. The critical examiner of his critical opinions with reference to specific books and authors will not fail to consider that some of them, as recorded in these pages, were expressed by him in the formative period of his judgment and the inchoate state of his experience : but such an examiner perceives—and will be refreshed to perceive—that he did not, as is the general custom, travel in the beaten track, repeating the verdicts of former commentators and inflating the endless chorus of the commonplace. Truth remains truth, no matter what any

observer may chance to think or say. In selecting the writings of Mr. Symonds,—his Letters, Journals, Essays, Sermons, etc.,—the Editor has endeavored to choose those compositions that show his mind at many angles, illustrate what he was, and signify what, if he had lived longer, he might have accomplished. There is no important branch of learning—there are few unimportant branches of it—that he did not explore, and he had so deeply reflected on his acquirements of knowledge that he seemed to see, as in a perfect mirror, the whole vast spectacle, celestial as well as mundane, of the development of the soul, the origin and march of nations, and the progress of the human race. His predominant desire was to promote human welfare by the diffusion of religious enthusiasm, but in practical effort sequent on that desire he was baffled, because personally unfitted for contact with the world. In order, as a pulpit performer, to move the multitude a man must possess such physical power as that of Edward Irving, or Spurgeon, or Henry Ward Beecher. That power Mr. Symonds did not possess. Ample learning, mental energy, and spiritual fire constituted his equipment for pulpit oratory,—impressive and charming forces, but neither overwhelming nor even appreciable by the mass of mankind. He was respected and admired as a preacher, but his hearers were not enthralled by him. That was his ultimate conviction,—that, and the associate conviction that the spirit of the age is not religious but agnostic,—and for that reason he left the pulpit, and left it forever. Many times, in the history of letters, the sigh of sorrow has been breathed, over a premature death, and the melancholy voice of conjecture has been audible, lamenting for what might have been. There was ample cause for grief over the early demise of this prodigy of intellect and learning, but there is no room for conjecture as to what would have been his earthly course. His natural and inevitable vocation was Literature. He would have continued,—as he began,—to enrich the golden store of thought that helps the world. W. W.



SELECTED LETTERS
OF
WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS.

*Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out:
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.*
TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

*A maiden Knight—to me is given
Such hope I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.*
TENNYSON'S "SIR GALAHAD."

SELECTED LETTERS
OF
WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS

1850.

To his Father.

Bowdoin College, September 26, 1850.

I had Joseph Ware¹ for company in the cars yesterday afternoon, and we had a pleasant time talking all the way. Robinson² was at the Tontine Hotel; arrived Tuesday. We selected our rooms this morning. The Commons will open to-morrow, I expect. Our class will number over forty. . . .

Bowdoin College, September 28, 1850.

To Mr. T. C. Abbot³ (his school teacher).

I am here at Bowdoin College, as you see by the date. Our class numbers, all told, about fifty. . . . I doubt if I am here much of the time, as my friends have always wanted me to study at home, the first year of the course. . . . Our first exercise was to go in to prayers, to-night, and we recite in Livy before breakfast Monday morning. Prof. Upham⁴ will hear us in Latin, and Tutor Smyth⁵ (Prof. Smyth's son) in Greek. The latter, they say, is going to drill us uncommonly hard. . . .

Portland, November 14, 1850.

To the same.

. . . My stay at Bowdoin was shorter than I intended. I found the studies, this term, were easier than they were

¹Mr. Joseph Ashur Ware, Bowd., 1857.

²Mr. John O. Robinson, Bowd., 1854.

³Prof. T. C. Abbot, of Lansing, Mich.

⁴Prof. Thomas C. Upham, of Bowdoin.

⁵Prof. Egbert C. Smyth, Bowd., 1848.

likely to be later, and decided to come home till Spring. Our daily lessons were: two pages to read in Latin, one in Greek, a short but very thorough lesson in Greek grammar, and a very short lesson in Algebra. . . . Xenophon's *Memorabilia* I like better than any other book I have read in either Latin or Greek. I can read a page of it quicker than a page of Livy, and take more interest in it. . . .

1851.

Portland, February 5, 1851.

To the same.

. . . I have about decided to study at home the remainder of the year. . . . I shall recite to Mr. Furbish,¹ the best teacher of languages, and one of the most general and thorough scholars in the city. Under him I shall study some one of the modern languages, in connection with my regular lessons, and, by reciting alone, and not in a class, I shall have all the advantages to be obtained away from college.

I have not recited to any one, the last term, but have studied by myself. I have done considerably more than to keep up with my class, and have reviewed very thoroughly. I am now studying Eschenburg's Manual and like it. The last half, which treats of literature and art, is very interesting. . . . S. M. Eaton, Duncan Smith, Walter Pomeroy, E. G. Cushman,² with others of your old scholars, myself included, have formed a debating club, which meets once a week, and has been flourishing for some months. We have named it, in your honor, "The Abbot Debating Club." . . .

Mr. Colcord³ is succeeding well. His school numbers about twenty-five and he is generally liked by his pupils,

¹Mr. James Furbish, of Portland. (His term with Mr. Furbish ended May 17, 1851.)

²Friends of Mr. Symonds and pupils, with him, under Mr. Abbot, at the Portland High School.

³Mr. John W. Colcord, of Portland.

many of whom are quite advanced. Frank and George Barrett¹ go to him. Duncan Smith has entered the law office of Willis & Fessenden and is studying Blackstone and Hume, as the beginning of his law course.

Portland, June 11, 1851.

To the same.

. . . I have about finished my studies for this year. I have read and reviewed my Latin and Greek, and have only a little to finish in Algebra. I have read, in Latin, Lincoln's Livy and the extracts from Curtius, Paternulus and Quintilian, found in "Excerpta Latini." In Greek I have read the first two books of the Memorabilia and select chapters from the other books; also the first five books of the Odyssey. I have also read Eschenburg thoroughly.

Mr. Furbish is an excellent teacher and is very critical and particular in hearing my recitations. I like Quintilian the best of the Latin which I have read this year, but have taken more pleasure in the Odyssey than in any other study. I am still studying, reviewing parts of what I have read before, and advancing. I intend to read part of Horace before going to Brunswick, so as to have more time when I get there. . . .

Brunswick College, October 3, 1851.

To his Father.

Eaton and I have joined the "Psi Upsilon Society." This brings us into intimate relations with the best fellows in College. Walter Wells,² John Southgate³ and William Carruthers⁴ are among the members from Portland. . . .

I would like to have you write me whether you have heard of any school which I can get, this winter. I should rather than not teach a school about ten weeks, to begin about the first of December. . . .

¹Mr. Franklin R. Barrett and Mr. George P. Barrett, of Portland.

²Mr. Walter Wells, Bowd. 1852.

³Mr. John Barrett Southgate, Bowd. 1853.

⁴Rev. William Carruthers, Bowd. 1853.

Bowdoin College, October 21, 1851.

To his friends at home.

My studies are not hard. Composition however, is to occupy my spare moments completely. My next one (after the Translation) is due a week from next Friday. I shall have to spend a good deal of time on it. It is the hardest and most unpleasant task I have. Life here is very different from what it is at Portland. We see nothing and hear nothing which takes place beyond the College grounds. Three times a day we go forth from our rooms to recite for an hour, and then wend our way slowly back. . . . We have to devote all our attention to books; there is nothing else about us to occupy it. . . .

Bowdoin College, October 26, 1851.

To his Friends at Home.

It is Sunday,—a day on which my mind is free from study, and when I think more of home than on any other day. . . .

Mother, I hope, keeps up fine health and spirits. I attend all the lectures and meetings, just as she would like to have me, and I read regularly in the Bible every day, which, I know, is what she wants me to do. . . .

Bowdoin College, October 29, 1851.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . I enjoy myself finely here now. I only hope that you have as pleasant a life at home. . . . I have about two hours a day for reading and should have more if it were not for the themes; but a theme, once in two weeks, is a continual thorn in the flesh.

1852.

Bowdoin College, Feb. 20, 1852.

To his Father.

I suppose by this time you are looking for a letter from me. I arrived safely, and at evening was settled in my

own room. . . . My studies are harder than they were last term. We have eight pages to commit to memory, in Newman's Rhetoric, daily, which was very hard for me at first, but is easier now. My time has been wholly occupied, and I shall not have so much time to read as I had last term. I enjoy myself and am contented, because I feel that it is my business to study now. . . .

Bowdoin College, March 11, 1852.

To his Father.

It is about four weeks since I left home and the time has passed with me very pleasantly. My health has been excellent all the time, and so continues. I hope you all at home have enjoyed yourselves as well. Everything is the same here as it was last term. My studies are a little harder, but I still have some time left to read. . . .

Bowdoin College, April 29, 1852.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

You will, perhaps, recognize this date as the first day of a new year with me. To-day I am nineteen years old. I used to think a person so old was quite a man and was much to be envied. If to-morrow were not theme day I might philosophize here, at considerable length, about how a boy feels and how a man feels, and how much more I think I am to-day like a boy than like a man. As it is I will only say I have passed that happy age, the highest aspiration of which is—to be a man, but know, as yet, the conflict and sorrows of life only in theory. What bright and beautiful pictures will a young man, just taking his first broad view of the world, present to himself! He has yet to learn that they are fancies and will never be made realities till he turns his affections to that unseen world with which his spirit may hold high communion and wherein his highest aspirations may be satisfied. But I suppose you have "Dream Life" at home, and do not care very specially about my philosophy. . . .

My health is excellent and the studies not hard. Our subject for composition is optional. Belle may, perhaps, like to know that I give mine the following caption:—A Bit of Philosophizing, in the style of Ik Marvel.

The composition thus designated may fitly be placed here, as a side-light upon its writer's character.—Ed.

This life, thought I, is a progress. It is growth, development, perfectment. It tends to holiness, to love, to clear mental and spiritual vision. It begins from weakness and voidness, containing within itself only the elements of its future self. Let us trace this progress of life, this movement of an immortal soul onward towards its destiny.

First, is the age of childhood. Its features are innocence and carelessness. The mind is just receiving form; sensations are acquiring the firmer cast of impressions. He delights in the dawning of life. The countenance is yet free from that earthly tinge which we call expression. It beams rather with a divine light. It is only innocent and beautiful. The tears of childhood—they are an emblem of life's sorrows and disappointments. The simple laugh—it is an emblem of future joys and hopes. Yet he wists not of these. The world is all unseen by him. His whole of life is bound up in a single word—confidence. Ah! not again will he be confident, till his trust is turned to that unseen world whither his spirit is tending.

Next follows youth, wherein a dream-like view of life fills the blank of childhood. His affections have fastened themselves upon external things, yet he reflects not that these ties must sometime be sundered. His desires and passions are beginning to assume strength and fixedness, yet he thinks not of the resistance which the world will offer to them. His view of life is altogether happy, and his highest aspiration, as yet, is—to be a man. There succeeds one other age before the age of perfect manhood. It is the age of purpose. The element of resistance has been discovered.

He sees that sorrows and troubles are in the world. Yet he regards them as accidental rather than essential. He determines that the smooth surface of his existence shall be unruffled by them. He pictures to himself a high and beautiful theory of life. He will be a philosopher perhaps, or a poet, or a statesman, and he doubts not that he shall conquer the ills of life. Alas, he, as yet, knows himself as little as he knows the world!

The age of manhood succeeds. Resistance has been met. A calm succeeds the conflict. He is no wiser than before. Life appears to him a very different thing. He now looks beyond this world for the theatre of his victories and enjoyments. Yes, he is now a man. He has been tried by fire. Sorrow has had its purifying effect. He has attained the highest perfection of manhood,—clear and holy spiritual vision. All high thought is divine; and he is divine, for he lives only in such thought. The human is cast out; he is a man of God, and we regard him reverently.

Such is the progress, and such the perfection of human character; and yet, thought I, how few attain this sublime end,—this goal of our striving. To how many is not life a dead weight rather than a fact with spiritual meaning. How many make the material, but not the spiritual progress, from boyhood to manhood. Alas, said I, human nature is wretchedly developed. Where is knowledge, that it does not elevate the mind? Where is religion, that it does not refine the soul? And as I thought, I prayed the great Spirit of the universe, that He would look kindly down upon men, and with his right hand take away all the hindrances to their progress; that they might be holy, even as He is holy, and perfect, even as He is perfect.

Bowdoin College, June 14, 1852.

To his Father.

. . . My leisure time is occupied now with selecting books for the Athenæan Society. The class have assigned

to me the task of expending the one hundred and seventy-five dollars which they have raised for books, and it gives pleasant occupation when I have nothing else to do. The College grounds are beautiful now. The trees are in full bloom and everything looks green and fresh.

Bowdoin College, June 25, 1852.

To his Father.

We have had a very exciting time here, the last week. All the students were ranged into two parties, to decide upon the officers of the Peucinean and Athenæan Societies for the ensuing year. Each party had exerted itself to the utmost and was sure of success. . . . The result has justified our expectations. We have carried both general societies and taken all the offices to ourselves which we had not a mind to give to others. Such is the substance of an event which I suppose strikes you as a very small matter, but which has kept all Bowdoin College in a fever of excitement for more than a week. It is now over and the rest of the term will, probably, be as calm as usual. . . .

I want to come home on the Fourth, but there are some things which will make it inconvenient. I have been chosen one of the Athenæan librarians, and the fifth of July, when we have no lessons, has been appointed to take account of the library. There are other reasons which ought to induce me to be as regular as possible, this term. I know it would be more pleasant to be at home, but too frequent interruptions tend to prevent that discipline which a college course should impart. Still, if you think I had better, I will come. . . .

Bowdoin College, August 3, 1852.

To Mr. T. C. Abbott.

. . . The year has passed pleasantly with me. The studies have not been hard and my health has been uniformly good. No one of our studies has interested me more than our text-book in French, "Picciola." Perhaps you have read

it. A man of proud and noble mind is thoroughly undone, from adopting false philosophic and religious views. He is cast into prison, for a political offense, and the daily contemplation of a plant, which springs up in his prison-yard, is the means of recalling him to true views of Nature and of life. Such is the simple conception of this book; and yet I have admired it for its truth as well as its richness of thought.

You mention to me a subject which should most deeply interest everyone,—religion. During my last winter vacation this subject occupied much of my attention; first only as a matter of inquiry, but at last as a personal matter, which seemed to me of highest moment. I was fully convinced of my duty, and ere long I devoted my heart fully to God. I trust that I became reconciled to Him, and learned to love Him truly. How different appeared the duties of life when viewed in the light of eternity! It seemed to give new dignity to life, as well as higher aims for our striving. I need not tell you my first hindrances; how I desired to make a demonstration of Christianity, and how I failed; and how I could reach its high conception only by contemplating it in its essential and general characteristics. Often did I think of you at that time, and should have written to you if I had known where you were.

My dear friend, you are studying divinity, preparatory to the duties of life. Surely it is the highest study of man. Its principal element is not material, like physics, nor simply intellectual, like law and politics, but spiritual. It treats of the soul, of God, and of a future life. It is the true philosophy of our being; it shows the relations between man and the unseen world about him. I wish you all the happiness which such studies should confer, and shall ever remember you with deep affection.

Bowdoin College, August 6, 1852.

To his sister Rachel.

I received your letter this morning. I had for days been

intending to write ; but we are reviewing our year's studies now, and have, each day, about fifty pages in the languages and twenty or thirty in mathematics, to recover. Although it is not hard, having been over it thoroughly before, it takes considerable time to read over so much. . . I almost wish that father was to live in the country during my next vacation. How could I pass it more pleasantly than to go home to Raymond with a valise full of good books, and have that old red horse to go over to grandsire's, and up to Uncle Thomas Wales', and all round. And then to dress in old clothes, and dig potatoes, pick apples, bind up wheat, and all such things. I think I should like it, but am not sure how long it would suit. Father and mother were to visit me, this term. Our Commencement is in about three weeks, I believe, and, if not before, let them come then ; only let sisters come, too, if convenient.

The prizes have just been given to the Senior class, for best compositions. Walter Wells took the first, Chamberlain¹ the second. Wells's was upon the "Conflict of Great Principles," and he will have it for his part at Commencement. . . .

Bowdoin College, August 27, 1852.

To his sister Rachel.

I am glad that you have decided to come to Commencement. I hope Lizzie and Belle will come with you. I will be at the cars Monday night and every other train till I find you. . . . Am reading the Blithedale Romance, and like it very much. We have put a number of new books into the Library. I had a most pleasant visit from father and mother. . . .

Bowdoin College, October 16, 1852.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.²

One piece of news I had almost forgotten. The Water-

¹Gen. James L. Chamberlain, Bowd. 1852.

²In after years Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Colorado. Mr. Spalding was of the Bowdoin class of 1853, and at the date of this letter was teaching school in Raymond.

ville bell has come to light. About a week ago it was pulled from its hiding-place in the cellar of Maine Hall one night, and suspended on the axle of Professor Bowker's gig. A crow-bar was obtained, the bell tongue having been lost, and the machine was hauled all over town, somebody tolling the bell, all the time, with the crow-bar. It sounded most gloriously between the houses. At every Professor's house the team stopped and gave a few minutes of its thunder, leaving with three cheers. More than half the students were attached to it, and they certainly had a rich time. As a finis, the chapel was broken open, the machine taken apart, and then put firmly together again, on the inside. The next day the bell was returned to its owners. Thus ends the episode of the Waterville bell. The College grounds look shivering before the time of snow. . . .

Bowdoin College, November, 1852.

To his Mother.

I have a day, and a day and one-half, every two weeks, for the purpose of writing themes or for leisure; my studies I like better than I did last year. German is easy, after the first, and a most pleasant language to study. . . .

It is only about three weeks to Thanksgiving, when I shall be at home again. I shall need, I suppose, a few days' study of geography and such things. You may be sure, mother, that my health is excellent and that I enjoy myself here. I only wish that I may rightly appreciate my privileges, and that you at home may have as pleasant a life as I now do. . . .

Bowdoin College, November 11, 1852.

To his Father.

. . . My studies are not hard, but I have written more this term than ever before in twice the length of time and, of course, have not read much. If the school is deferred to the twenty-ninth I intend to be at home almost all of Thanksgiving week. . . . To-morrow afternoon

Professor Hitchcock¹ delivers a eulogy on Daniel Webster, by request of the students. President Woods also soon delivers a eulogy on Webster, in Portland. . . .

Bridgton, December 2, 1852.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . Thank Heaven that my school is a good one, for the first morning when one of the items, reading in the Testament, called "synagogues," "cylinders" and "Jerusalem," "jew's-harps," what could I do but laugh, which was a first wonder to them all.

My school numbers over thirty. The studies range from Greek down to a—b=ab. The glory of the school is in its girls. There are about half-a-dozen buxom misses, from seventeen to nineteen, school mistresses in the summer time, who spend the winter in trying to "stick the master." . . . It is my present impression that I shall spend the winter pleasantly here. . . .

Pleasant Mountain is the presiding genius of the town. The inhabitants look to its summit to see if the sun is about to rise, as that luminary sends its rays up thither long before it reaches the regions of men. They build their houses with reference to it, and the "younglings" try to look stately, like it. The first outdoor look of every "bit of mortality" is directed to it, and the old man topples out of the world with his gaze fixed upon it, through the window, and thinking how much higher he is going to rise than its bald and cloudy head. . . . I read nothing but Burns's poems, which are grand. . . .

Bridgton, December 4, 1852.

To his Father.

I have just finished my first week's school and like everything, so far, very well. The studies range from nothing up to Smith's larger Algebra, Upham's Mental Philosophy, and French. A fine class is parsing, from "Paradise Lost."

¹Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock, then of Bowdoin College.

. . . I am pleased with my school and well pleased with the place and with the people. . . .

I had almost forgotten to tell you how I got here. From Gorham to Raymond there were seventeen passengers on the stage, and the horses walked all the way. At Raymond all the others vanished and Mr. Cleaves¹ and I were the only passengers to Bridgton, where Joseph Wales² was waiting for us. I got to Uncle Thomas' in the evening.

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Bridgton, January 1, 1853.

To his Friends at Home.

I have not till to-night heard from the Post Office for nearly a week, and have deferred writing till I might perhaps inform you that a High School teacher had offered. But no sign of one has yet appeared.

My school prospers as well as it has at all; I like it as well as I could like any school. They want me to teach the High School, and father's letter hardly satisfies them. My health is very good. . . .

I should like to have sister Belle come up and go to school to me a few weeks. She would find a good class,—in French, in Arithmetic and Algebra, and in Cicero's orations,—which she might enter. She would find girls who will equal her in common branches and who are bright as dollars for learning anything new, and, if she were not afraid of walking a mile and a half in the snow, she would have a pleasant time. . . .

Bridgton, January 16, 1853.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . Seven weeks of my school have passed, and four only remain. I have never yet dared to look forward to the end, it seemed so distant, but now, when I begin to see

¹Hon. Nathan Cleaves, Bowd. 1858.

²Mr. Joseph L. Wales, late of Bridgton, cousin of W. L. S.

through, it makes the weeks to come look very long. Thus far I have succeeded well, and think I shall continue to do so. . . . My views and experiences in teaching I reserve till I get home, to tell you. I have got so that when I make calls I can submit very philosophically to the title of "the Master," given me about three times in every five minutes. Every other Saturday, more than half of my scholars read aloud original compositions;—the boys declaim and the girls read selections. We shall finish Greenleaf's National Arithmetic this winter. . . .

Bridgton, January 17, 1852.

To Mr. T. C. Abbott.

. . . A professorship in College has many inviting features to a man of scholarly mind, yet I think it has a tendency to make its holder settle into the mechanical performance of its offices,—to become an epitome of daily lessons and familiar thoughts,—rather than to give him the ever advancing and eager spirit of the true scholar. This is only its *tendency*, and I know of cases where the professor is superior to his office and is more a scholar than a teacher; as also I have seen those who have grown old in teaching, and whose ideas are about as old as the date of their professorship.

This is a tendency to all who are not daily exercised in the facts and cares of life. The minister must have a high enthusiasm and feeling of personal responsibility or be likely to lose his spirit of action and striving. The lawyer, more than any other man of intellectual pursuits, finds an immediate application for all his knowledge, and is called, by the necessities of his profession, to constant and new inquiries. Is not this a reason why lawyers are, as a class, the most acute and effective of men? He, however, who lives regardless of outward position, and who possesses within himself the elements which move him, is the true scholar and the true and noblest man.

•

For about two months I have been keeping a district school. It is a pleasant school, of about thirty scholars, well advanced; a good class in French, also in Smith's Larger Algebra, and Greenleaf's National Arithmetic; also one scholar in Cicero's orations and the Greek Reader; so that I have a variety. Have succeeded well, and like teaching very well, as a means to an end, but I could never be willing to teach long at a time. It takes all my intermission-time now to recover a sane mind, after having been for hours the oracle of response to a thousand questions and the dealer out of wisdom to young and careless minds. . . .

Bridgton, January —, 1853.

To his sister Isabel.

I have just received the letter which says you are coming up next Saturday. Please bring your French Ollendorf, and, if Eaton has my De Fivas' Reader at home, bring that: Also, Girard's French Course and De L'Allemagne; because we have select readings by the girls, to correspond to declamations by the boys, and the French class sometimes reads French selections: Also, my Mandeville's Elements of Oratory. If you can take Poe's Poems or Hood's Bridge of Sighs, please bring them along. I shall be very glad to see you, and will meet you at the village, and should be glad to see mother with you. If you chance to have any of Scott's Novels please bring up one of them. . . .

Bridgton, January 26, 1853.

To Rev. J. F. Spalding.

. . . "Belgrade Mills" is a place not found in the geographies, neither has it any special locality in my conceptions, and I am altogether ignorant of the place to which you have withdrawn yourself; nor do I know which of the cardinal points this letter is going to follow. However, I think I would run the risk, and would start this morning for your place, mounted on some nag which I could steal from somebody's barn, if possibly I could ride right straight

out of the character of a country school-master into something else, no matter if it were into a hawker of tinware. "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness," or for some quiet village like Belgrade Mills, where "yung uns" are outlawed by statute, and where the digits and the teens of human life are never illustrated by examples! . . .

But, in earnest and really, I have had a very pleasant time this winter. My experience of men and things, boys and girls, has been profitably enlarged. I have kept school now more than eight weeks, and have two weeks remaining after this. . . .

Spalding, your quiet retreat, your "*otium cum dignitate*," is really enviable. You are a sane man this winter, holding intercourse with high and beautiful thoughts; you are not so totally linked with scholastic ideas, so completely in sympathy with them, that you can, about four o'clock some afternoon, almost feel yourself *going off* into a vulgar fraction, or a relative pronoun, or a streak of longitude, or something of that sort. You are a man,—but a school-master is an outsider with respect to humanity. Happy is he if he retains enough of his primeval character to become *a man* when he has finished his task. . . .

Bowdoin College, March 4, 1853.

To his Father.

Have just passed my examination on last term's studies, and am now again on even terms. The studies of this term have not yet been very hard. I have commenced Spanish, and Prof. Goodwin¹ says we shall get quite a complete knowledge of its principles this term. We use the Ollendorf and a Spanish Reading Book entitled "*Novelas Española*." . . . The German Ollendorf we finish entirely this term, so that sisters will perceive that we make quite a study of it. . . .

¹Prof. Daniel Rayner Goodwin, Bowd. 1832. Pres. Trinity College.

Bowdoin College, March —, 1853.

To His Friends at Home.

. . . I am having a busy and rather more varied term than usual here. A pleasant exercise in the morning is Surveying. As soon as the ground is settled Prof. Smyth is going to take us into the country around here, and set us to applying our knowledge. We commence Calculus next week,—the last of our college mathematics and the bug-bear of all un-mathematical minds. At noon we have a German lesson, which takes at least four hours to get thoroughly. I don't know but there is advantage enough, from getting an exercise in Ollendorf so thoroughly that you can repeat it as fast as you can the alphabet, to pay for the time it requires; but I doubt it.

In Spanish we take only the first section of each exercise, which I like much better. Spanish is an optional study and only nine out of our class take it. But I admire the sound of it. To hear Prof. Goodwin read it I am reminded of what it has been termed,—“the language of the Gods.” At night comes Tacitus,—the last and most difficult of our Latin course. Finally come the themes and declamations, for which we have only half as much time allowed as heretofore. We do not have to study hard, but rather to keep busy all the time. Especially to us Spanish students every waste moment is a loss somewhere.

We are admitted to Prof. Cleaveland's¹ chemical lectures at two o'clock every day. . . . At his first lecture on electricity he gave its history, as a science, and the various theories and definitions, continually referring to a definition of his own as far superior to all others, which he said he would give at the close of the lecture. While we were all waiting to hear his definition, which we supposed would be a demonstration of something or other, he said coolly: Gentlemen, *electricity is the cause of certain peculiar phenomena.*” He bowed, and we left, much enlightened. . . .

¹Prof. Parker Cleaveland.

I forgot to say that I am in the best of health and spirits. Have got the "school-master," I hope, completely worn off. . . .

Bowdoin College, April 30, 1853.

To his Father.

I have a part in the exhibition this term and plenty of studying to do. . . . You see that I have passed into my twentieth year, still a boy. I have always had an idea of manhood as a sort of state of completion and permanency, wherein discipline had been passed, a character acquired, and only to act remained; but boyhood, I fear, makes up the greater part of life, for perfection is not easily attained by the soul, which must be restless till it does reach it. . . .

Bowdoin College, May 10, 1853.

To his Sisters.

. . . We are having pleasant spring weather now: I hope you may enjoy it as much as I do here. Our hard term of study is almost ended, and never did we more really wish for the end of a term. A tiresome term, but I think that, next term, when Prof. Hitchcock hears us in moral philosophy, we shall have to study quite as hard. Prof. Hitchcock preached last Sunday, upon German philosophy, and an excellent sermon it was. He said that German mind was the best of mind and German scholarship at the head of all scholarship. He said that German transcendental philosophy, commenced with Kant and perfected with Hegel, was the last and highest attempt of human reason to solve the problem of existence. Failure as it was, it must go the rounds, he said. He feared nothing from it, and thought that much good might result, in awakening thought. It was not modest, he said, but took the upper seat, which it should leave to Revelation. I wish you could hear him once, for you never heard sermons just like his.

Bowdoin College, June 25, 1853.

To his sister Elisabeth.

You must excuse me for not having written before, when I tell you that this week has been election week.¹ There has been excitement enough here to have done great things if only excitements could do anything which did not lose its importance when quiet life is restored.

I have had excellent health since the first week and, with the exception of thirteen pages, every day, to commit, in Vattel's "Law of Nations," the studies are easy. . . .

Bowdoin College, July 17, 1853.

To his Father.

We are now reciting in Moral Science to Professor Hitchcock and at every recitation he reads a lecture fully as elaborate as a sermon or oration. It is strange how a man can do so much and do everything so well, but his haggard look and the light in his room till near mid-night tell the secret. . . .

Three years of my course are about ended. The languages and mathematics, the specially disciplinary studies, we are about done with. Moral Science, Law of Nations, Evidences of Christianity, and other studies upon which we are about to enter, are valuable at once, not only as discipline but as necessary knowledge. Shall I have derived, at my graduation, the benefit which I ought? I am certain that at any rate I shall know but very little and only years still of study can give me a preparation fitting me to enter upon anything but school-teaching or farming. A year or two, when I leave here, is destined for school-teaching; beyond that I see nothing determined, although it is time I should know. . . .

New York, August 26, 1853.

To his Father.

. . . I have just left sisters in the boat for Philadelphia. They were in good spirits. Yesterday we went to

¹Mr. Symonds was elected the orator of the Athenæan Society.

the Crystal Palace, where we saw many things but I cannot remember them singly. One visit can only give a general impression of the whole. . . .

Portland, September 2, 1853.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth, at York, Penn.

It seems strange for me to be at home, writing to you so very far away. But distance does not make much difference. I can see you just as well this morning as I could if you were only in a neighboring town, and we can know nearly as much of each other, and think of each other full as much, as if we were nearer. Your life, for the year to come, certainly ought to be a pleasant and not unprofitable one. You may not have much time for study, but you will, I hope, be constantly learning, from observation and from society, and your duties should not be so hard as to destroy your relish for liveliness and pleasant thought out of school. . . .

Bowdoin College, October 2, 1853.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . Spalding, you are now a man of the world. I wish I were a man as well as you. But what are your plans? How long to teach; and what then to study? Are you yet, practically and in the heart, a Christian, as well as theoretically and in the mind? What are you reading? German, Greek, Scotch Philosophy, History, petty miscellanies, or what? How is your intellectual and spiritual life? Does matter of fact dispel enthusiastic, hopeful visions of holiness and love? Or does it only shape them to proper forms and greater definiteness? May you live happily and usefully and find that proper sphere for which you are fitted! . . .

My sisters have written me frequently from York, Pennsylvania, their new home. They have a pleasant, easy situation, hearing classes of young ladies for six hours of the day only. What I shall do after graduating I do not know.

Should like to start, after a year's teaching, for a German University. . . .

Bowdoin College, October 10, 1853.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

I write you again from the old town of Brunswick, whose quiet and scholarly mien I have often described to you. It is Monday morning and I have got my lesson for noon. Just imagine me sitting in a rocking chair, at the centre table, in my large square room, with some very good pictures upon the walls. Our carpet has been taken up and dusted, stove blacked, and we look, we think, very neat at this commencement of a new year. Eaton is lying on the lounge, reading one of Thackeray's novels, and Webster's Dictionary and two or three books of mental philosophy are on the table before me.

As these latter books have been my reading for the last week I will describe them to you. First, Bishop Berkeley's works,—who argued that there was no such thing as an external or material world, and who, I suppose, believed, all his life, as he argued. His reasoning is logical, and it is hard to discover any flaw; but if he had run himself, some dark night, against a stone post or over a precipice, I fear his theory would have suffered from it. The next is Sir William Hamilton's works,—of Scotland,—who is esteemed, I think, the best metaphysical writer of the present day. His works are not compilations, but he develops a most plain and beautiful system of his own, in which he claims to have found "a centre and conciliation for the most opposite of philosophical opinions," and affirms his belief in it, from the "harmony between its doctrines and those of revealed truth." His life, prefixed to the volume, thus speaks of him:

"Sir William, though metaphysically the most formidable man in Europe, is a humble Christian; though the most learned of men, he is ready to bow before the *spirit* which informed the mind of Paul."

Speaking of "the invasion of certain foreign philosophico-

theological opinions from the country of Schelling and Hegel"—he says, "it will not be exorcised by the solemn reading of creeds and by repeating some stereotyped theological phrases, but must be brought into the clear white light of thought, and, like every other spectre of the night, it will vanish at the real dawn." He therefore regrets "the want of philosophical training in the Anglican and American clergy," and calls it a "want of rational preparation," a "singular and dangerous disarmature."

I wanted to give you some idea of this book and its author, because, if you have leisure for any works on mental philosophy, I think you would like these very much. Such has been my reading, in connection with Upham's philosophy. My second study is Paley's Evidences, a circumstantial defence of Christianity. It is pleasing to find that the convincing internal evidence is so fully confirmed by the facts of history.

My third study is Astronomy. The text book is Olmstead's Large,—about the size of Cooper's Virgil. I have, as yet, learned nothing but an indefinite number of lines, angles, circles, etc., very curiously distributed upon two globes, one celestial, and one terrestrial. I hope, when I write again, to have attained to clearer views upon this subject.

Bowdoin College, October 31, 1853.

To his Father.

. . . . My studies are now very interesting. We study Astronomy under Professor Cleaveland, the oldest Professor in the College and one of the most distinguished men in the country, in his department. He is about eighty years old, and his recitation hour is about six o'clock, before breakfast, yet he never misses a recitation, either for bad weather or bad health. He is the strictest teacher we have had, and a terror to bad scholars. He tells us to learn the *i-de-ās* of the lesson and not the words, and when we get up to recite to be prepared to *think* and not to *remember*. No other pro-

fessor would have called me from home on Saturday night for one lesson on Monday morning, but I did not like to be absent from Professor Cleaveland when it was possible to avoid it.

Our recitation at eleven o'clock is to Professor Upham, one of the mildest and yet shrewdest men in the world. The recitation to him is a mere conversation: if the scholar does not do his part in the talking the Professor will do enough for both of them. If you get up to recite and don't say a word but stand as if dumb, the Professor, after he has talked some minutes, will make a slight pause between the sentences, as if to give an opportunity for you to say something, or will, perhaps, try to engage you in the conversation by a simple question; but if ideas or power of speech are still wanting to carry you on further, he does it himself, with the blindest smile and most pleasant manner possible. He likes, however, to have the scholar clearly carry on the argument himself; but, if he leaves out a single point, or makes any thing obscure, Professor Upham will commence his own conversation; yet in such a way that you would hardly perceive that he was doing what the scholar had failed to do. He is a man of the finest feelings and is the gentlest teacher that I have ever seen; yet he knows, most accurately, how far a scholar has his lesson, and, by his clear and repeated conversations, even a poor scholar will get most of the principles of the book. . . .

Our afternoon recitation is to President Woods,¹ in "Paley's Evidences of Christianity," and this is expected to be a scholarly performance. The President does not like any stumbling for words or any omission of ideas. He is not particular about the exact words of the book, but wants the arrangement and a perfect analysis of the argument. He is, like Professor Upham, a very pleasant teacher, but, unlike Professor Upham, he will show up a scholar's ignorance with a good deal of zest and the best grace.

¹Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D. Pres. Bowd. Coll.

Such are my studies and teachers, and when I tell you that the whole amount of my daily lessons does not exceed twenty-five or thirty pages, you will see that it is not very difficult. Yet I read, and have my writing to do besides. . . .

Bowdoin College, November 5, 1853.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

About a week since I started to get a school; took the cars for Falmouth; then, after walking four miles, found a district to which I had been recommended, engaged the school, and, as it was only four miles to Portland, walked in and returned to Brunswick in the evening train. . . . I had no difficulty in my examination; everything was as well as if I had been present at the regular time; and my visit was a very profitable one to me. How well I recollect how you looked, on board the boat, when I left you to go still further and be gone so long!

Professor Hitchcock said that my recitations had been so perfect that it would be necessary only to go through the forms, and therefore only kept me *a little more than three hours*; and at the end gave me a list of philosophical books to read which would terrify any man's lifetime, and with which I think I shall have very little to do.

Professor Hitchcock, a few weeks since, invited all of our class to tea at his house, where we met many of the professors and passed a pleasant evening. Professor Hitchcock is so much of a student that he is no longer a man,—so far as the impulses and unstudied acts of life make the man. Every act of his, even the simplest, has passed through his intellect and his heart before it is done. The consequence is that every outward motion and performance of his is perfect; you wonder at the ease with which he does everything better than anybody else could. It is the training which he has given himself, till it is now natural to him to be as constantly and guardedly superior to himself as for any one

else when called out by the highest occasion to highest efforts.

I am very much interested in Astronomy. We have a globe in our room, so that we can most easily trace the constellations. And the stars are now very brilliant every night. Last night I was out more than an hour, and this morning also, between four and five o'clock, I had a fine opportunity. . . .

This Senior year, while it has taken us from studies merely disciplinary to those of real importance,—to the study of real knowledge which should make the sum of life,—reminds me too of my near approach to that life when thought must be attended by action; where will be a buffetting not less of facts than of ideas. . . .

Portland, November 26, 1853.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

This is another letter to you from home, for I am now at home, and come in so frequently from my school that I seem to be really spending the winter at home. . . . Belle and I shall attend the Lectures this winter,—a very fine course. Emerson, O. W. Holmes, Theodore Parker, Neal, Bigelow, and other distinguished men are engaged. I am at home every Sunday and two or three evenings every week, and, of course, enjoy the school better for my brisk walks in, and pleasant evenings here, and am better fitted for it. I want to tell you that I am heavier now than ever before, approaching near to one hundred and twenty pounds. . . .

I have not read much German since you went away, but think I should like it if I studied it, and also German Literature. How do you like Butler's Analogy? How steadily and forcibly the argument proceeds! In order that my reading, this winter, might not be wholly miscellaneous and desultory, I study this regularly. I am reading, also, Roscoe's "Life of Leo the Tenth," and shall read his "Lo-

renzo de' Medici." Have read a volume of Coleridge and all the newspapers and antique books in the school-district. . . .

Portland, Friday Eve., December, 1853.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

. . . I am teaching school in Falmouth and boarding at home, thus walking eight miles every day. When I engaged the school the agent said that boarding-places were plenty; but when I arrived there, on Saturday night before the school was to commence on Monday, could not get boarded anywhere. The agent said that he lived on the borders of the district and gave his honest opinion when he made the engagement. I told the agent that unless he got me a place I should not commence the school, and he at last persuaded a lady to take me, a week or two, till I got acquainted. I stayed there four weeks, when she fell sick, and I was obliged to leave, but was still unable to get another place. For the last week I have boarded at home.

Portland, December 22, 1853.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

My last letter to you was unfinished, owing to that pressure of duties which would naturally belong to a school-master whose boarding-place was two towns distant from his school-house. But now there are no such burdens upon me; having, with the consent of the agent, left the school. . . .

Belle is very careful of her health, as she needs to be. She must have missed you more than any other of us, but she bears it cheerfully. With hardly one congenial acquaintance, alone with herself and her piano, she seems to have a fountain of enjoyment within herself, which makes her ever contented and joyful. A richly endowed mind that finds a pleasure in everything; a light earnest heart, without passion or immoderation; a constant life within herself, so natural and easy that it almost escapes her consciousness,—such blessings has Nature bestowed upon her, and who would wish for greater? She has now only three more les-

sons to finish Bertini. Then she will want to study modern languages, and she ought to have every opportunity: With good teachers, she would make quick work with them. . . .

1854

Portland, January 18, 1854.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

I am now reading "Beatrice," am about half through it, and if you find this a very inconsequential letter, please lay it to the account of Father Eustace and Lady Edith, who are making a very unfair monopoly of my thoughts. . . . I have studied Italian a little and read all the books that I can find, from Shakespeare down to Kimball, author of "Romance of Student Life Abroad." Have you read "St. Leger," by the same author,—of which I once wrote to you? It is, certainly, a very interesting book and repays perusal by leaving a good impression. Our last lecture, the best we have had, was by George W. Curtis.

I make very few calls and write but few letters, so that I ought to do more than I do, but inertia is a property of all bodies, of which I am one. I write for the Portland Transcript occasionally. We send it to you after reading it. Perhaps you will be able to recognize some scratch of mine in some of the numbers. . . . I have outgrown any consideration for little men or little women, having attained one hundred and twenty-four pounds myself, and advancing rapidly. I presume that at the end of the vacation I shall weigh something less than two hundred pounds. I hope you will, by your return, be able to maintain the high repute of Yankee girls. My vacation is rapidly passing, one of my last vacations. When I leave College I ought to be a man. What further profession or occupation than that I shall have is in the dark future.

Bowdoin College.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

Your letter only reached me to-day, having been detained at Portland by so severe a snowstorm that the cars have been three days breaking out a passage. You were lucky in leaving New England before this most frigid weather. . . . I am getting again into the way of studying: quite a change from my vacation. Butler's Analogy is my hardest study. Our French teacher has been giving some soirées to his classes, this winter, with French recitations, conversations, etc. I go occasionally but doubt whether the guttural will readily give way to the nasal. . . .

Bowdoin College, March, 1854.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . My school continued a few weeks after you left me. I released myself from it. My vacation then passed very pleasantly, if not so profitably. The most that I did was to sleep, and write an article weekly for a newspaper. Visited Marcellus,¹ on my way to Brunswick; he, in turn, spent part of his vacation with me here. And now six weeks have passed, and only the little end of a long course is left me in which to study either well or ill. Shall I not be glad when I am all through?

It has been so long since I have heard from you that I am obliged to guess your present thoughts and purposes. Let's see. The primitive state of mankind and of each man is an age of poetry. This age lasted with you through the observations, thinkings, and studies of childhood into, I guess, about your Sophomore year,—an age of purest nature, of calmest intuition. Then the mystic "*Fall*" began to show itself, and you began to doubt. The latter years of your College course you were a perfect philosopher. Somehow the former connection between your inner and outer nature, between the soul and the world, had got disjointed; insight

¹Mr. Marcellus Emery. Bowd. 1853.

had become blurred, and reason was trying to recover what had but just been natural to the soul. There was another transition to be. Reason, having worried itself out, was to fall back upon the divinity of the soul itself, and former intuition, elevated to faith, was to become the essence and law of life. Thus the discipline of life is as a circle. The child stands nearest to the final attainment. The highest attainment is to be like a child. The intervening age of philosophy is necessary only to our present state. It is valuable as a means, not as an end. Feeling, indeed, involves knowledge, but knowledge is nothing till vivified by feeling. Objects, knowledge, feeling, are the elements of spiritual life. Perfected, the last two would become one, a sort of impassioned apprehension of things. Whether there be, in fact, any such things as objects I am sure I cannot say.

I trust you have completed the circle—and are a man of faith. Surely in this world faith can only be founded on reason, yet reason is as a withered branch if left alone. . . .

Bowdoin College, March 13, 1854.

To his Father and Mother.

I had commenced a letter to you when I received Josy's informing me of his intended visit, and deferred writing it, as you would hardly get it before he was at home again. I suppose he has told you how well I am situated here. Never before have I had things so well to my mind. . . .

I am studying French this term again. M. Giraud, a Frenchman, invited me and two others to attend freely the soirées given by his class of young ladies in Topsham. The recital of French plays, conversation in French, etc., are the exercises. He regarded the invitation as a compliment to us, and we were very glad to accept it. Subsequently he took charge of a class from the students, and, although I had not much time, I felt bound to join it. He is a very excellent teacher, and would teach more, with nothing but a French newspaper, than almost any one else with the best text-book.

His system is altogether one of conversation. His wish is to come to Portland when he closes his present class here, and thinks, if he can once get started there, he could drive off all rivals. . . .

Bowdoin College, March 20, 1854.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

. . . It would be a fine thing if some destruction, as of an Alexandrian Library, could do away with seven-eighths of the world's literature. If a book is highly praised by the press it is very good proof that the book is valueless. Virgil could spend three years writing a few short Bucolics. Almost any poet-monger now living would feel ashamed if he could not write them in about as many evenings. Bishop Butler could spend twenty years composing a single theological argument of a few hundred pages. Where is the man now who would spend as many weeks on a work of the same length? A few days for the composition of a work, a few minutes for the criticism of it, and a few hours, at most, for the perusal of it,—such is the speed of literary effort. I wish we might recover a taste for those old writers who have done what they have done about as well as it could be done, whose works are valuable for thoroughness and completeness of thought, and may be *studied* as real works of art. . . .

I have attended two soirées in which I had parts. It takes much time to commit them, but the profit and pleasure are considerable, at least the latter. I have about eight pages to commit for the next one. A few pieces in French are written, to be read at each soirée. . . .

How glad I shall be when you return, as no doubt you will be, too. I finish my studies here at precisely the same time, so that our vacations will be together. What shall I do then? Teach? But I will not consent to teach more than a year or two at most. Be a preacher? What! write two sermons every week, besides occasional discourses; visit

three hours every day; receive visitors as many more; have no time for disinterested study, no time for correct composition, nothing to do but to grow mechanical! Be a lawyer? I have no heart to enter such a desert. Be an author? But whence would come the bread of life? Be an editor? Very well, but a *profession* should be the basis of editorship. Well, what then? Now that is just the question which I want answered. There are one or two axioms to stand as a basis for a decision. First, I suppose that, whatever I do, I shall be very much of a student about it, doing the most of my labor in the privacy of a study-room. . . . Secondly, my ideal, (it may never be attained), is familiarity with and the instruction of earnest youth, in a favorite department; to preach occasionally, after maturest elaboration; to write occasionally, but only when I had something important to say and had expressed it in the best manner that I could. . . .

I must teach for a while, both to get money and to conform a little of my college studies; then go through the best theological course I can find; then settle for a few years as a pastor, whether I like to or not, and do the best I can. Here you have my castle-building, whether you want it or not. Rachel's very kind letters to me, while I was at home last winter, have induced me to write this to you. Who knows how the shadowy future may foil our best plans? All things are uncertain and perchance hardly a whit of my purpose may ever become a fact.

You may be sure that whenever I think of stepping forth, my own man, the thought does not escape me of those to whose kindness I owe everything,—especially the ease and enjoyments of a liberal course of study,—nor of those who have always assisted me, even, I fear, before themselves, in my studies and tastes as well as privileges. Would, indeed, that memory and gratefulness were not so meagre a reward! . . .

Bowdoin College, March 29, 1854.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . Any book which you would like I can get for you, next vacation. Have just finished reading "Bleak House," which is not so good as "David Copperfield," although parts of it are as interesting as can be. French I read easily, speak not at all. The ingredients in a French sentence of mine are about three German words and two of Italian to one of French. You have a fine course of study before you, in German. It is worth more than all the other languages, in itself, for its literature. You will be glad, as I shall, when you commence its study.

You take a walk out of doors very seldom I fear. During this *mild* and *pleasant* Winter you should go frequently. Neither music nor household duties should keep you constantly at home. At the peril of my nose and ears, I walk at least three miles every day, my boarding-place being half a mile distant. The man who predicted "an open Winter" was either a great joker or in a great mistake. We have no indications of Spring as yet. Winter, prolonged and intensified, is the prospect. . . .

I have had a letter from Lizzie and wrote to her last week. They are enjoying a pleasant contrast to our severe cold. The time approaches when we shall see them again and when you will again have their company at home. And at the same time I shall have finished my studies here and shall be preparing to take aim in life. And you, I suppose, will feel very much like going to school somewhere.

Please say to mother that my health is excellent. Have not had a cold this winter. I wish you all may have as good fortune. My love to you all.

Bowdoin College, April 4, 1854.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

. . . It was not hastily that I chose that field of study and action of which I wrote, and it was with some appre-

hension that I awaited your answer,—knowing that you would state to me kindly your opinions of it, and knowing, too, how much weight they should have with me. You seem to speak favorably of theology as my profession. . . .

My object in life, above all others, is to develop the relations between man and God and to declare, by speech and writing, that true religion which now, seen in its outlines, appears so radiant. All the sources of history and philosophy will be open for me to study. . . . Thus my life is to be, primarily, and so far as I can make it, that of a Christian scholar and philosopher. My studies and reading, this term, are very pleasant; both are mostly philosophical. . . .

Bowdoin College, April 30, 1854.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

Your last very interesting letter arrived seasonably, and I take my first opportunity to answer. The phases of your life have, you write, at last become *one* phase, after the image of Christ. I rejoice, and doubt not a happy and useful life before you. That you may have best success is surely an earnest wish of mine.

I am busy writing a "part" upon Jean Jacques Rousseau, or rather upon his speculations. My problem is this: Given Jean Jacques Rousseau as he was at eight years, how did he come to think such thoughts as he did in maturity? It will include an abstract of his strange, phantom-like theories with regard to culture and primitive man. . . .

Only six weeks more of study and I shall be dropped out into the world. I wonder where I shall strike. Let me teach Greek, German, or Mental Philosophy, and have no special troubles, and I shall be "content." . . .

Whether there be objects, as a practical matter, cannot be disputed. For no man can pass through philosophy out of those common sentiments and intuitions which mark the race. But, when we speculate of the nature of things, it is a question about the nature of objects,—that is, whether they

exist externally or are phases of the soul; whether objects may not be, after all, subjective. How do you get up to unity, which is the proper end of science? However, the chances are that the soul is one thing and the world another; yet it is harder to prove it than to disprove it. . . .

Bowdoin College, May 3, 1854.

To his Father and Mother.

My birthday has passed, yet, when I think of the privileges and pleasures which have preceded it and the uncertainties of the future, it is not an occasion for much joy. I celebrated it by picking some May-flowers. . . .

Bowdoin College, May 8, 1854.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

I have been sorry to defer writing you so long. There is an Exhibition at the close of the present term, at which I have an original English part. It requires much time to write, and I determined to write no letters till it was finished, but, though it is yet in the quarry, I cannot put off an answer to your letter any longer. My subject is Jean Jacques Rousseau. As good a character to treat of as there is, yet I think I should select some abstract subject rather than any character.

. . . The grass here is growing green, in moist places, and the May-flowers are beginning to bloom. Do you press any flowers? And how much does the Flora there differ from that of Portland and Raymond?

You know that my birthday has passed. Twenty-one years old! I did not care to celebrate it. The future is not only unseen; it gives signs, beforehand, of being rough and toilsome. Yet I will not be discouraged by it; I will only not anticipate it, but fulfil the present. My purpose is to teach, about a year or two, immediately after graduating. . . .

Bowdoin College, May, 1854.

To his Father and Mother.

. . . The exhibition here takes place next Tuesday Eve, and I should have mentioned it, and invited any of you, who wish, to be present. Only, as our examination is the next day I shall be very busy and shall not have time to attend so much as I should like to any one who should come. However, that will not make any difference about the exhibition, and, if you think it worth while, I would like to have you come. You might not be interested, as it will be quite a common-place affair. I finished my part yesterday, and the President seemed well pleased with it.

Wednesday night or Thursday I shall be at home, and I never shall have come home more gladly. This long term of fourteen weeks, with the additional labor of writing, has got really tiresome. . . .

Portland, May 25, 1854.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

Here I am, in all the lassitude of vacation. Please make me a long visit. There is nothing new under the sun, although a little celestial nigger is expected to get in the way and darken his fair face to-morrow. Botany, Greek, and Faust are the subjects of my thought, at present. On an average, I study all three as much as fifteen minutes per day. The rest of the time passes and leaves no sign. . . .

Portland, May 31, 1854.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

You seem to have thought, when writing your last letter, that I was making myself quite busy during this vacation. Would not a little exercise of memory have informed you that such conduct, during a vacation, was not my wont, and that, according to all precedent, I should come as near as possible to a state of absolute repose, during my two weeks at home? Such, certainly, has been the case, and it came to me so naturally that I hardly conceived that any other

mode of living was proper or possible for the occasion. . . .

Yesterday Belle and I went out to Smith's woods. We got specimens of all our early spring flowers. To-day is the first of June here, though I suppose you are pretty well through dog-days at York, and are now having autumn flowers. . . .

Bowdoin College, June 8, 1854.

To his Sisters.

I have commenced another composition which I fear I shall not be able to get perfected before Commencement. I can hardly state the subject to you, but it is something like this: "The Part Which Feeling Has in Culture." I am reciting Hebrew to Prof. Upham. . . .

Rockport, Maine, June 15, 1854.

From Rev. John F. Spalding, to W. L. S.

You probably have noticed in me a *leaning* towards the Episcopal Church. I think I told you one reason for it. Last winter a treatise fell into my hands, entitled Onderdonk's "Episcopacy Tested by Scripture." I read it with the greatest interest; re-read it, comparing it closely with the context of Scripture; and, though I had been extremely prejudiced against the Church, I could but confess to myself that the argument is, what it claims to be, a perfect demonstration. I since have learned that Mr. Barnes, who has written against Episcopacy, conceded that it was unanswerable. Since then I have taken every means I could command to learn what are the claims, and what is the validity of the claims, of Episcopacy, and I am now prepared to avow myself publicly an Episcopalian.

It may interest you to know the means of my conversion and of the reasons I would now give for my faith. Having read the above mentioned treatise, I felt that I must find something on the other side; for, from certain conferences I had had with Adams and others, I had almost determined

to become a Congregationalist. So I obtained Dr. Woods' Lectures, which, by the way, were read for many years before the Andover students,—the whole of the instruction given on the subject. But sadly was I disappointed on finding that he establishes no point, of any importance in the question, which is not readily conceded by Churchmen. It was plainly to be seen that the Doctor was either deceiving his students or was himself extremely ignorant of the nature of the question. For example, his great argument is to prove from Scripture that Bishop and Presbyter are the same,—which no man ever denied. I have found that he advances nothing which has not (on understanding more fully what the Church is and the arguments for its claims), tended strongly to make me look favorably upon a church so little known and so grossly belied. So I read some other books, pro and con, and all has resulted in my present convictions, which are very strong.

My argument was this. Before going to Scripture, there are certain presumptions, strong ones too, that Episcopacy,—i. e., the supremacy of Bishops over Presbyters and Deacons in certain things,—was the form of government and ministry to which the Apostolic Church was conformed. First, from the analogy between the old and the new dispensations,—baptism taking place of circumcision, the Lord's Supper of the Passover, &c.—we might naturally expect that, as there were in the old, the High Priest, Priests, and Levites, so in the new there would be three corresponding orders in the ministry, especially as Christ and the Apostles and early Christians worshipped in the Jewish Synagogues and used the Jewish Liturgies. Second, the fact that *learned* Presbyterians and all learned men are agreed that Episcopacy was prevalent universally in the second century, and the Apostles did not all die till near the close of the first; so that these writers of the second century must have been, some of them at least, taught of the Apostles. Third, that Episcopacy was prevalent during all the succeeding ages till the middle of

the Sixteenth century, wherever there was a Christian Church. The Fathers of the third and fourth centuries state expressly that those who had been called Apostles afterwards, out of humility, took the name of Bishops, and they give lists of men down to their time. Thus: Timothy succeeded Paul as Bishop of Ephesus, James was Bishop of Jerusalem, Titus of Crete, Ignatius of Antioch, &c., and each of these was succeeded by others and so onward. Indeed, Episcopalians give lists of Bishops in countries widely separate, from the present time back to the Apostles. . . .

Another argument with me was this. The Church, in the Bible, is represented as a unity, one body, one spirit, one faith, one baptism, &c. (Eph. 4-4-5) and how could there be a unity of spirit and not of form, and not one body? My conception of what the Church should be was that it should be a unit, the visible body of believers, with one *heart* and one life-blood circulating through all its members. But I knew enough about sects to see that there is in them no such unity.

Bowdoin College, July 1, 1854.

To his Father and Mother.

I now write you probably the last letter that you will receive from me while a College student. You know that I am very grateful to you that you have done by me so well; much better than I had any reason to claim. I hope that I may be able to repay you; certainly I trust that my memory of your kindness may not fail to inspire kindness on my part in return. The desire which I know you cherish for me to be useful in life is not greater than my own desire to be so. . . .

Our examination was passed successfully yesterday. We are free now; only I am re-writing my part for Commencement, and finishing some reading. I know now how I stand as a scholar in College, and am as much pleased because I know it will please you as on any other account.

I have a *first part*, an Oration, for Commencement. Four

others have the same. There is nothing higher. I also take the *first* prize for English Composition. Osgood¹ takes the second.

I have in College some of the best friends I have ever had, away from home. To leave them, perhaps never to see them again, is not a thing to do without regret.

Bowdoin College, July 1, 1854.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

The last act of the drama of my College life is over; examination passed; tree surrounded; the ring broken; the tie of class-mate severed. We are now only individual items in the world. Spalding, allow me to tell you that I have a first part, and took the first prize for Composition. Osgood took the second. We have been so busy that you must pardon me for deferring to this favorable time my answer to your long and very interesting letter.

I am very glad that you have found a phase and form of the *Church* which satisfies you and in which you have a home. That you have chosen a strong and an efficient church I make no doubt. Its officers may be, and doubtless are, the same with those of the primitive church. That its particular form of worship or its doctrines are the same I should think might be questioned.

I do not wish to say anything to dissuade you, for I like the Episcopalians. I, however, have in mind the ideal of another form of the Church which I like better. . . . I admit the unity of the Church—yet that unity comes from on high, and not from the authority either of sovereigns or bishops. Human intelligence is progressive. Man is placed mid infinitude. For finite men of one age, therefore, to attempt to mould all the future life of the soul in pre-formed, cast-iron dogmas in both folly and wickedness. I had rather trust the soul than the authority of man. The unity, then, is not of man, nor seen by him, but of God and seen by Him.

¹Mr. James Ripley Osgood, Bowd. 1852. In later life eminent among publishers and honored and loved by many friends.

You will ask if I do not believe there is anything permanent among men; that there are some beliefs absolutely true? I answer that there are a very few doctrines, which, stated most simply, I regard as essential to reason and revelation. These *cannot* change, and the conception of them makes the Christian character. . . . Were the Church perfect, it would, in every respect, be one and the same, both visibly and invisibly. But earth is not the abode of perfection, only of a struggle towards it.

Portland, July 13, 1854.

To Mr. T. C. Abbot.

Your old pupil and young associate has now completed his course of college studies and writes you just upon the eve of "graduation" day. Many times since my visit at Augusta I have thought of writing you, but other necessary business would prevent. Now it is vacation, subsequent to our Senior examination and prior to "Commencement"; and I cannot spend a brief period more pleasantly than in talking to you, assured from all past experience that the response will be soon given.

No longer are there, for me, three recitations per day, with just thirty-four equals and about four superiors for acquaintances. No longer any such little life in a little world of study-room and recitation-room, bounded by a small horizon and as small a hemisphere. The world which we have looked at from a distance is now fairly upon us, and we must welcome it and make friendship with it. Yet I cannot help thinking that life, after all, is pretty fairly represented in *college* life. A succession of preparation and of action, a blending of thought and of feeling into a unity of purpose, a struggle for that perfection only the relics of which are found in our spiritual constitution,—such are the characteristics of life everywhere. I should be sorry to think that my future life was to be mainly an active one, or that more connected and thorough trains of study than I have yet enjoyed were not in store for me. . . .

Yesterday I walked, with a friend, over to the shore beyond Cape Elizabeth, and was strongly reminded of our walks four years since. Memory for the past, duty for the present, hope for the future,—are not those the lights of life? . . .

Our Commencement is on the first Wednesday in August. On Tuesday will be an Oration by Richard H. Dana, jr., and on Thursday by Pres. Goodwin of Trinity (late Prof. G. of Bowdoin). I should be very glad to see you then, and to hear from you as soon as may be convenient. My vacation is passing most pleasantly. Our family are all at home together, and all send their kind regards to you.

Portland, July 24, 1854.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

Your voluminous letter and books came to hand in season and I thank you for them. I cannot contrive to make myself believe about the Church as you do. It seems to me that God appeared to man in Christ, attested himself by miracles, lived our exemplar, died our Redeemer,—and that this was the whole of it. His mission had an essence in it; its aim was simply the awakening of the drooping religious life in man,—his moral renovation and confirmation. It seems to me that He no more established a form of the Church than He did the shape of meeting-houses. Blot out all forms, and Christianity would remain and would be vital whenever it came in contact with a human heart. There must be a form for everything. Of course, from the first operation of Christ as a power among men there must be forms of that operation. There must be officers and instituted arrangements. The Church had these, from its first existence. Yet that these externalities had anything of the divine origin of Christianity itself I see no evidence. I am ready to admit that modern Episcopacy has the officers of the primitive Church, yet I see no more merit in this than if Episcopal ministers should wear the same sort of tunics

that the Fathers wore. Thus I do not assent to the claim of Episcopacy,—that it, as a form, has a *divine* appointment.

If it be argued on merely human grounds, then, if Episcopacy did not claim so much I should like it very well. I am well pleased with it as a form, though I like better a simpler form and, especially, less authoritative pretensions.

After all that you say about the visible unity of the Church here, I doubt whether you believe that the whole established Church of Christ, so called, up to the time of the schisms, will march with flying colors in a solid phalanx into Heaven, and all others be left out. The question of St. Peter will be, not “Do you believe in the three orders”? but “Are you of contrite spirit”? All those distinctions which have been visible here will be invisible there, and distinctions now invisible will be the basis of adjustment there. That is, the Church which will be is now invisible, since it is characterized by somewhat not at all discernible to mortal vision. A church of Christ is visible here; viz., the aggregate of all the churches. You may show that there *ought* to be a visible unity of the Church, one body as it is one spirit, but you cannot show that there *is* now, or ever *was*, such a visible unity. (I mean since the Church was transferred from the hands of inspired men to human agency.) Toward such unity the whole Church is progressing, as the world progresses toward perfection. I do not think that the Episcopal Church is any the nearer to such perfection and unity, from claiming already to have its form and spirit.

I object in toto to your remarks about *the sects*, though I regard the Church of England only as a sect with the rest. I *like* the sects. They first came off from stiff-necked bigotry and diabolical intolerance; from a Church that had about as much spirit in it as there is in a piece of cold steel. No wonder that the soul of man, coming suddenly into that freedom and light which had been long refused it, should exult a little too much and go a little too far; yet this should be charged, not upon the freedom given it, but upon the prior

compression. The soul is elastic. If you mean, by schism, secession from the Episcopal Church, or from any Church, then I do not think the sin of schism is any more heinous than the sin of thinking. I said "human intelligence is progressive"; you answered me as if I had said "truth is progressive,"—which is quite another thing. Truth is not progressive, only our views of it. If I had lived in the second century I should not suppose that I could have so glorious and perfect a religious knowledge and experience as at the present time. And in two thousand years hence I have no doubt that there will be better Christians than there are now. What is life? I should imagine that you thought it was being tied by a ten-foot cord to a post and then trotting round it. I think it is a direct course, a progress, with a star in the heavens for our guidance.

In your remarks about trusting in the soul you argue like a good papist and valiant persecutor. Man is neither a stump nor a stone. If he were, it would be necessary for him to receive his life (i. e., motion) from without. As it is now, man walks mid a three-fold Revelation,—in Nature, Himself, and the Written Word. This triple revelation is before him,—the last a confirmation of the gleamings of the other two. Who is to step between and say, "Man, thou shalt believe so and so"? Or what good would it do for a man to believe in anything or everything, unless the hidden life said "Aye, and amen"? As Hugh Miller says, a belief in God *may* be of no more ethical value than a belief in the great sea-serpent. The Bible has no life in itself, any more than a tree has. It is the *soul* that makes the Bible and Nature and life significant. The man who cannot trust his soul had better die, for there is nothing else to trust; and man cannot shirk the responsibility of being a rational creature. Of course I speak of the soul as in the light which God has thrown around it, both by natural and special revelation. I would give no more for a truth from the Bible than I would for a piece of granite, unless the soul took that

truth and made it a part of its system of life. Thus you see I do not trust only human philosophy; but without the life of the soul there would be no religious life. If I had got to take a dogma or a sweet-cake from the hand of a Bishop I should prefer the sweet-cake. Thus I have answered the main points in question. It seems to me that, in our views of the scope and present position of the Church, you and I are about as far apart as the poles. In our doctrines and spirits I am sure that we accord more nearly. . . .

We are having extremely hot weather here now. My vacation is passing very pleasantly as well as idly. Shall go to Brunswick the last of this week, where I hope strongly to see you next week. What I shall do, after Commencement, I know not. When or where I shall study Theology I know not. . . . Shall I return your books by mail or shall I retain them till I see you? I am obliged to you for them. In some places they read well; in some they build too much upon assumptions; and altogether they fail to give evidence of the divine authority of Episcopacy.

Hoping to see you or hear from you very soon, and doubting not that you feel as every disciple must feel the meaning of the declaration "We all are together," I am sincerely yours.

Portland, August 14, 1854.

To Mr. T. C. Abbot.

. . . I am swung from Bowdoin off into space, and am floundering at present in mid-air. Where or how I shall strike this earth I do not know. I have an ideal view of the future, but see not the path which lies between me and the object of my purpose and my hopes. To try to elevate humanity a little towards its great Type, to show the beauty and the excellence of Christian truth, to live striving to attain to those ideal perfections which are revealed darkly by every soul to itself, to live ever penitent that I cannot attain to them, to try to make the soul a *living thing*, a singleness of passion, a unity of essence, in Christ,—such is, surely, a

worthy object of life. But, how little can my own weakness do toward advancing such a work!

The conception of what should be is vastly larger than the power to make the change. Yet I am not free from responsibility; and to stand under a responsibility is a fearful thing. Shall I mould my reason, my passions, my hopes, my purposes into a proper personality? Shall I make the passage to the grave with a proper action, and set good influences, if any, working behind me? Ah! Life! thou art a problem to which man is not equal. He understands thee best who lives nearest to the bright visions that ever flit before the soul; who sees but a single ray mid mysteries; whose consciousness of hope and love makes all his experience. Trust in and cultivate the inner life, for all else is mystery, is the best motto.

I should be glad to study Hebrew at Bangor, especially glad to be there with you, but think it doubtful whether I may be able to do so. If any occupation, such as teaching, should fall to me during the coming year, I should try to employ my leisure in pursuing the studies of the first year of a theological course, so as to be able to enter the second class in some school next year. But all is uncertain. I wish to fit myself as soon and as thoroughly for future duties as may be at present. I am reading Gorgias and Faust, besides much desultory reading.

I will give you an outline of my part for Commencement, as you request it. The subject was Jean Jacques Rousseau, and my object was two-fold:—to show how his theories of man and society were developed from his early experience, and to show how his theories gave cast and tone to his later life.

The essay may fitly be inserted here, instead of the synopsis of it with which this letter concludes.—Ed.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Delivered at Bowdoin College, August 3, 1854.

Human nature is of manifold type. It is neither aspiration nor judgment, neither passion nor purpose; but it embraces all these, united and coöperating. The various combinations of these qualities make the mental diversities of men, ranging sometimes far into anomaly and giving interest to characters.

Jean Jacques Rousseau is celebrated as a French writer and theorizer of the eighteenth century. His strange and beautiful theories of man and life were developed from his early experience; his later life received cast and tone from his theories. Thus a comparison of his thought and his life will afford mutual illustration. He was born and he passed his early childhood in Geneva, a town upon the borders both of France and Switzerland, combining within itself much of the social elegance of the one country and the natural beauty of the other. Thus Man and Nature were presented to his first intelligence in their fairest forms; and the ideal turn of his mind quickly combined them into fairy pictures of life. He looked forth upon the world, and loved it. A vision of beauty and order about him, a harmonious and lively susceptibility within him, made all his first experience. The impressions that first smote his imagination had been extended and confirmed by an early reading of ancient story and of modern romance: and for eight years, in the carelessness and joys of childhood, the bright dream was not disturbed.

With a mind thus inhabited by bright ideals he was at an early age sent forth into the real world, to share its mixed and troublous life. For many years he searched wildly, as in a desert, to find around him the realization of the perfect pictures within. He did not the less believe their reality because he could not find it. The fact of resistance, of evil, everywhere thrust upon him, he could but admit, yet he regarded

it as accidental rather than essential. This was a transition period, when instinctive belief had suffered disappointment of its objects and before reason had made an interpretation of things and ordered them to a system.

To Rousseau, as to every one, the elements of being in childhood were harmonious. Only after an adverse experience has dimmed the first glow of the soul and wrecked its first singleness of passion and broken the enchantment of life does reason begin, in doubt and conflict, to rear a structure of principles, changing early visions to the firmer cast of theories and providing anew the basis of belief. Thus, in all the searchings of man for truth, and in all the beliefs to which he attains, may be traced the bias of his natural tendencies. These are the affinities shaping the soul as it crystallizes to forms of doctrine, never to be lost sight of amidst whatever variety or even distortion of form.

Rousseau, yet unformed to theory, next appears at Paris, in the fulness of manhood. France was, at this time, suffering lassitude under the weak reign of the Fifteenth Louis. Discontent repels only the present and attracts all else. Thus at this time French encyclopedists and philosophers, balancing in their scales the whole scheme of life, its social and civil arrangements, had agreed with each other only in a like disgust of the present. To the fabulous past and the chimerical future they looked alike for models. Like the radii of a circle, their speculations were all different, but all tended alike from the centre. Rousseau, in Paris, falls in with the habit of the place. Life has come to be a problem with him, and he now attempts its solution by speculation. Having observed the phases of his life thus far, we may now conceive the progress of his thought. He begins by comparing human disorder and medley with the uniform consistency of nature. Vegetation grows by its own law, the germ bearing within itself the perfect form of the development. But what is the law of human life? Every atom of matter fulfils the mission to which the Creator has appointed it.

But what was the mission of human love and hope? And why have they so faltered on their way? Other races,—of beast, and bird, and fish,—are fixed by instinct in their designed sphere, and, sufficient to themselves, they move in rectitude. Man alone lacks an instinctive guide; he alone flits wildly and crazily through the ages, and sounds the only jarring note in the harmony of the world.

Thus far the thought of Rousseau had not differed from that of other men and of other times. A like perception of moral disorder had excited the smile of one non-plussed philosopher of old, and had moved the tear of another. At a later period it had sent many noble minds into hermitage, there to pray a safe and quick retreat to Heaven. It had ever hurried strong men into the bustle of life, to labor, to think, and to hope for their race.

Rousseau, in this perception of moral disorder, neither retreats nor advances, neither smiles nor weeps. He looks upon the world in the light of his early experience. Memory recalls to him a period, in his childhood, of simplicity and unmarred happiness. Transferring this picture to the world, he conceives a period when the world was young, when life was simple, and when man was happy. That was the primitive and normal state of being, and all changes from that have been degeneracy. Amid forms of society and forms of government and forms of religion, man has been reduced to mechanism and is no longer a living soul. A burden of institutions has clogged all the native workings of the heart. A burden of erudition stands, like a cloud, between man and nature, darkening every perception. Life is transformed to an art. Passion is lost in knowledge. Thus civilization even is a mistake, and culture of whatever kind involves derangement. This twilight of a natural state, discerned in the past, was not of the morning but of the evening, and the present course of the world is that of deepening night.

Doubtless this theory is a phantom; a fascinating ideal, an actual impossibility. Rousseau saw, in man, simply a

spark of impassioned consciousness, of mysterious source and destiny, on its flight through time. He did not recognize him as an artist, having the complement to his own spirit in the world of forms; nor as morally imperfect, finding in the mediation of systems the stay of his own weakness.

The ideal and impracticable nature of this theory of Rousseau will, perhaps, explain the sad anomaly of his life. Though he raised himself above his proper relations to earth, yet he could not exercise at will those passions which should be the connecting links; and their unrestrained revelings made an unseemly parallel to the purity of his thought. He hated and violated moral duties, in a rapture at the soft moral tone of the universe. He had deep enthusiasm of spiritual things and he wept as he read the story of Christ; yet he offered but a weak resistance to the temptations of earth. He rose in reprobation of a world hurrying forward in wicked courses; yet he was himself in the front rank.

Moreover, his theory was a protest against the movements of history, a reversal of all that man has done for himself, and to propagate it was to war upon all the institutions of the age. He met the world, not as a reformer, but as a destructionist, and he found it not easy to bring down the sturdy growth of centuries and of cycles. Those pictures which he had searched in vain to find he now strove in vain to create about him; and his fine sensibility, having nothing without to which to attach itself, turned within to the melancholy of disappointment; and his latter life was but a sadness. His theory lived after him and dazzled and shattered France, in a subsequent Revolution.

The object sought by Rousseau, in all his speculation, was proper human life; a state in which passion should be single and not a conflict. It was his mistake that he placed the scene of its realization in a vacant past. In the future, life will be perfected; and it will be marked, not as Rousseau thought, by a negation of forms but by their more accurate expression of, and better subservience to, the spirit of man.

Portland, September 19, 1854.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.¹

. . . I am not on my way South nor North, nor, thus far, have I even looked at a point of the compass since Commencement. I have been steadily considering whether this world be really worth the trouble of getting acquainted with it,—whether, having passed with some success through Dr. Beecher's pre-existent state, I had not better *rest* in the present sublunary sphere, and not spread my wings again till, in the course of events I *turn up* somewhere in the super-lunary spheres. Who knows how many lives a man has? Dr. Beecher counts up three, and, very likely, if he could only see a little further, he might have distinguished thirty. I am not sure which one of them I shall like best, but the present life, from all that is said of it, sustains a very doubtful character. . . .

No theological studies will engage me, for a year. I am engaged to spend the winter in the family of Mr. Richards, son-in-law of Mr. Gardiner of Gardiner. I am glad that you are so soon studying. I should be exceedingly glad to be with you, but I judge it better for me to wait a year. When I study it will be at the best school in the country, without reference to sectarian differences. There is very much about a portion,—I judge the larger portion,—of the Unitarians, that I like. But, all care of denominational connection I shall defer till it comes to be a matter of necessity to decide. I have no doubt that I could preach my own views in more than one denomination. . . .

Portland, September 22, 1854.

To his sister Isabel.

Now for nearly four weeks you have been away from home—free from all domestic affairs, with nothing to do but to study, to think, to please yourself, and to improve yourself. The change is quite a great one, yet, if your school is

¹Rev. George W. Bartlett, Bowd. 1854.

an agreeable one, it is also doubtless a pleasant change. And no doubt you enjoy yourself now quite as well as you did while domesticating and practising at home. At least I hope you do.

If you should look in upon us you would not see the slightest change in all our arrangements and modes of living, since you left. Lizzie is more busy at the piano, but further than that it is all the same. I improve my time with the same marked diligence which has been my wont always when at home. I have read one-half page of German and a little more of Greek since you left. I ought to add that I cannot perceive that my health has suffered at all from my exertions. But fortunately I have engaged myself, so that my energies will not, in future, be so severely tried. Mr. Richards of Gardiner, the son-in-law of Mr. Gardiner, of that place, from whom the town is named, has engaged me, for six months, to assist the education of his sons, and I shall go, in about one week.

Gardiner, October 9, 1854.

To his sisters, Rachel and Elisabeth.

After the care with which you and mother superintended my things for departure I ought to inform you early of my success and situation here. However, I can speak more definitely now than if I had written before. And, in the first place, I will say, in general, that there is no doubt of my spending a very pleasant winter. . . . Mr. Richards's house is about a quarter of a mile from the mansion of Mr. Gardiner, and about one mile and a half from the centre of the village. My room is an excellent large one. I sit with the family, down stairs, a part of the leisure time, since it pleases them and I can read there just as well. . . .

I have under my charge two boys, one ten and the other thirteen years of age. They study with me, six hours per day, Latin, French, Arithmetic, History, etc. Of course such constant attention to them makes me interested in them,

and I shall spare no pains to help them. I rise in time to attend prayers at half past seven o'clock. Dinner hour half past one and supper quarter past six o'clock. From four o'clock daily is my own. So much for my home. On Saturday afternoon I dined at Mr. Gardiner's. Yesterday I heard Bishop Burgess preach.

Gardiner.

To his Father.

I received your letter with another inviting me to a Professorship, which I do not intend to accept. My situation here is an excellent one. . . .

Mr. Charles S. Daveis¹ took tea here the other night. He seems to like me better than there is any reason for. I was very glad to see him here. . . .

We are enjoying the most pleasant weather of the season. Every day I walk, along the banks of the Kennebec, up to the village. I can't get rid of a desire to walk in the streets, among the people. If I remain away from the village two or three days I begin to feel homesick.

Cambridge, October 14, 1854.

From Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . The tone of your letter would seem to indicate that you are looking upon yourself as really a new comer into this world, thus justifying the language of Commencement. Well at least, I can assure you, you have an interesting if not a pleasant prospect to survey. I have been some time at work upon the probabilities of life and human nature, and as yet I am able to give no better report than that, according to the best of my judgment, "society is in a pretty bad snarl," and, indeed, if, according to Beecher's hypothesis, we came into this world under the ban of Omnipotence, the only wonder is that we are not in a still worse condition. But speaking of Beecher, I want to know what you mean by that remark that you had "passed with

¹Charles Stewart Daveis, LL.D., of Portland. Bowd. 1807.

some success through his pre-existent state." Most certainly, while in that (Beecher's, by right of discovery!) state, you must have, like the rest of us, perpetrated some outrage, (perhaps offended some dignitary acting a part in that state homologous to that of Prof. Smyth in this!) been detected, checked and delivered for a trip upon this hard road, which must terminate at length in *H.* or *H.*;—which *H.* alone, who sent us hither knows! How then can you say that you have passed with some success through that pre-existent state?

But perhaps you did not intend to convey such an idea, but only wished to indicate that you had passed with some success through Beecher's Conflict of Ages. But this is hardly less difficult for me to understand. Is it that you derived any advantage or comfort from that book? If so, I envy you your happiness. I have passed through it, too, but with no sort of success—no comfort nor satisfaction. The ruin he (Beecher) brings upon all sorts of religious systems of the present day troubles me not in the least. I have painfully travelled that ground all over before. I was brought up a Calvinist. But as time passed I became one thing, then another, then something else—had a very poor resting-place.

Universalists claim to derive a strong support for their religion from Nature. But it is difficult to understand by what kind of logic. Reasoning *à priori*, from the idea of the wisdom and goodness of God, one would hardly anticipate that He would create a race of beings and put them through so hard a course as the race of man has been called upon to pursue; but reasoning from the present state of things it really seems quite as hard to anticipate a universal glorification in a future inheritance. No, it cannot be by reason that such a conclusion is arrived at. It can only be by exercising towards God a sort of Pauline charity, (which "hopeth all things"); even as a grieved mother looks upon her hot-blooded and wayward boy, and fondly trusts that he will yet correct his errors and prove himself worthy of

her love and confidence. But whither am I wandering or what was I talking about? However, I don't know as it matters much—such is the charming immunity in letter-writing. But, on the whole, what do you think of the "Conflict of Ages"? One thing seems pretty clear, viz: that its author intended that, henceforth, there should be no way under heaven and among men whereby we might be saved,—from conflict, and "Reactions,"—except by the *Beecher Theory!*

"All discord harmony, not understood!"

"All conflict at an end!" but *I don't* exactly see *how!* . . .

Gardiner, October 25, 1854.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . My religious views are definitely formed. They embrace a most profound and hopeful belief in Christianity, but not in what I regard the corruptions of men. Lately I have looked (I never did before) toward the Unitarian denomination, as that with which I was, perhaps, nearest in sympathy: and my wish now is to find out more about them. They have lately published a creed, I believe. If you can get it and send it to me through the office I will remit and be much obliged to you. Also please recommend to me any book which is authority that would give me information. . . .

"Read everything that comes," is my motto at present. Study Gorgias half an hour per day; all the rest is desultory. I have had my eye turned toward Phædo for some time, and shall be glad when I get to reading it. . . .

Gardiner, November 4, 1854.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . I presume you are having as splendid a moon at Ipswich as is just now shining into my window, though you do not have any Kennebec river within half a dozen rods of you, to shine by its reflected light. You are certainly very fortunate if you have about you as fine a landscape as is afforded to me. . . . You describe an admirable Italian

book. You will have pretty thoroughly mastered the language by the time you have read "*I quarto*" complete. . . .

My studies are mainly Greek, which I study hard for about a week, when a reaction comes, and I spend a few days in reading a Waverley novel. Then Greek again, and so on. . . .

Cambridge, November 10, 1854.

From Rev. George W. Bartlett.

I was somewhat surprised and very much pleased with your last letter. There is something so interesting in the exodus of a mind from the bondage of a narrow and bigoted religion into a state of noble freedom of thought and judgment, that I cannot observe it without feelings of the greatest pleasure and gratitude.

It would be a happy thing for the world were the religion of all men like yours, if each one dared say to his soul, "*be free* and follow thy highest promptings"; and furthermore, would extend to all others the same freedom which he claims for himself. And I fondly trust such a day is approaching; men begin to look more upon both sides of the question, and see that no one is entirely right,—none entirely wrong; or, at least, if some seem entirely wrong, they find many palliating circumstances, a great many considerations tending to excuse their faults, calling for commiseration rather than blame and persecution.

On the whole I think it cannot be denied that this age is infidel in its tendencies, and the next will be more so still. There are a great many things about the Bible that the teachers have not yet told the people, but which they will nevertheless learn,—and stagger under,—but they will at length recover again, and stand more firmly and securely than ever, more religious and devoted, because they will better understand the reason for the hope that will then dwell within them. I have no patience with, or rather I approve not of, "holy frauds," in the slightest degree. I hold to giving the Bible to the people just as it is, and letting

them take it for what it is worth, not representing it to them as something different and better than what the truth will bear us out in.

We need have little fear for the *faith of the multitudes*; this sentiment rather needs methodizing them strengthening, with them. Infidelity and Atheism do not prevail among the ignorant but are, rather, products of a highly intellectual condition; therefore we may well leave their faith to rest upon legitimate supports and not seek to prop it up with false ones. My own experience has taught me, too well, the evil effects of such fraud. When one discovers the fallacy of one, two and three of the supports on which his faith has rested, he is very likely to doubt the whole; his intellect becomes aroused; he crushes the gentle and confiding spirit of the heart and affections, (which is the foundation of true piety, but which he thinks has suffered him to be deceived), and examines everything by the "dry light of the understanding"; and thus makes shipwreck of his religion and faith in God. However, it is useless to talk to you in this manner; you have, undoubtedly, learned all this before now. . . .

For reading, I know of no more authoritative or orthodox (orthodox among the Unitarians, of course) writings than those of Dr. Channing. In vol. II, see "On Creeds"—in III, "Unitarian Christianity"—IV, "Love to Christ," "Character of Christ," etc.—VI, "On the Church"—etc., etc. . . .

Gardiner, November 13, 1854.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

Your description of your tasks makes me wish that I were at work upon such. How pleasant and important are such professional studies! I have often thought that, if I ever got at them, I would study more than I ever have. My situation here is an excellent one, though I do very little in the way of study. May possibly go to some theological school, next year, or may wait a year longer. Am quite deep

in the reading of dogmatic theology, and my views are changed in some points. I trust I shall yet get this world, with its rich freightage of philosophies, religions, facts and hopes, in some way well adjusted, and to my satisfaction. . . .

Gardiner, November 21, 1854.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . If there is one belief lower down in my heart than any other it is in piety. If there is one attribute of humanity higher than all others, that one seems to me to be the passion of religion. Not a passion all at loose ends, indefinite as a morning mist, but one with its chords closely drawn between the human subject and the God in Heaven. Now, should I, in this regard, find my brethren in the Unitarian denomination? That is a question which I wish to have answered to my satisfaction. It is of mighty little importance to mankind generally how I dispose of myself, but it concerns myself very nearly. The circle of time will roll along and I am very well contented to wait till occasion requires, before making decision. . . . My purpose is, whenever and wherever I may study, to have but one vacation for the year, and make all the rest of the time a steady pull. I'll do more efficient work than I was capable of at Bowdoin, or I will do nothing. Life must be *devoted* to something, to be valuable. . . .

Gardiner, November 27, 1854.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

There are very few of my letters which I write with so much pleasure as those which I send you, and no other body sends me letters which interest me so much as do yours. I cannot help thinking that you and I are more alike in spirit and disposition than might be inferred from the tone of our letters. I am very glad to see you an *earnest* Episcopalian, and have no doubt that you may defend a belief very different from my own, and yet have the same "heart of heart"

in you as if you were defending the opposite. Nor have I ever questioned the good tendency and expediency of the Episcopal service. Only on the most general and in one sense the most remote grounds have I objected to the Church (as it styles itself). And while you are going in one path and I in another (I trust they are parallel paths) it pleases me very much to keep up a cross-fire with you, and thus perpetuate and give a spice to our constant, long, and, to me, most happy intimacy and friendship. So now, if you have patience, I propose occasionally to make a thrust at you. At the same time I must frankly tell you that I have no hope of ever being an Episcopalian. You know on what principles I object as to the single matter of the divine establishment of a formula of Church government. I may say further that on human grounds I prefer the Congregational to the Episcopal form of government. And all that I like in the Episcopal church above others is a "Liturgy." And why may not a preacher have a liturgy in other denominations?

The main idea which gives inspiration to your remarks is the ideal of the *unity* of the Church. So also do I believe in the essential *unity* of the Church. . . . You and I look for the *unity* with very different eyes. You make its centre a *fact*; I make it an *idea*. . . .

I fear you do not care to have these constant polemical letters of mine. But I am not so polemical as I seem to be. from the almost exclusive attention which I give to controverted points in my letters.

My situation here pleases me exceedingly. Shall, perhaps, this fall commence my theological studies. I shall pursue them with all my might. The true, beautiful, and good, I will try to link together, for they can be separated only by some unnatural force. They are but different phases of the same. . . .

Allow me to wish you a heart-felt Thanksgiving Day, with abundant prosperities for which to be thankful. Shall

spend mine at home, and no doubt shall have a joyful week of it.

If you ever read any Greek, my opinion is that nothing in the language can be more interesting and valuable than parts of the Gorgias. . . .

Gardiner.

To his Mother.

. . . Lizzie did not write me about what any of you are reading at home. Have you, mother, read the Lamp-lighter? From the reputation it has, you might try to read a part of it and then lay it aside. Perhaps half of it would be as much as you would care about. If I was at home again I would be willing to read aloud, some of these winter evenings.

Weymouth, Mass., December 21, 1854.

From Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . Your question, as to whether you may find your brethren in the Unitarian denomination, I answer, without the least doubt, in the affirmative, and think, judging from what you have expressed to me, you may rest assured that although in this denomination there be undoubtedly many that you would set down as "cold-blooded moon-shine, hyper-rationalists," the large majority hold opinions quite in harmony with your own. Their "creed," which will reach you at the same time with this, I can but think you will like. . . .

Portland, December 24, 1854.

From Mr. James Ripley Osgood.

. . . Lately I have been thinking seriously, for the first time, of my hopes and prospects in life, and really I am *sore puzzled*. Heretofore, or up to my graduation, I have looked upon the law as my profession, not chosen, but as a matter of course. To a young man, at any stage of his educational course, who looks forward to his professional life, the law seems quite attractive. It is very pleasant to think of charming and convincing Juries with one's clo-

quence, or surprising learned Judges with the ease and facility with which one unties the Gordian knots of the law. But when one comes nearer the practice of it, and sees the drudgery which attends it, the belaboring and hammering of dull witnesses, who never had a vestige of an idea, the fatiguing and endless detail which every case involves, the familiarity with every description of knowledge and every class of men, and above all the turning and twisting and wriggling one's conscience, too often necessary to become a successful lawyer, it looks far less attractive than in the "enchantment distance lends."

It is very doubtful if I ever study law. Then what can I do? The life and profession of a literary man would be most to my taste, but for two objections. It affords no means of living, and is likely to seem an aimless, purposeless existence. The mere literary man seldom accomplishes much. He is far too apt to waste his manhood in listless, dreamy inaction. Theology—or rather the ministerial life—in its outward, visible forms—is very much to my taste. That is—I should like its studious and dignified ease, the opportunity it affords for mental culture and the facility with which a young man of talent can acquire a reputation. But I fear I can never get that steadiness of purpose, that purity of heart and life, that large and reverent faith, without which no minister can adorn or dignify his profession. The first I might acquire; but the last I doubt. It may be easy to live a *moral* life, punctually discharging one's obligations, striving to do every man justice, exercising charity in all our dealings: but this is not religion. And, bad as I have been and still am, I never would assume the sacred garb of a minister of God, without being thoroughly convinced that I believed in Him wholly, unrestrainedly, and loved Him and His commands as every Christian should. My sense of honor and my aversion to hypocrisy are both too high and too strong for such a course. The question then returns what can I do? This I can not at present answer. For two or

three years probably I shall not decide. I shall be glad to listen to any suggestions which your good sense may offer. . . .

1855.

Saco, January 8, 1855.

From Mr. Ambrose Eastman.

. . . You say you believe in Christ as an archetype of our race; and I too believe, by the light which reason gives, that He was the most perfect of mankind. Whether the Supreme *sent* Him here, in any other sense than He has sent all of Adam's posterity, is more than I can tell. The Bible is the work of man, and doubtless those who wrote its divers parts were sincere in what they wrote. So possibly were the inditers of the Koran, the Vedas, and the books of Zoroaster. To say that the sublimity of its literature and its morality infinitely exceeds theirs is to say that for the first part its composition fell to the lot of an infinitely more intellectual and refined people, and for the latter that its teachings were those of a philosophy which far transcends all which have preceded it. Yet what is morality? or how know we that the minority who thus cultivate the internal and spiritual, are better fulfilling the part assigned to man in the universal economy than the so overwhelming majority who are content with the development of the merely physical? Did it ever occur to you in the form of a dilemma, either that God designed us for the latter destiny, of blind and thoughtless submission to His decrees, and that the mazes we are involved in, if we seek to penetrate their origin, are a rebuke for our presumption in venturing beyond our sphere, or, that if such investigation were allotted us, and we are to reason legitimately from the principles of justice implanted in the human breast, His administration must be found wanting?

Thus am I in the dark, knowing not whither to turn. The whole of this is written hastily and crudely, but it expresses some of the difficulties that beset me, in regard to the Chris-

tian religion. It is from no caviling spirit that I speak as I do, for God knows the subject is too serious to be trifled with.

Light may come, but from what quarter I know not now.

Gardiner, January 9, 1855.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

You and I, since we commenced our polemics, have agreed, I believe, on one single point, viz.: that we are about as far apart from each other in our opinions as two mortals could be. It seems to me that we are not only far apart, but that we tend in different directions, and that while we walk on opposite verges of the horizon of scientific religion, we must entertain quite different views of the whole system of things. However, I have got your orbit and think I know the law of your motion, and you will allow me to say that in time your whole system of traditional religion must come to naught, i. e., I think it must.

There are really but two divisions of the Christian world. The first is the Roman, marked by a theology of traditions, a superstitious worship, a materialistic philosophy, and non-sense generally. As perceived by the intellect, their religion begins not from the depths of the soul but from a withered inheritance of the past. As a mover of the heart it does not make the soul freer and raise it into a nearer communion with divine truths, but makes it heavier, distorts the proper religious sentiment, takes from man his native strength and glory, and, to all human judgment, makes him lower than a respectable heathen. The other division began with Protestantism. Its proper character was not fully developed in Luther's time, nor even now is it generally understood. But it is spreading itself and will make the theology of coming times. It is marked, first, by permitting reason, i. e., common sense, to be the test of religious as it is of all other truth. Second, it states this very simple truth,—that there is no more religion in a Bible (i. e., in the old rags which compose its leaves), than there is in any other book or in a

stump fence. Religion is in the heart ; it is not a matter of history nor of any outside pressure.

The intellect sees that God is good, and the soul feels it. The spirit of this theology regards the principle of Christianity more and its matters of fact less. It beholds Christ dropping from the heavens to leave his message, but it also sees that his mission is but a single element in the work of the world's regeneration. It beholds him as the Archetype of men ; as foretold by men inspired of God ; as sought after in the speculations of men inspired by the divine intellect within them ; as walking across the earth at the moment when man had searched the world over for the recovery of a proper ideal and had found it not. But, admitting all this, what has it to do with our present life?

The old Roman theology hurls the old stub of a fact at you and tells you to shut your eyes, swallow it, and pronounce it sweet. The new spiritualistic divinity asks you to consider the look and voice of Christ, and see if you do not hear in it the calling of your own moral nature. Christ is but the reflex of the moral law within us. It tells you to cultivate the soul according to his image ; to make your susceptibilities more delicate to the touch of your highest promptings, and to live in the radiance of the *Light* of the world. The teaching of the one theology is materialistic and deadly historical ; that of the other is spiritualistic, direct, and life-giving to the soul ; the one cramps, distorts, and dwarfs the man ; the other speaks to him a hope and gives to his spirit perfectness and wholeness ; the one produces a decrepit man and a general stultification ; the other regenerates.

Having stated these two theologies, the one of the past, the other now rapidly prevailing, it is more difficult to class the recognized bodies of the Christian world in their place. All are not of the same spirit who are of the same organization. . . . The New School Congregationalists are, probably, the most prominent representatives of the new theology, especially Prof. Park, of Andover. The old school

lives on facts; the new school on the *spirit* of facts. The old school is tied to a post, like a horse let into the clover; the new school believes in, and seeks ever, new attainments, new developments.

You have, in the above, a new statement of my theory of Christianity. It probably suits you as well as the others which I have poured forth at you. Would that I had nothing to do now but to enter upon the study profoundly' . . .

I was as much interested as ever in your letter, and recognize good old Spalding underlying the several bad and dusty theories which he has taken upon himself. You and I have very little in common except the spirit in which we drive forward our respective teams, but *we* may be very much the same, and only the teams different.

If you chance to want to read something better in Greek than you ever read anywhere, I think you will find Prometheus Bound to be that thing.

Gardiner, January, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . I purchased Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, which I am now reading rapidly. It is a splendid style, as you know, and connects old Roman with modern civilization by giving the history of the Dark Ages. Also, was presented with Cousin's new work entitled "*Lectures on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good*," which is philosophical and interesting. . . . These books, together with the *Waverleys*, one of which I read occasionally, have employed a portion of my leisure time since my return. . . .

I read fifty pages of *Ida May*, while at home, and pronounced it not worth finishing. You may like it better. You mention Keats, and I always esteem him for the only line which I recollect of his poems—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

No doubt you like Mental Philosophy, and Reid is represented as a good author to get established principles from. . . .

Gardiner, January 29, 1855.

To Mr. Charles S. Daveis.

After a hesitation of some months, and with much diffidence, I decide to address to you a letter. You, I have been informed, are a member of the Unitarian denomination of Christians. If it seem strange that I should write to you upon matters exclusively religious, my excuse is that I am not acquainted with any Unitarian clergyman. I hope that I do not presume too much upon the good-will which you have indicated to me, when I ask the great favor of your confidence and advice.

For two years the central subject of my study and reflection was Christianity. During the last year the main object of my inquiries and thought has been—the Sects. The contemplation of the former was a very pleasing and inspiring one; that of the latter has been to me a very sad one.

But the result of my most careful questionings is a conviction that my sentiments and sympathies are more nearly allied with the Unitarian theology than with the theology termed, in our country, Orthodox.

Will you allow me to ask one or two questions with reference to your denomination, and to speak them freely?

First, I have heard it said that the spirit of piety and devotion, such as Channing breathed, survives only in the older portion of the clergy and membership, and that the tendency of the newer portion is hyper-rationalistic and irreligious. May I ask if you think that to be so?

Secondly, a newspaper item reports that the clergy are nearly twice more numerous than the churches, and that a considerable proportion of the minsters are without pastoral charges. If that be true the necessity of a livelihood would prevent my making the hazardous competition with a class of men confessedly unequalled for culture and ability.

Upon the principles of the Unitarian Church it seems to me that the universal Protestant Church must stand, ere it fulfil its mission. After viewing the reign of dogmas and the

frequent absence of appreciating spirit, I can but hope for a more silvery note in the canticle of human worship, a more indwelling divinity in the strife of life. . . .

Gardiner, January 30, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . Our Kennebec River is a sheet of ice, and boys and men and occasionally women are having a fine time, skating. Those that don't skate race horses, so that we all are enjoying a heyday. . . . Have commenced reading Marie Stuart, by Schiller, in German. . . .

Gardiner, February 5, 1855.

To his Father.

I must excuse myself for delaying so long to send the book which you requested. When I received your letter I was just starting for Augusta, with Mr. Frederick Gardiner and Mr. Daveis, to attend a meeting of the Maine Historical Society. After a very pleasant day, during which I saw three of the Bowdoin Professors and two of my class-mates in College, at about ten o'clock in the evening, we began our journey home, coming down the river on the ice.

I took a very bad cold. The next day I sat up but a little and have not been out till to-day, but am fairly over it now. During the time I forgot about the book. Am in hopes that the delay will not incommode Belle. Tell mother that this is about the second cold that I have ever had, away from home. All that I took for it was a homœopathic dose,—two bits of sugar dissolved in a tumbler of water. Did any of our family attend the services at the installation of Rev. Mr. Stebbins?¹ Mr. Daveis says they were very interesting and excellent.

It has been trying to snow here to-day, but the cold was too much for a snow storm. Thermometer has been below zero all day. The ground is bare in many places. At Port-

¹Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., then of Portland, later of San Francisco.

land very likely there is no snow at all. You will receive the Schiller, by express. . . .

Gardiner, February 9, 1855.

To his sister Elizabeth.

. . . I am reading the Talisman, one of Scott's. Between Gibbon and Scott I expend most of my reading. One accompanies the other nicely. . . .

Gardiner, February 18, 1855.

To his Father.

. . . The reason why I have not written to you before and often is by no means from any indifference to your judgment and wishes, but, on the contrary, it is my strong desire to do what may most please every member of the family. But I have not written to you, or any body else, on the subject of connecting myself with a church, simply for this reason, that it probably would do no good. It is a fact, and a serious one, that a person must take all the important steps of life for himself. I trust that I shall do what is for the best, in choosing my place among Christians. But whether I get the proper place or not, I shall be as considerate as I can be in deciding.

You say truly that I ought now to be a member of some Church. So I ought, probably, long since. But I never can join a church at a sacrifice of principle. And, having made religious matters the subject of much thought, and having my own opinions, it would be wrong for me not to follow my own convictions. Whenever and whatever I may be, my regard for Christianity and my faith in Christ will, I trust, not be diminished. My general sentiments upon points of controversy will, I think, not much change. It only remains for me to find that body of Christians with whom I am nearest in sympathy. . . .

My desire is to be connected with some denomination and to commence my studies as soon as possible. Where I may study is as uncertain as my church connection. Yet it is

now so clearly arranged in my mind that it is no longer a subject of anxious thought. My feelings and opinions of theology will not vary, and my place in the Christian world may remain yet awhile undetermined. . . .

Gardiner, March 1, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

If my letters give the impression that I am not enjoying myself they do not speak the truth. I never could fairly reveal myself in letters or conversation, but should be sorry for you to think that my situation is not pleasant for the reason that my life here does not abound in events to tell of. . . .

My reading has been Gibbon, the Pirate, of Scott, and Goldsmith's two comedies, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good-natured Man*. A profitable list, especially the homœopathic doses of Gibbon being considered. It is impossible to study much and teach even two boys. Have also read a few pages of Ovid, about Phaethon, which I like. . . .

Gardiner, March 7, 1855.

To Mr. Charles S. Daveis.

I am very grateful for your kindness in sending, for my perusal, the valuable letter from Rev. Mr. Ellis.

What direction my future life will take is not yet clear to me. Possibly I may seek in the perils of authorship an avenue for those thoughts which I have hoped to speak from the pulpit. But the future is shadowy; let me only say now how highly I value your kind interest and regard. . . .

Charlestown, February 14, 1855.

Rev. George E. Ellis to Mr. Charles S. Daveis.

This is the first leisure hour that I have found in which to put in writing some of the thoughts suggested to my mind by the perusal of the letter proffered to me by you a fortnight since. I then promised to address you upon the subject which the letter opened and will now endeavor to keep my

word. I am struck with the frank and direct manner in which the writer of that letter expresses the views which present themselves so forcibly to his mind. They go to the bottom of the whole subject matter on which a young man has come to some decision, if he is contemplating a preparation for the Christian ministry among us. Whole volumes would be needed for a thorough discussion of the points suggested by him ; and yet after all, only such experience as one acquires by observation and by the study of the phases of religion among various denominations can lead to a well-instructed opinion upon those points.

As to the first topic referred to by the writer, the supposed decline of the spirit of piety, and the prevalence of an irreligious philosophy among Unitarians, I should probably be willing to admit as much as any fair judge of facts would be likely to claim : but I should insist that Unitarians were less than any other class either the agents of or the sufferers by the state of things indicated by that sad sentence. There has been a seeming decline from the old standard and usages of what has been recognized as piety, among all denominations. The proportion of church members in all orthodox societies is below what it once was. The aspect and tone of religious manifestations in such a city as New York, where Episcopalianism and Orthodoxy predominate, are depressing in the extreme. Rationalism was born out of the German Lutheran Church, not of Unitarianism.

I confess that the fairest types of Christian earnestness and excellence that I have seen or known have been presented in persons who were brought up under the influence of Orthodoxy but afterwards embraced Unitarian views. Their early training left its best effects upon the devotional elements of their being and perpetuated all that was good in it through affectionate remembrances and a certain bias of the heart : while subsequent investigations led to some re-shaping of the intellectual elements of religion, and the attainment of more rational and scriptural views rescued them from a

tendency to unbelief. In the life of Judge Story and in that of Mrs. Ware, we have examples of the truth, as well as striking illustrations of the fact just stated. The conclusion which I draw from it is, not that it would be well for us all to be first educated under Orthodoxy, and then to become Unitarians, but that Unitarianism involves an extreme intellectual tendency which must be resisted by a constant renewal, or rather by an unfailing supply, of the distinctively evangelical elements of religion.

That our views are as favorable to the best enjoyment and exercise of devotional feelings as are those of any brotherhood of Christians is a conviction which I hold not from theory but as the result of intercourse with friends of very different forms of faith. That Unitarianism when engaged in controversy did concern itself too much with negations, and that in preaching it has confined itself too much to mere moral essays I will freely admit. But those objectionable characteristics of one period of our history have ceased to attach to us, and while we are now suffering from some of their worst consequences we have already begun to make some reparation for them. The spirit of worldliness, the prosperity and the enterprise of life, the abundance of light literature, and the attempts to reform without regenerating society, with other influences that might be mentioned, have all tended to dissipate and distract the interest once given apparently to religion, so that estimated relatively the influence of religion considered as a fixed and effective power is less among all sects and classes than it once was. But I believe that real old Gospel Unitarianism will prove to be the best instrument for a real revival and reconciliation. There are many hopeful signs in our body which indicate a better future than we had any reason to anticipate twenty years ago.

As to the second topic presented in the letter—a few words will suffice. We have not more unemployed ministers than we have vacant parishes, but we have both empty pul-

pits and wandering ministers, as have all denominations. The reason is that the two parties are not mutually satisfied with each other. As the principles of voluntaryism and individualism are carried to their extremes among us, it is very difficult for any but able men to fill pulpits with acceptance—and when they are in pulpits, if they keep the public peace while they are waging their great conflict, there will always be more or less revolution in the parishes, attended occasionally with jars and removals. To these conditions both pastors and people have to make up their minds. The business of lecturing has injured some ministers who have taken it up, and the spicy and taking addresses delivered at Lyceums by some of the profession have cultivated a taste among the people for highly exciting and lively discourses, in comparison with which common preaching seems dull. But, if ministers themselves are not principally at fault for everything in our parishes of which they complain, they can do more than any other class of men to rectify things. In no profession is there now a demand for more men of thorough devotion and ability. That your correspondent may find friends like yourself to advise and cheer him is my sincere wish.

Gardiner, March 10, 1855.

To his Father.

I intend to weigh well the prudent suggestions which your letter contained; and to be as sure as possible that I am right before I act. I shall not be in haste.

The first of this week I received an application to take charge of the Classical Department in an Academy in Canandaigua, New York. This made it necessary for me to understand definitely whether I was to continue with Mr. Richards, and on referring it to him my engagement was renewed for another period of six months, so that I am fixed till next October at least.

. . . The situation which I rejected in New York I have no doubt was an excellent one. In many respects I

should have preferred it to my present one. But on the whole I thought it would be better for me to continue here. It was offered by recommendation from the Professors of Bowdoin College. What I have done thus far in life seems to help me along. But I do not feel as sure of the future as I should like to. . . .

Gardiner, March 16, 1855.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . My views are not orthodox, though I think I could make them tolerated in some orthodox sects.

You, probably, have resumed your studies and are deep in Hebrew and mysteries by this time. No doubt you enjoy the study and feel the value both of the discipline and the knowledge gained. Will you please tell me whether you find the Unitarians, upon further acquaintance, as good as you have formerly thought them; whether they have any Christian character and pretensions, or if they be only cultivated pagans?

How do you and the world agree, after nine months' proper experience? If you feel sure of your future you are to be envied.

While you are forcing Hebrew verbs and knotty dogmas into your own head, I am hammering Latin syntax and fractious fractions into my two boys' heads. I would like to exchange occupations with you. Shall continue in my present place till next fall, when, possibly, I may come to Cambridge. Will you tell me what Hebrew Grammar you use? Also whether a newspaper item be true, which says that there are about one-half more Unitarian ministers than churches and that very many of their clergymen, especially the newly graduated, are without settlements?

Since coming here I have read all of Scott's novels, several volumes of metaphysics by Stewart, four volumes of Gibbon, about sixty pages of Greek, twenty pages of Latin, besides everything else that came along by chance.

Have also investigated every book upon divinity that has

come in my way, and know all about all the dogmas that ever were believed and who believed them. My own system of Theology is getting along pretty thoroughly; the basis is laid strongly, and the most important timbers have been raised. I have not been idle, but yet you know teaching is a very different thing from being a student. I hope you can write me a much more extensive list of accomplishments. . . .

Gardiner, March 17, 1855.

To his sister Elisabeth.

I am too old to be homesick, but shall, nevertheless, feel much rejoiced when my vacation comes. It will not probably be a long one, but I shall have a month or two in the summer, which will make up for a short one now. . . .

One of my amusements is in looking at things through a microscope. I have one in my room which, when all its glasses are used, magnifies eighteen thousand times. The leg of a fly as seen through it looks large and hairy, like the leg of a wolf.

My reading during the last week has been limited to Dugald Stewart's philosophy, Greek and Latin, and the newspapers. A dull list, which I shall vary next week by taking a Waverley novel.

Gardiner, March 22, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . When I shall come home is a matter of which I only make conjectures. My term will be out at the end of next week and I presume I shall have a few weeks' vacation. But no mention has been made of it, and I shall exercise with respect to it my talent of keeping silence. I wish I could be at home all your vacation. Mr. Ovid, whom I have been reading of late, has some very fanciful conceits, as you know. Do you recollect when he gives the account of Phaethon, who attempted to drive the chariot of the sun but could not manage the horses, and, coming down too near to Africa, caused the great desert there, changed the complex-

ion of the natives, and made the Nile hide its head so thoroughly that it has not been discovered since? That whole piece pleases me very much. . . .

Am glad to learn that you find so much time to read and are disposed to improve it so well. For myself, I am pretty well satisfied with the study of dogmas, and am now striving to reduce my knowledge to an available form. Feel somewhat better in mind than I did last fall. . . .

Now briefly as to "that creed" and what I really think of the Unitarians: I believe it to be nothing more than a fair statement of the general views of the society—I must say that I find them a more spiritual people than I had anticipated.

Gardiner, April 9, 1855.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

I take an early opportunity to express to you my thanks for your last letter and to do my duty in way of sending an answer. And I feel some confidence that I speak the truth when I tell you my pretty decided conviction that Heaven and the Fates marked me out for a Unitarian minister. Despite my own wishes and purposes I have been forced by the reason within me to decide that Orthodoxy is not at all so good, so true, or so expedient as Unitarianism. I have turned my back to it and my purpose is to enter the Unitarian denomination. Whether my ideal will be realized there seems to me doubtful, but if not there it is not anywhere, and I shall be forced again to change and become a hermit, or else to give up Heaven and take this world and thus become a lawyer.

The tone of your letter makes me think that you are studying hard and sharpening your mind to a very nice edge. I should be glad if I were there with you, but at present the divine afflatus of a theologic spirit keeps aloof from any such unworthy alliance as a pedagogic one. When I do get to Cambridge, as I hope to next year, we will compare attainments in that most difficult of all sciences, viz.: beliefs.

Am glad to hear you speak so well of your feelings and experiences as to Unitarians. . . .

Eastman writes me long and splendid letters, from Patten, Maine. Tucker¹ is hammering iron in Lawrence, Mass., and writes letters fresh from the forge. He cultivates Vulcan while you and I study the Muses and the Heavens. He will change his materials into gold, while you and I must change ours into golden thoughts. Which will be best off?

Gardiner, April 13, 1855.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . To-day I dined at Mr. Gardiner's with Mr. Southgate (John B.) whom you remember at our house. He is here for a few days, under training of Bishop Burgess. No school, consequently, this afternoon. My visit at home was worth everything to me. Besides the enjoyment of the week, I came away better and can labor the better for it now. I am sure that I was not much help to you in any other way than helping you to be idle. By the way, you must remember those oil paintings as soon as your eyes are strong enough. I hope they will be well soon.

I saw May-flowers in bloom at Mr. Gardiner's. They were plucked in the bud and bloomed afterwards in a warm room. We had a snow storm, of two days' duration, yesterday and day before. There was not, however, at any time, any snow upon the ground. . . .

Gardiner, April 13, 1855.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

I received your note a few days since, from Emery. It appears that my last letter has not reached you, a thing which I do not regret, as I answered you in a manner and spirit different from what I shall now be likely to do. It was natural for me, when undecided about my Church relations, to hit right and left whatever came in my way. You were

¹Rev. William Packard Tucker, classmate of W. L. S. at Bowdoin.

a Churchman, and I fired away at Church principles with all my might when writing to you. . . .

The fact was I was ready to argue for or against any denomination of Christians that appeared, and could argue equally well either way. I was a mere spectator and without any special bias anyway, so that I criticised or lauded freely and with impunity. But spectator must become actor and speculation must give way to decision. You may be surprised at first, but at second thought it will, I think, seem a very natural thing to you when I say that my expectation is to join the Unitarian denomination. After long contention, against education and inclination, I find myself more nearly sympathizing with the Unitarians than with any other Christian brotherhood. The grounds of my choice are not mainly doctrinal, though my sentiments are nearly in harmony with the theology of the most religious of the Unitarians, but my preference is based upon the distinctive idea of the Church or of Christian discipline. I am not Churchman enough to be anything but a Unitarian. In my ideal church the government must not only be republican i. e., Congregational, but the Creed must be the shortest possible.

If a man believes in the divinity of the teachings of Christ, and makes Him the inspiration of his life, he is, to me, a Christian. This should be the extent of all the requirements of the Church. Men would believe better, think better, live better, if they did not have to swallow *nolens volens* a solid junk of theology, heavier than a leaden universe and blacker than the Styx. I know your story about schism and heresy, but I thank God there are schismatics and heretics to keep this world a-going. It may be mighty comfortable to sit down in self-complacency that we and God have an understanding with each other, and that we are right and the rest of the world wrong, to their own destruction; but, for myself, all that I want is to stand upon the earth, beneath the Heavens, with voices from the past whispering in my ear and deep visions of the future rising in my eye; this is all I ask,

and I want no support of any crotchet of creed-formula. . . .

You and I still disagree in toto about the Church, and about a few minor matters a little. But I am not nearly so controversial as I was, and fear I may not state my points so clearly as when I did not believe them so well as now. Faith seems to me a most reasonable and necessary state of the mind; it is not, however, so impelling and sharpening a state as doubt, and I hope my highest faiths may ever be chastened by a reasonable doubt. You advised me to speculate less and believe more. I will accept the latter part of your advice, but not the former. It would be as foolish as for me to live and not look at the heavens. With all possible good wishes to you, and hoping soon to hear from you.

Gardiner, April 23, 1855.

To Mr. James Lewis Hatch.

I have to thank you for many copies of your paper,¹ and also for your letter received a week or two since. It is now some two or three months since I wrote you before, for which unusual delay in writing to you my excuse is that I have not been in a spirit to write many letters and have kept myself to myself more than ordinarily. Yet do not think that you have been out of mind. You often flit through the chambers of my imagination, always suggesting pleasant thoughts and always the recipient of my silent blessing. I am glad to hear so well of your doings, though, of course, there was no doubt of your success after you once got a foothold. I used to devote my evenings to picking out scraps from your pen, on the Russian war, and especially your notices of Northern politics and things in general,—for instance your christening of the Fusion party in this State. By the way, Neal Dow is Mayor of Portland; won't the pleasant god Bacchus have to run for his life? No doubt you regard yourself as having passed the threshold of the

¹Charleston (S. C.) Standard.

world and as now fully and fairly a man. You probably are in the midst of worldly schemes and responsibilities, and find them luscious to the taste. I wish I could be with you, and smack of the same life. But destiny seems to have made me for something else than active life. I tell you, Hatch, my decided opinion that I was marked out for a speculative thinker. Whether I should reach mediocrity in such business may be doubtful, but nothing else under Heaven seems to me interesting or inviting. A philosopher being an object in our country of rather dubious and speckled character, and also a rather mythical than real being, the nearest practicable approach to it seems to be a Unitarian clergyman. Will you be kind enough to tell me just what you should think of my becoming such?

I am not aware of any interesting news. I continue in my present place. Hope not to remain longer than next fall, when I wish to bury myself in divinity. I study now every day, but, after all my efforts to the contrary, teaching will drive nearly all the good spirits out of me. Am now reading Cicero *De Natura Deorum*,—a great book in theology and the proper sub-stratum for all studies on the subject. Read twenty lines of Homer every day, but grieve to say that I have not looked at a German word or German idea for many months. I have a vacation of two months in the summer, which I shall give up to German. Do you study anything dead and past? Or are you entirely given up to the present face of the world and signs of the times? Please write me if you have time for anything but bright editorials.

Your friends, all that I know, are as usual. My family asked about you when I was in Portland and sent their regards to you. I would be glad to be out there with you, fully as glad as you could be to have me, but my plans seem now to point towards Cambridge, at the end of my present engagement. We are just now having our first May-flowers and liverworts, though the woods are full of snow-banks.

Gardiner, April 26, 1855.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . My dear John, I will tell you the truth when I say that I have thought upon religious subjects almost to distraction. Long days and nights, for weeks and months, I have made religion a constant study. The flesh has been made thinner than ordinarily upon my bones; my spirit has been weighed down and my life has been a perplexity. But I am the stronger, I trust also I am the better, for the discipline to which I have been subjected. I feel confidence in God, and whether others approve my principles or my actions seems to me a very minor consideration. If you have attained to truth by an easier process than myself I am glad for you. I trust above all that you rest in that perfect truth which is the light of all minds, worlds and ages. . . .

I sympathize with the spirit of Unitarianism, which seems to me free, active, passionate, and intellectual,—the proper spirit to affect and elevate our race. If I understand the best Unitarianism, it does not deny the divinity of Christ, but only objects to the ordinary explanation of the Trinity. On other matters of doctrine I am not at present qualified to speak for Unitarians. No doubt there is much moonshine among them, but if their foundation be good and sure, as I think it is, this should not discourage a serious and sound man from joining them. The principle should not be yielded because its development has been imperfect. . . .

A *sceptic* I am as far as possible from being. I *believe* with a full heart. It would be treason to the soul and extreme crime against its Author, to *doubt*, in the fullest sense of that word. A rationalist (i. e., a deist in religion), I am very far from being. Have just read Leland's View of the Deists and find myself very far from coinciding with any system of Deism therein stated. On the contrary, I recognize the needfulness of special Revelation and agree with Leland in every remark till he gets into the details of Christianity. My own religious consciousness starts from a feel-

ing of frailty and sinfulness and rises to a feeling of nearness with the God of Heaven. That I shall be a Unitarian is probably true, but I become such on grounds mainly independent of positive doctrinal beliefs. If I should think it needful to reduce my beliefs to dogmatic form, they would, probably, be a sort of illuminated orthodoxy, that is, orthodox opinions expressed in style that would affect more nearly the heart than the stereotyped phraseology that has frequently deadened and buried them. But no doubt you have heard from me all that you care to hear at present, and I will not burden you further. . . .

Gardiner, April 30, 1855.

To his Father.

Belle has gone away, and you are all busy in your various ways—all aiming and laboring to do good,—which is the sum of human happiness. I always think, after a visit home, that I did not appreciate enough the privilege, and while I was enjoying myself had not been so particular to cause the pleasure of others as I ought. A home and the feelings of home cannot be too highly valued; and I certainly should be the last to forget my various obligations to every individual at home. I hope you are all well as usual now. My situation I make more agreeable this term than last. . . .

You see I have passed another birth-day—am twenty-two years old. How brief do a few past years appear on looking back at them, and how much do the next few years appear to me to be, as I look forward to them! Five years from now, if I live, I shall be, somewhere or other, thinking, probably, how quickly those years have passed. I trust by that time I shall be fixed in the business of my future life. . . .

On Sundays, in addition to three services, each long enough for two, I have a class in the Sunday school which helps to keep me from having too much leisure. I refused to take a class of my own but cannot well refuse to supply an occasional absence. There have been flowers in bloom around here for a fortnight. I have picked May-flowers and

liverworts on one side of a gully, on the other side of which would be a bank of snow. . . .

Gardiner, May 1, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . To-day is May-day and a rain-storm. I, however, picked a splendid collection of May-flowers which I am keeping before me, on my table, in a tumbler of water. I have been finding May-flowers and hepaticas for a fortnight past. Have also had the erythronium for a week. Nothing else is in blossom yet, for the snow-banks are still plenty.

I read about fifty lines of the Iliad every day, while my pupils are in my room. By myself, evenings, I am reading Cicero de Natura Deorum, a summary of ancient Theology which ranges all the distance from hyper-fantastic to simply rational and from good to bad. . . .

Cambridge, May 9, 1855.

From Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . How sober, reasonable and wise in you to turn your back upon "Orthodoxy as not at all so good, so true, or so expedient as Unitarianism." You will not now labor under the disadvantage of having to preach one thing while believing another. You may preach here, what you believe and because you believe. Dear friends may drop a tear at being left, but angels in heaven rejoice over the brave soul that, if need be, will sacrifice everything for the truth; but such need not be. Those who love us best will always believe in our sincerity and that is the great thing,—since, among Protestants, slight heresies or errors in belief are not considered decisive of eternal consequences. If all would act upon the principle involved in that saying of Jesus "Whosoever doeth the will of my father the same is my mother, my sister and my brethren," society would wear, it seems to me, a much more pleasing aspect. It reads not "Whosoever believeth," this or that creed—but "doeth," etc.

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Whosoever liveth a truly Christian life, he may count himself a brother, or a sister of Jesus. About beliefs, we shall, I hope, have opportunities enough to talk. Glad you think of being here next year. . . .

Gardiner, May 16, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

My German is slipping away, I fear. Greek and English and a little Latin are studies enough for my present leisure. Next summer at home Deutsch shall be revived. Then too you must teach me Geology, for I do not know an agate from a bare mountain. If you get Butler's Analogy thoroughly, in one term, you will do wonders. I did not get the scope of it till review, and don't understand it yet. I don't believe there are many men in the world who, perfectly, have mastered the subject.

Flowers are the great events here. Do you know the Trillium? It's here in crowds. I have pressed a number of specimens. Hepaticas have shades of color that are marvellous to my eyes. I send you some of them, but keep the best specimens for your herbarium. I hope I shall get a good number of new flowers, for this looks like a botanical region, a real fairyland in summer.

During this last week I have read "Geraldine, a tale of Conscience," in three volumes,—the story of which is that an English young lady, in the most stupid way of doing such a thing, became first a Catholic and afterwards a nun. Wasn't it interesting? That is all the plot; the books are mainly filled with exclamations, Catholic ceremonies, and dilated argument. . . .

Gardiner, May 22, 1855.

To Mr. T. C. Abbot.

. . . I presume you are by this time in the depths of Arabic learning or in the deeper depths of metaphysical subtleties. In either case I hope you will not, like the artist in the catacombs, lose your way out. . . .

I am retaining my old place which I shall probably continue to hold till I attend a Seminary. I teach all that I know, and study everything generally; Greek, and, just now, Cicero de Natura Deorum particularly. My situation is, in most respects, wonderfully agreeable. . . .

Gardiner, May 27, 1855.

To his Mother.

. . . About spending a long time at home: if I could be a boy again one of the most happy features of my second youth would be that it would be time spent at home. But boyhood has passed, leaving many duties unfulfilled and many privileges unattended to. I am past the age when I used to think I should be a man, and every day I feel more and more the responsibilities of a human life. I hope and expect yet to spend many seasons at home; disease may thwart my purposes, but, if everything continues fortunate with me and with all our family, I presume forty out of the fifty-two weeks, for a number of years, will be, and had best be, devoted to my studies. This leaves quite a period every year for vacation,—as much, fully, as ought to be given up to enjoyment rather than business. My health is excellent. It is true I am not so large and strong as some oxen; but I have an excellent constitution, which I have no doubt will grow firmer and firmer for years to come,—as it has during the past year.

Gardiner, May 29, 1855.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . Sometimes I think nobody else ever had such thoughts or feelings or believed such beliefs as I do. Whether that be so or not, I presume my theory of Christianity is very much my own, and therefore I have a right to stake it against your hoary and venerable opinions, though they be put forward and adorned by your own young and vigorous ability. . . .

Personally I am having a most glorious time just now.

Emery and I shall sail up to Augusta to dinner, back to supper, spend the evening in divers ways, and finally close with an oyster supper. My last operation is to raise the house to let me in, in which feat I generally get barked at by the dogs, squalled at by the cats, bellowed at by the cows, and at last ogled by a pretty servant girl.

By the by, you and I don't get any nearer together in our letter pamphlets. You make this world a fact, I make it an idea; that is the difference between us, and there is no help for it. . . . Christianity, Spalding, is not a fact nor a creed, but an idea and a spirit of living. . . .

Gardiner.

To his Brother.

Probably you are nearly through Virgil and the Greek Reader, and almost far enough along in your studies for admission to college. I hope you commit the rules in grammar perfectly to memory,—among others the rules for quantity in the last part of Andrews and Stoddard. A person must know them in order to pass as a critical scholar, and it is very much easier to learn them at your age than at mine. I suppose you will have a vacation before long and finish your preparation after you get nearly old enough for college. . . . Probably I shall be at home in a few weeks. Till then I wish you the most wonderful success in getting good lessons and improving your knowledge of Greek, Latin, and of all other things. . . .

Gardiner, June 1, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

I am extremely sorry that I cannot send you a specimen of the May-flower. You know it is almost impossible to make them retain their good looks after being pressed, and, as I know you had a very fair specimen in your herbarium, I did not attempt another one. It would have given me pleasure to send you a fit specimen, but can only promise

that if you should engage to give away one another season I will try to supply you. . . .

Every day I spend most of my leisure either gathering or preparing or studying flowers. I have abundance of the brown Trillium, and expect to obtain some of the white in a few days, as I have been told they may be found some miles from here. If you have another kind, please be more careful of your specimens than of these, since of these I could give supply to half-a-town. Do you know there are several kinds of Ladies' Slipper? I already have the large yellow, and have heard of one or two other kinds around here.

Do you recollect Pegasus among the stars? I have two or three botanical Pegasuses. For instance, any parallel-nerved plant that is new to me I always take to belong to the tribe of Solomon's Seal. . . . I have pressed abundance of all flowers since May-flowers, and regret my omission of them. If you would care for anything else please mention it. I have just pressed and dried a Jack (arum), with a hot iron, in about five minutes. It saves time and patience to do this way.

Gardiner, June 5, 1855.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

I have once before seated myself to write you a letter, but, not being in the spirit at the time, I have deferred it. To-night at eleven o'clock, having spent the evening in most agreeable company, I would fain impart to you a little of that genial and complacent serenity which comes from social exercise and which is so happy a state of mind for philosophical and serious study. Sereneness! There is a splendid meaning to that word, though it be not complimented by the dictionaries. Life is made up of contraries. Put the two attributes of stillness and of motion together, and you have human life. There is a universal Reason and a universal Passion, which in our present state are strangely allied with facts, but which, as soon as the silver cord be loosed, we know

must soar on their own wings. No man who has calmly studied his own nature can fear at the thought of death.

Your letters describing your pursuits, amid the most intellectual surroundings in our country, studying a theology so healing and improving to the soul,—one as sure to stand as the pillars of the universe, and sure to prevail when the better life shall prevail in every soul,—all this of your enjoyment occasions me a twinge of impatience, that I am not there with you rather than wasting my time here. I should be extremely glad of the privilege of writing some of those essays which were thrown upon you in so burdensome abundance. . . . Kingsley gives a fine delineation of the Platonic Christ, in that last conversation of Aben Ezra with Hypatia:—don't you think so?

Gardiner, June 16, 1855.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . My life for years has been essentially a continued thinking. I am now beginning to assume a crystalline form; a form based upon so simple and fundamental principles as to determine my relations to the world at once in religion, politics, and all the philosophy of life. Your past years have been much the same. But, strange to say, you stand just where I am throwing my bombs, and the thunders of old artillery sound back to me from the summit on which you have placed yourself. Mysterious, isn't it?—that two spirits much akin (as we both seem to like to say), operated by like motives, should march and locate so differently! A strange fatality, partly perhaps owing to the spiritual nature of the soul, but owing most, I am sure, to the times in which we live. A hair is sufficient, sometimes, to fill all the space between opposite points of the heavens. . . .

Cambridge, June 19, 1855.

From Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . You closed your disquisition with an idea which, though I fully concur, I believe does not quite harmonize

with the views of the Church. It is this: "No man who has calmly studied his own nature can fear at the thought of death." Now, it is generally thought necessary to have a miracle to assure us that we shall live again,—to take away the sting of death and rob the grave of its victory. But I must think, and I have thought of it a good deal this year, that people in general have put their faith in the wrong things. Whether certain marvelous things did occur eighteen and a half hundred years ago is a matter which must be decided, if at all, by evidence, and the examination of that evidence devolves upon the understanding. Then, how can those things be proper objects of faith? Nay, more, does not a firm belief in those things,—such as the resurrection of the dead, and that of Jesus, especially,—rather obviate the necessity for any exercise of faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, since, as they tell us, those facts prove the immortality of the soul? However, my dear Law, I don't wish to trouble you with such inquiries. You see I am at my old work, questioning. Am not yet,—oh, when shall I be?—quite settled respecting all these questions. But you don't know how happy I am to tell you, truly, that I have a firm hold on God; and while he sustains me I feel safe tho' walking, as some might think, upon most dangerous ground. Faith is a great institution. James Martineau says, "He thinks it no small thing just to believe in a God."

Gardiner, June 19, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

I have opened Mrs. Browning's poems but once since I came here, though I cast my eye upon them every day. I am reading "Lectures on English Literature" by Prof. Henry Reed, who was lost in the Arctic; unpretending, interesting, and quite valuable. . . .

Gardiner, June 21, 1855.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

For your numerous and repeated kindnesses I owe you

many thanks, and shall be glad of an opportunity to repay them. I do not resign my hope of being at Cambridge this fall.

What may be your phase of Christian faith does not appear from your letter, though you show that the highest and grandest passion of the soul is living within you, viz.: a belief in Deity. Deism is controverted, not for what it affirms, but for what it denies. Christianity itself is but an impassioned and confirmed Deism. Christ is but the objective culmination of all human philosophy and poetry; an embodied Divine Idea; the archetype of our race; sent of the Father, to show to us the radiant perfection which belongs of right to our nature, illumining the path of coming ages, and shining in the darkness even after the darkness had swallowed it up. Deism was the first religion of Adam; it was the religion of Christ; it is, and will be, the religion of perfect spirits. Yet it seems to me that the Christian conception is something other than Deistic, peculiar to frail and fallen man, the stay of his weakness and the new inspiration of his lapsed soul. Christ becomes a consciousness within us; a higher self; a Socratic Demon; a constant prompting to better things; a new life; an indwelling divinity; a personal linking of highest attributes; an exemplar of the human spirit; the focus in which the Father shines reflected from humanity.

Gardiner, June 23, 1855.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . In answer to your question, I say that, in the ordinary acceptance of the word philosophy, Christianity is more than a philosophy. In a high sense of philosophy,—as being the science of the Universe,—Christianity is a pillar among pillars, and Christian teaching is the highest philosophy. Unphilosophical Christianity is worse than mere philosophy, by all odds. I would be a Greek sooner than a monk. Give to philosophy its proper meaning and Christianity is only a philosophy. Make philosophy simply a matter

to do with reason and not at all with passion, and then Christianity is more and higher than a philosophy. Are you satisfied? I haven't time to make myself clearer. . . .

Portland, August 5, 1855.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . I have a word to say to you about the *Positivism* of Unitarianism. Do they recognize anything as positively true? You believe in a God. That's very well. But supposing a man should come to believe that the Sea-Monster was the veritable Deity, could the Unitarians, according to their theories, do anything in the way of reprimand to him? Could they buffet him into common sense? Or if a man should deliberately affirm that the Gospels were written by Sir Walter Scott or that the books of Moses were never written at all, have the Unitarians any discipline for such an assertor? I don't know what your views may be, but I go in for a positive faith, say, in a God spiritual and most highly moral, and in his special revelation in Christ. This would embrace only a natural faith, and a natural faith specially confirmed and assisted, after the enchantment had been lost. I favor both; don't you? And if these are our fundamentals, let us use them aggressively. It is well enough to knock down one of the old orthodox hobblers when they get in our way, but it is our peculiar work to spread our rational and living faith without other regard to outsiders than to attract them by the superior wand which we possess. I hope to kill one or two enemies in the course of my life, but it is a better way to hope to enchant them into Christian friends. What say you to this doctrine of a positive faith in God and in God Manifest? Is it opposed to all Unitarian sentiments, to believe something and to stick to that something? Because we do not believe six thousand bushel baskets full of old dogmatic potatoes, does it therefore follow that nothing ever has appeared upon the earth worth believing stoutly? I know it is hard to find a stopping place when you begin to say

"Credatis," but don't you think the word should be said on about two points of religion?

Litchfield, August 13, 1855.

From Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . Now for some of your questions respecting the "position of Unitarianism." First, I want you to bear in mind that I disclaim the name of "Unitarian"—I never was one—God knows whether I ever can and shall be one. Believing as I do, however, in one God, sans demi-gods and devils, the term Unitarian would seem most properly applicable to me, but that word has been appropriated by people who care more about a name than I do and I will not grieve them by claiming it. (On second thought I will say nothing about the "position of Unitarianism," but answer your question as well as I can in my own name.) You ask what could be done with a man who "should come to believe that the sea-monster was the veritable Deity." That is a hard question. I despair of answering it directly. Suppose further that such person should claim over me the advantage of having seen, with his own eyes, his God and therefore knowing whom he worshipped; and further, that by a strong exercise of faith (which he was compelled to by the wants of his own spiritual nature) he should ascribe ubiquity to this inhabitant of the dark waters; verily believing him to be his own constant companion, strengthening him in all his toils and afflictions and sympathizing with him in all his sorrows? What a world of consolation such a faith would afford such a man! How cruel it would be to deprive him of it. Who would make the attempt—running the risk, as he must, of reducing that happy, though deluded soul, to the wretched condition of dark, blank atheism? Would you? I would, i. e., not deprive him of his faith, but persuade him to rest his faith upon some more worthy object. And in order to bring about this, I should adopt a mode of operation very similar to that which I intend to, hereafter, when I come to deal openly with this idolatrous generation—this countless

host of anthropomorphists—of various stripe and shade, to be sure, but all anthropomorphists—who call themselves “Christians.” Have we anything in way of reprimand for such person or persons as may or have come to believe that Socrates or Jesus or Napoleon or Washington was the very God? Could they be persuaded to forsake their idols and turn to the living God?

You “go in for a positive faith—in God spiritual and most highly moral—and in his special revelation in Christ.” Special revelation in Christ. First, I see no need of special revelation. If God made us for religious creatures, he has implanted within the breast of every one among us the religious principle;—if He intended that we should enjoy a knowledge of spiritual things, he has certainly given us a spiritual vision by which we may discern such things. But we can only perceive by abstracting our minds from gross material objects and directing our thoughts upward. These things belong to the province of the higher reason and cannot be brought down to our understanding. Men must ascend to get hold of the divine. “The pure in heart,” says Jesus, “the unspotted from the world,”—“shall see God.” Therefore away with your “faith in God manifest” in any such signification as “Christians” use that expression. Secondly, history gives no sanction to the idea of a “special revelation in Christ.” Jesus was an eclectic. He taught no new doctrine; he selected what was best from the teachings of those that had gone before and urged it with great earnestness and force; but rejected with scorn what was bad, whether delivered by Moses or whomsoever of the holy prophets. How then do we say that we have a “special revelation in Christ”?

Oh, this preaching “Christ crucified.” “Ephraim is joined unto idols;” shall we “let him alone”?

I have a faith—a faith that cannot be shaken—in one God—of infinite wisdom—perfect in goodness—who is constantly revealing himself to the confiding and faithful soul—whose

word cannot be writ with ink and pen, but is always—generally—not specially—imprinted upon the pure heart. . . .

Cambridge, September 3, 1855.

To his Father.

I feel to-night like speaking a word to you at home, though it is earlier than I expected to write and perhaps earlier than I can say much of interest to you. I arrived in Boston on Friday morning at five o'clock, having passed as comfortable a night as any one would expect. At half past eight o'clock I arrived at Divinity Hall, Cambridge, and found a man there ready to get my baggage, show me my room, and do everything to assist me. . . . I shall have a few books to buy for myself, such as a Hebrew Bible. My class-mates are very agreeable persons.

Tuesday evening. To-day Mr. Huntington¹ was inducted into his office or Professorship as Preacher to the University—the professorship corresponding to that which has been held at Bowdoin by Professors Stowe² and Hitchcock. I think he is very much such a man as Professor Hitchcock, and that I shall like him. The audience was not numerous, besides the students, but it contained many famous men. Among them I was shown Robert C. Winthrop, Charles Sumner, Jared Sparks, John G. Palfrey, President Walker of Harvard College, President Stearns of Amherst (who took a prominent part in the exercises), and others of not much less eminence. Very much is expected from Mr. Huntington. . . .

My class-mate Osgood is in Boston, in the book store of Ticknor, Reed & Fields. He says he is going to take two years to decide what to do. . . .

Cambridge, September 11, 1855.

To his Sisters.

You find accompanying this a volume or more each, pres-

¹Rev. Frederick D. Huntington.

²Prof. Calvin Ellis Stowe, Bowd. 1824.

ents which I have long wished to make to you. I hope they will requite you a little for the labor and pains which you have so often bestowed upon me before my departure from home. If you like the selection and are pleased with them, my pleasure in giving them will be very great. Please tell father and mother that I should have added a present to them, if I had dared to take the responsibility of selecting a Family Bible. Please tell Josy that I have waited three days for a Greek Testament for him, but the right kind has not come yet, and I will send it to him hereafter.

On the whole, I like here. Divinity Hall is situated at a little distance from the College buildings, in quite a forest. It is the best place for study in Cambridge. The students are not all so pre-eminently talented and scholarly as I had expected; although one or two in my class could hardly be surpassed in these respects. . . .

Cambridge, September, 1855.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I went to Boston last night and heard Ralph Waldo Emerson lecture on Woman's Rights. Think of that abstractly thinking man coming out in favor of all the claims of these reforming ladies! Equal rights of property, and representation, and education, equal avenues to employment and the liberal professions, in short, said he, one full half of the world. At the same time, he did not believe that women wanted to enter into public affairs, but claimed for them the right if they did want to. The "Woman's Rights" cause was, he said, just the cause of our Revolutionary fathers,—no taxation without representation. He closed with remarking, in most brilliant short sentences, the natural distinctions of character in the sexes,—claiming that different spheres were ordained for man and woman. . . .

Cambridge, October 11, 1855.

To his Father.

. . . This forenoon I had a long walk through Mount

Auburn Cemetery. One of the tombs there I saw marked S. Simonds. The grounds there are very beautiful, as Rachel and Lizzie will recollect. On our return, we took a long walk around, visiting Tufts College and the ruins of the Ursuline Convent. . . .

Cambridge, October 12, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . I have been reading since yesterday in a curious book, on chiromancy, or telling fortunes by the appearance of the hand, as used to be done. I think I could apply all the rules as well as the best of the Gypsies. I know the four lines, the line of life, of health, of fortune, and of happiness, and the meaning of all the phenomena which appear with reference to them. Then I know the seven eminences or mountains, that of Venus, of Jupiter, of Saturn, of the Sun, of Mercury, of the Moon, and of Mars, and many of the things indicated by these. Only these have something to do with Astrology, which I do not understand yet. This same book has a full account of Astrology with all the information for a beginner, and the whole science delineated of drawing a horoscope. I shall read this next, and then I think mother will no longer have reason to complain that I do not know any trade. There is something in these old arts, which used to prevail with so much influence upon men, that pleases me. Perhaps it is simply self-conceit, thinking how much wiser we are than our fathers were.

These are not quite the studies of a theologian. However, every morning I study and read proper books. Afternoons I read others. Schiller's "Robbers"—a terrible drama. It repays reading, for the wonderful power with which it is written, and is an excellent discipline for weak nerves. I can get you a complete edition of Schiller, very pretty and cheap, if you would have time to read much of it. Please tell me if you would. If you would like Virgil or Horace, I can send you an edition that would please you extremely,—(a little edition, just right for a lady).

Saco, October 14, 1855.

From Mr. Ambrose Eastman.

You have seen a river pouring smoothly along its channel, rippled here and there by some slight obstacle, but pursuing steadily its way, widening and deepening uniformly in its course, till suddenly it encounters a precipitous and rocky bed. Then the quiet map of waters is lashed into sudden commotion. There is an awakening of powers of which before you scarcely dreamed; it roars and rushes wildly with a fierce, blind current over the unlooked for obstructions in its pathway, thrust angrily aside by this salient cliff, and anon dashed fearfully upon that abrupt and defiant rock, while its foam arises white-crested to the sky. Yet the passage achieved, and its still and smiling aspect again returns. It rolls on, content to slumber, it would seem, in the consciousness of its mighty energies, and only revealing their latent vigor in the freshness and verdure it bestows on the surrounding landscape.

Such in some degree, my dear fellow, it seemed to me was your course of mental development, as I read your long and interesting letter. You have gone on easily and smoothly in your education hitherto, adding by little and little, in smaller and larger accretions, to your stock of thought and of knowledge, till you had organized, as you fancied, your world-system. Its infinite and incommensurable factors were combined—though you would not confess it—in an intellectual and positive ratio; and while you, self-deceiving, supposed that you had attained a standpoint that was impregnable, you have found it crumbling at the onset of a mere human logic. You are now tugging fearfully and desperately at the oar just shivered in your grasp, and believe me, you will labor to as little purpose in the future, until you learn to yield the effort, and humbly and in earnest faith resign the government of this universe to its Almighty Ruler; to accept unquestioning whatever he may in his infinite wisdom and goodness have in store, without seeking to penetrate the

reason or the system of his inscrutable decrees. Think you not I know the effort it costs to give over the struggle? If so you have but to turn to some old letters of mine, when I was in about your frame of mind. And do not think that I feel like lapsing into indolence, in view of the hopelessness of my former aims. Never in my life before have I felt more inspirited to patient exertion and to aspiration for a higher knowledge. Within the sphere Providence may allot me in life, I hope to labor earnestly and well, helping others, as well as developing myself. I draw but from my own experience when I say that you are now after all contracted in your vision where you least are aware of it. Ask yourself if the sentiment is not, too much,

"The time is out of joint, O curséd spite
That ever I was born to set it right!"

You ask me questions which I have struggled with, like you, and am as far now from a solution—intellectually—as ever. But why not believe there is no real need to solve them? Why not trust the inner conviction, which is certain to sway you if you will but heed, that all these things are in the counsels of the Omniscient; that the path of duty is plain before us if we will humble ourselves to walk in it, and not be restlessly longing for a leader's part, till we scorn a lowly post, which may be after all the post of honor?

You ask if Christianity has anywhere developed nobler spirits than those of Homer, Æschylus and Plato. I cannot tell; but prove that none have equaled them in philosophy and poetry and I will ask you if the spirit and genius of Christianity has not been to reduce their sublimest precepts to action. I will ask you, has not many a godlike spirit gone down nameless to the grave, which, had its powers been suffered to develop in a secluded contemplation, apart from sympathy with weak humanity, could have rivaled them in achieving an enduring grandeur? I will ask if you have ever thought of the "forgotten brave men," the uncrucified

martyrs, who have paved the way for down-trodden humanity to heaven, by the sacrifice of their dearest hopes, their certain prospect of an earthly immortality? I believe the saying of your Goethe, that we learn ourselves not by contemplation but in action; and I believe that more than one peer of your Æschylus has sublimely chosen, in self-devotion, to enact his Prometheus, to the extinction of every earthly aspiration. No, my friend, while fruits like these spring from Christianity you cannot call it a delusion and a failure. I say not it is the highest religion, but I do believe it has carried humanity forward beyond the limits of any other. I must assent, that the instruction of mankind, and the raising the weak and broken-hearted to communion with the All-Father, is a nobler work than the carrying forward of self-culture, to an even higher ground than has yet been reached. And I believe that influence thus exerted, though unrecognized and unhonored of men, is yet of beneficent and pervading power; and that the simple commendation "Well done, good and faithful servant" is worth all the cost of the sacrifice.

Your millennial views may be true, or may be not. I care not whether they are so. If true, there is doubtless good to come out of evil, and meantime what is left for us is plain. We must "learn to labor and to wait." Let me commend the passage from Burke as an occasional sedative for too assured and too gloomy speculations.

I tried to draw a parallel at the beginning of this letter, and I am perfectly sure that it will hold good throughout. I know you are coming out aright, dark as the prospect may now appear. You will attain a higher spiritual life than I, for you are formed for it. There is no one whose career I shall watch with more interest than yours, or with more assurance of success if you are granted the health and strength for its achievements. . . .

Cambridge, October 24, 1855.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . I was very sorry that some one did not come to hear Mlle. Rachel. . . . She is not handsome, but her eye has a wonderful power in it, almost like fascination, so that you look steadily at it. Her voice was never equalled, I think, by any other woman, it is so deep and rich, and melodious, and powerful; yet like a woman's natural voice. I do not see how there could be a better voice. In her action the slightest movement has a meaning and tells. Her drapery was white and her attitudes reminded me of marble statues. I cannot tell what it was, unless the classic perfectness of the whole, that pleased me so much;—it was more than pleasure, too, it was as high and intellectual an enjoyment as that of studying and appreciating the noblest literature in the world. . . . She was, in repose, so classic and graceful, yet always with a commanding look, and in her greatest actions there still was repose, though it seemed a terrible and energetic self-command, more impressive than all the extravagances and exaggerations of inferior actors. . . .

Cambridge, November 1, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . After all my efforts I have failed to get you or Lizzie or Rachel to see the great tragedienne, and other wonders of the Athens of America. But please remember that I shall try again, when another great wonder comes along. Mlle. Rachel appears for the last time to-morrow night. . . . I have heard her and admire her more than I can describe. . . . Rev. E. S. Jordan¹ has been with me all day to-day and has gone to hear Rachel this evening. Last evening he and I heard Rufus Choate speak, in Boston. To-morrow night I shall hear Charles Sumner. . . .

¹Rev. Ebenezer S. Jordan, Bowd., 1847.

Portland, December 5, 1855.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . Rachel and I have just returned from Bayard Taylor's lecture on the Arabs, with whom he lived eight months and whom, he thinks, we have not been accustomed to estimate so highly as they merit. I shall return to Cambridge, probably to-morrow night. . . .

Cambridge, December, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

I have read the "Drama of Exile," and am surprised and vexed not to have read it before. It is most splendid, in every point. The conception is worthy of any man or woman in all literature, the style is very excellent and scholarly, and the whole is sufficient for the lasting fame of Mrs. Browning. I did admire it exceedingly. . . .

Cambridge.

To his Father.

Last night a young man, member of college, died in his room in the college buildings. He was taken sick only on Sunday night, and was not considered in danger till a few hours before his death. He died from internal bleeding, caused by rupture. It is very sad. His friends in New York were not telegraphed to till he was dead. He was an only son and very highly esteemed in college. It is seldom that a person is very sick without being removed from the college buildings, and this death, so sudden and unusual, will be a deep affliction to his friends. It has cast a shade over all the students and all the exercises.

Cambridge, December 23, 1855.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . To-day I have heard Dr. Walker preach,—President of the college and one of the oldest preachers of the Unitarian denomination and one of the most learned men in

the world. He is a very old and I a young man, yet I could seem to sympathize very nearly with what he said. He seemed weary of the arguments and learning of theology; tired of the prophecies and miracles, and all the accumulation of doctrines, and wanted to fall back upon the simple truths which lie at the base of all, and to make these realized in the life of every one. His sermons were very practical in their bearing. The best profession of Christianity, he said, was a true life. The more I advance in my studies the more I am convinced that truth is simple when you get at it; that religion is very simple; and that a life guided by a few fundamental right religious and moral ideas will be a true life. How much importance there is attached to his office who teaches these ideas,—the germs of all principles and actions! Would that I were already through with my studies! I fear I shall never be better prepared for a preacher than now.

Cambridge, December 24, 1855.

To his sister Rachel.

Since I came from home I have not read so much of literature as I expected, and for these reasons;—the first week I was busy in gaining those studies which the class had pursued in my absence, and during the past week I was occupied, a considerable portion of two days, in decorating our chapel with evergreen, for Christmas. This has been the custom here, and it engages a good deal of the interest of the students. I like the custom, for the interest which it inspires. Yet I have not been idle as to reading. You may have heard of Morell's History of Modern Philosophy. I have read that during the last week,—quite a task. . . .

I am reading now an excellent work, Fox on Religious Ideas, which I shall finish and I hope others during this week. This is about all that I have done more than my studies in course;—something, though not quite so well as I shall do in the next two weeks. Think I shall commence

Le Tartuffe in a few days; and shall then have time for other things not quite so directly related to my profession as the above. . . .

Cambridge, December 24, 1855.

To his sister Isabel.

This is Christmas Eve—and we rest from our labors of the last few days in decorating our Chapel with evergreen. Several of us have been most pleasantly occupied, a few hours a day, of late, in preparing the decorations, and, now done, I think it looks properly and beautifully. It is an old custom here, and I like it, for the lively interest which it inspires, and also for the good impression which it makes. . . .

Let me not forget to wish you the old wish, which I do most heartily—May you have a merry Christmas and a happy new year!

1856.

Cambridge, January 14, 1856.

To his Father.

It has seemed to me best to accept Mr. Richards' offer. I received on Saturday a letter from Mr. Richards acknowledging the receipt of my acceptance, and promising to write me again of the time to come. It will probably be about the middle of August, thus giving me a long time to be at home for study, as I shall not return here next term. We are through with recitations now, but I am carrying on some of the next term's studies—which I can do better here; but shall come home some time next week. . . .

Cambridge, January 18, 1856.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . You will have seen by my last letter that my determination to return to Mr. Richards' was only owing to my opinion that, distinct from pecuniary matters, it will be

as well at least for me to be in Gardiner as to be here. The situation is so pleasant and leaves me so much time that I do not think it would be right to refuse it.

. . . The actress Rachel, you may have seen, has returned to Europe, not, however, without leaving hope of a return soon. She is a light in the world that you would be as glad, I think, to see, as I to have you see.

I have been reading "Macbeth," and made a list of the most familiar quotations from it, enclosed. See how many of our household words are among the number. . . .

Cambridge, January 18, 1856.

To his sister Elisabeth.

I have not a good reason for my long waiting—only a little more business than usual, and a wish to say more than I could in one of my brief leisure moments. I hope you are at a nice home, and finding things to please you. I have purchased the beautiful picture, Dante and Beatrice. You know I seldom like any picture much, but I admire this very much.

I received a few days ago a bulky letter from Mr. Daveis, containing several letters of introduction—to Rev. Mr. Ellis, also Prof. Huntington, and Dr. Nichols, who is now residing here. He recommended me, among other things, as a most "amiable, intelligent and cultivated young man, for whom I have great regard." He has shown several kindnesses to me, for which I certainly am very grateful,—although I think there is no doubt he has flattered me wherever he has mentioned me. These introductions will be of great assistance to me. The school is on the off wing of Unitarianism, while these persons are all of the right wing.

Your description of Methodists is one of the thousand instances where religion runs into perversions. Will it ever be just right? I trust so, but only when a right mental philosophy shall have harmonized the relations of reason and faith, shown their unity, or made them simple in some

way. Neither without the other, but both strengthened by, and in harmony with, the other. Otherwise there will be excesses on one or the other side,—these excesses resulting in reactions,—avoided sometimes in individual instances,—but not leading and prompting the world as it should. Half of the faults of the Unitarians I charge upon the excesses of other sects.

I heard Thackeray and am surprised not to have mentioned it to you. Subject “Wit and Humor,” and it was pleasing in every part. The matter and delivery were all just right for a parlor, yet filled the hall. . . . I do not know anything of French literature, and cannot recommend a book,—unless one of the old classical authors. I am reading *Le Tartuffe* in Molière. *Corinne* is as much read as any of the French fiction.

Cambridge, January, 1856.

To his sister Isabel.

I have concluded to withdraw the light of my countenance from Cambridge next term, and to shed it upon the regions of the Kennebec. I think the school will not suffer materially by my absence,—so shall have, probably, more baggage to take home than the carman will think himself bound to carry without an extra fee;—in which case shall come by boat and visit you immediately from Portland.

. . . I have got the most splendid of all pictures—Dante and Beatrice—just as you told me to do. It has made a nobler man of me since I had it hung over my mantel. Shall take it home with me. . . .

The old hall is so cold that while the coal fire is warming your toes your heels will come near to freezing. I wonder how deep the snow is in Maine: it is from two to six feet here.

Portland, January 25, 1856.

To his sister Isabel.

You see I am in Portland, though, having read your let-

ter, I almost wish I was back in Cambridge. I would then delight you by a speedy call on my way home. . . .

You have no idea what odds and ends of baggage I had to bring with me. Among other things, my Dante and Beatrice. Second, three little pieces for you, including the Raphael, and, thirdly, a broadside of the Cambridge University library. Also several new books: Lewes' Life of Goethe, for Rachel, and an edition of Ovid for you: you will recollect that you lent me your Ovid once and have not seen it since. Also a beautiful edition of Keats, presented to me after I started.

I will not say that my almost unconscious dislike to visit persons with whom I am not intimate has not operated a little to make me delay visiting in Saco; but, if it has influenced me, it has been unconsciously. I have certainly meant to come, and as early as possible. I beg pardon for my very, very long delay, and hope you will excuse me, if I make a nice long visit, as soon as I hope to. . . .

Portland, February 1, 1856.

To his sister Elisabeth.

It has fallen to me to write you, though I have but just returned from a visit of two days in Saco and Biddeford, and, as you know what an effort it required of me to make so long a visit in a strange place, you will, I hope, excuse me for sending a poor letter. While there I took tea and spent a pleasant evening at Mr. Eastman's, with Belle. . . .

For myself, I have got to Portland on my way to Gardiner, not, however, intending any change in my course of study or future purpose; but can study quite as well, for a time, at Gardiner as elsewhere. Shall be at home now several weeks, and, if as diligent as I find that Rachel is, shall learn not a little in the time. We are having a fine snowstorm to-day; only had before an average of about three feet on the ground.

You can walk through some of the streets and find an

embankment of snow, right along, as high as your head. While in Boston the last week they were hauling the snow from the principal streets and throwing it into the dock. . . .

Portland, February 7, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

I picture you to-night busy in your good studies in your best of rooms in the best of all seminaries. The rest of us are almost all gone off and you are alone with yourself and theology. How much you will have learned before I am there to study again with you! You have got the central principle, the heart of the universe, now, you think,—but this next year and a half will give you the drapery, the leaves and flowers,—and you know as well as I how close the relation between truth and art, soul and form, between the life which is and the life which is not seen by sense! I know your philosophic theology in its essence, and shall be glad to see what costumes it assumes in order to walk over the world, what foliage and flowering it puts forth for those men who do not like to look at naked stalk and branches. You preach God, but you will want illustrations. Perhaps, however, and very probably, your illustrations will be simply the poetry of the soul,—those blending the stern principles of logic and philosophy with the plastic forms and playful heart-life of this world. This will, perhaps, give an indefinite theology; but, ought not theology to be indefinite? Is it not the nature of religion that it deals with shadows? Is not religion a life, a temper and tendency of soul, rather than an organized system of conceptions? Or, so to speak, are not the religious ideas rather conceptions of the heart than of the intellect? Or rather still, are not intellect and heart the same thing when you get to the bottom of them,—different names for the impassioned reason which God breathed into man? It is my opinion that mental philosophy, metaphysics, is about as much out of joint in our times as theology itself.

Since coming to Portland I have read very much of German and literature, compared with what I did at Cambridge. Also have read very thoroughly, root and branch and tips of leaves, Neander's Life of Christ. It is written in a good spirit, I think, and though he assumes the deity of Christ, he almost always speaks of him as a good-human, and furnishes more opportunities for an orthodox man to make complaints than for me.

I regret the theology which I shall lose by being absent next term, but shall make what compensation I can by literary studies. And as I intend to preach a mixture of poetry and philosophy, without much reference to the popular theology, perhaps it may be nearly as well for me, though it will leave me ignorant of much that my class will know on my return.

Cambridge, February 10, 1856

From Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . Yes, a precious good time I'm having here with my good studies. Oh, my theology, my Body of Divinity! don't you make fun of it. It is the merest ghost! However, I am reading history and fiction with the hope of being able to give the poor shimmering thing something of weight, or at least, to throw a mantle about it, to hide its lucidity. Reading fiction, I perceive very plainly, is to do the thing for me if anything can. It makes me happier—makes the blood course more swiftly through my old veins. I have been for some time intellectually convinced of the vanity and folly of the attempt to explore and analyze every thing, but it takes me a long time to overcome that habit I fell into years ago. There are many things which it is our duty to examine and know—others to admire and adore. If we resolve to ignore all mysteries we may next bag our heads and lie down and die. It is well to set out, however, on the march of life with the motto "Free Inquiry," but we must not be too dogged, nor despise retreat; and, after all our scientific research, in spite of all our analytical knowl-

edge, let us leave the veil of enchantment still resting upon life in all its beauty and freshness. . . .

As Professor Teufelsdröckh says, "What could the scientific head alone, were it screwed off, and set in a basin, to keep it alive, accomplish?" It might, for aught I know, prove that the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, but what spiritual or moral truth or principle could it comprehend or suppose that others could comprehend? It is true, that you say the intellect and heart are the same, i. e., inseparably connected, and as Theodore Parker says, "Man is one like my hand, and he is five like my fingers." Man in his unity alone can comprehend religious things—some hands have not five fingers—ergo some men cannot see any sense in religion! . . .

Portland, February 27, 1856.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I believe at my last letter I had not read *The Newcomes*, Thackeray's last. How I like it you cannot understand unless you read it. . . . The novel is so true that it seems no novel. If men would only listen to it, and learn all its meaning, it would be a terrible lesson to falsity and sham, everywhere. I place Thackeray very much above Dickens as a novelist, though most do not. . . .

Portland, March 2, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

The written talk in your letter brought back old Divinity Hall plain to my eyes. Just now you are arming yourself for a new term's work, for a new affirmation of your old ideas, and for the blossoming of those ideas into sermons. Happy he who hears the first sermon of the man who, like Ulysses, has seen many cities, during the travel (and travail) of his thoughts, and has known the ways of many theologies! I shall expect you to preach your doctrines just as plain as sunshine—in all their height and purity—and

make men come up to them. If men were worthy of humanity they would pitch several at least of the modern pulpits into the sea, and would call upon the wise men, such as some Unitarians, to preach the genuine and eternal truths; and we would have revived among Christians a Grecian enthusiasm and right purity.

I left Cambridge expecting that I should hover in mid-air a few days, and then begin a slow descent, and that in a few weeks I should be ready to write several nonsensical letters to you. So I had done before, and, as I always defend my present views, if I had grown orthodox you would certainly have heard from me about it. But it pleases me to think that my weakness is leaving me. After several weeks I am only resting more and more satisfactorily upon simple humano-divine true views of religion.

I have a very pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Stebbins. He is doing finely here. Our mutual friend, Mr. Carpenter is in the full of his glory just now, preaching some of his most satanic sermons. The most powerful pulpit effort of the season in this city was by him last Sunday—text,—the wrath of God abideth upon him. . . . I think you would have assented to but one remark in the whole discourse, viz: God does not lounge about eternity.

You have deprived me of several weeks of Hebrew study, you hard heart, by refusing to send me that Hebrew Grammar. Start quick now, please, as soon as you read this, and put that thing on board of the express, and let me renew my acquaintance with Genesis;—else the curse of an impatient man come upon you.

I must take back all my criticisms of "Maud." After several readings, I admire it very much. Yet it is not so carefully finished as Tennyson should have done, who is so nice an artist in language. I have read "The Newcomes,"—a most terrible and sincere satire upon English society; so true that it seems no novel. Thackeray is vastly better for me than Dickens.

Gardiner, March 28, 1856.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

Please pardon me: I had really made up my mind not to write to you any more letters. It had struck me that you and I were hopelessly with our backs set towards each other—going in opposite directions, seeing opposite hemispheres. Perchance some time we may meet, so it has seemed to me, either to battle for opposite opinions in our own country, or while roaming abroad, at Rome perhaps (who knows?), you to do hearty obeisance to the Pope who sits there enthroned, and I to mourn over noble ruins for that Greek enthusiasm, that Roman majesty of character, which were once realities, but now ideals. But one late day I fell to reading over some of your old letters, and thought that, for the memories and sympathies of the past, if for nothing else, we should not yet lose sight of each other, but should learn something of each other's orbits, whether they be steady or frisky. So with a repentance for his long time of silence and a hope for pardon and a kind return from you, your old co-thinker sits down to write you another letter.

First, you find me again back in Gardiner, holding my old position and having one scholar in addition to my former, a daughter of Prof. Goodwin. I am now in my old pleasant quarters. Here, for aught I know, I shall remain forever. It is a fact, old Spalding, that the responsibility of living weighs heavily upon me. Why is it not better at once to be a Catholic, get yourself labelled and through-ticketed, and then have no more care about it, but let the Church have all the arrangements to make for you, thus doing the Church over into a sort of monster Emigration Society where the managers take all the responsibility if the individual members pay their fees. Would that the soul would rest there, or, rather would that the soul could find its resting-place! Life, is to me, as verily a riddle as it ever was to anybody. I fear sometimes that I shall have to give up all my thinkings and become a business man, a villain with the rest,

"cheat and be cheated and die," and let the fairy world of literature and ideas and systems be blotted from my consciousness, and I become ashes and dust. My health inclines to being poor, and my heart swears against the big bodies of Divinity which I have foddered it with. One resource remains before business, viz: goose-quill and attic. What say to that? Would that somebody would drive me into something, fairly *drive* me into it, so that the responsibility should not be on me. Then I should be a happy man. However, probably, if I grow fat during the summer, my theological appetite will return and I shall be ready to act the controversialist towards you, according to the best standards of the enlightened dark ages.

I do not forget that I am writing to one who has got the universe in the stereotype form of the thirty-nine articles and who, probably, no longer has a doubt about anything. Beg pardon. . . .

To close up this very light-headed epistle, I would like to ask you two questions: First, do you like "Maud," and second, do you believe in verbal inspiration? And, while about it, let me ask another: can you reduce the vicarious Atonement to the region of pure ideas and show its meaning as a naked abstraction? Or do you accept it on authority without other knowledge of it? If you do not think "Maud" the greatest work since "Faust," we shall certainly quarrel. On the others you must speak very plainly or I shall not answer you, since I am convinced that too many controversies are only about words. Please write me about your studies. If you want to know what I studied at Cambridge, I should say everything, from the last novel up to Moses and the Vedas.

Gardiner, April 2, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . Would that it did not take me two years of hard labor to feel myself acquainted with anybody. . . . Since I saw you something has really happened, even in

my monotonous constitution. A few weeks since I was surprised to find my strength give out, every day, at about noon, and that for the rest of the day I was fit only to doze on the lounge. So it has continued till now, and effectually prevents my doing anything but getting a verse of Hebrew in the morning, attending to my scholars and reading Tennyson in the forenoon, and lounging or gently exercising in the afternoon,—the other fourteen hours being employed in sleeping. I have one scholar not expected, a daughter of Prof. Goodwin, fifteen years of age, and as splendid a mind as her father's. She gallops through her studies in a way that pleases me. . . .

You can hardly conceive of the sincere, earnest and lofty character which it comes natural to me to ascribe to the old Greeks, and I speak of them to my scholars with the greatest solemnity and awe.

As to myself, my old symptoms of orthodoxy sometimes return in not now very great force and I wear them off. This Theology and Religion is a curious thing, and sometimes plays curious tricks with a man. I sometimes feel like laughing and sometimes like weeping and always feel near-sighted as if I could not see to the end of things after a long deliberation upon the subject. . . .

I am glad to hear of your diligence at Cambridge, but hope you will not lack time to send me a letter. We may not meet here during vacation, for unless my health is better I cannot remain here long. . . .

Gardiner, April 5, 1856.

To his sister Isabel.

I write you from my old home, made in several respects even more agreeable than it used to be. . . . I have just been re-reading Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile," and though its indefiniteness (at least of language) seems to me sometimes a fault, yet I am not disposed to be critical about it. It has some most happy touches, for instance, the

songs of the spirits of the trees, rivers, birds, and flowers, chanted to Adam and Eve departing. Also one or two clauses about "the Strong Spirit," "the Sad Spirit," "Thou hast a glorious darkness," seemed to me very forcible and beautiful. Mrs. Browning has laid literature under obligations to her—but she is not, (and who is?) equal to such a subject.

In Tennyson's "Maud" there is some witchery or other that keeps me reading it nearly all my time. There are only three places now that I do not understand;—better than I have known anybody else to boast. It is too fragmentary, hinting too much in proportion to what it says; yet I have no doubt it means, in every part, something that was clear and perfect in the mind of Tennyson. He who comes nearest to this intended meaning likes it most, but very few will give half time enough to it.

My whole directly theological study has to be limited to two verses of Hebrew *per diem*. The rest of the time I let pass lightly, and shall till my health is perfectly good again,—which will not be long at my present rate of improvement. The snow is disappearing from here at a great rate, and we may have May-flowers by May-day. I heard the birds singing, this forenoon. I don't think I ever was so glad to exchange winter for summer as this year. The old river looks as if he was about to rouse himself and throw his burden of ice into the sea;—with which happy and bold figure please let me bring this epistle to a close. . . .

Gardiner, April 5, 1856.

To his Father.

. . . It was quite fortunate that I did not return to Cambridge this spring,—this is so much better for me here. In a few months I shall be in my best and heaviest condition, I have no doubt.

Since coming here I have, for study, only read two verses of the Hebrew Bible each morning, and shall do no more than that, probably, during the summer. Besides this I read

the newspapers and hear Mr. Richards talk about the foreign news, the war, peace, the birth of the Prince of France, etc. Mr. Richards takes the *London Times* (daily), the largest and ablest newspaper in the world, and perhaps the most influential. . . .

Gardiner April 9, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

It is plain to me that I never was intended to be more than half of a man. I am fit for only one-half of the duties of life, and ought to have a constant attendant (the original other half), to tell me when, where and how to do the things which God has given me capacity to do.

In my best estate, a practical question, especially if it concern myself, is more than I can master. But now, being in poor health, and varying in my moral affections from feeling very blue to feeling very like swearing, it is my misfortune to have the proposal, of which I used to make mention to you, thrust fairly into my face. . . . Which is the best for me; to impress the religious ideas (as Fox has developed them in the best book I read at Cambridge), upon the minds of the little ones, or to preach them to the hard-hearted, mean-hearted perverse old ones? No doubt the latter; but please, if you can, say something to me that will make me think so more decidedly and regularly. Yet it is not right, while you are busy and diligent in writing sermons, to make you act the other half of a fractious demi-unit. . . .

Gardiner April 10, 1856.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

I am obliged to you for your long and kindly letter—yet it has left quite a sad impression upon my mind. It has made certain what before seemed to me probable, that you and I are neither of us longer qualified to appreciate the other. At least, I find myself altogether misunderstood and wrongly viewed in your letter, and no doubt you would think the same of any picture which I should attempt to

draw of your present state of mind. So we must lay theological controversy aside in our correspondence, for I am convinced we do not understand each other's merits upon this subject, and only seem mutually ridiculous.

Yet allow me to say a few words to explain, not as with reference to theology in the abstract at all, but simply to correct slightly, if possible, your estimation of me.

I am not at all in that posture of doubt in which you describe me. There is much, in the popular system of theology at the present time, the truth of which I deny; much that seems to me harmful to human nature, and to the present and future interests of the soul; yet I have no doubt about these things. They seem to me false and bad, beyond a question. You need not to be told that thinking is not doubting. My candid belief is that there is more, by very much, of the poison of doubt among the orthodox theologians than in the Unitarian ministry, the ratio of numbers being considered. The faith within me is large and firm, and seems to me genuine and true, in every part. If by faith you mean only an acceptance of those "things" which you say you cannot doubt, and by doubt a denial of them, then of course the above will be unintelligible to you.

Again you speak of me as lacking peace of mind; a great mistake. I believe my mind is as peaceful as God designed that any man's should be while living on the earth;—as peaceful, at least, as any mind ought to be, which looks at men not only historically but also as to the elements and possibilities of their nature. And here, as a supplement to both of the above heads, let me relate to you a little of personal experience. Every one, probably, who has reached my age has thought, more or less personally, of the subject of death. The usual conception of Death,—so I judge of course from imperfect sources,—is as a terrible thing. Yet for years I have never turned away from the thought with trembling, but have felt perfect and positive calmness in its contemplation. But for friends and duties here, I

could be told that I must make my last winged journey, at any moment, without a fear, and the only muscle that would move at such an announcement would be that of my eye as it set itself a little more fixedly upon that light of immortality,—the next brightest light in the soul's consciousness after that of the Deity Himself. Such is my feeling: you may be inclined to call it Pagan, philosophic, or anything but proper Christian, yet it satisfies me; and in this world I must judge for myself.

I hope you will excuse so much about myself, but it pained me to feel myself misinterpreted by my intimate friend. If my allusion to the Papacy in my letter misled you, please think of that only as it was intended, as an allusion to one of the cardinal tendencies of human nature in matters of religion (*viz.*: to trust in history, institutions, or something external) by a person who is busily following the other tendency, *viz.*: to trust in the soul's own self and in the ideas which are native to it, potential in it, and evoked by all the heavens and the earth which surround it.

I accept the conclusion to which you arrived on your fourth page that the Divine spirit works in mysterious communion with our spirits; but the process by which you came to it (please excuse me for telling the truth) seemed to me nonsense. On your third page you seemed to forget that the "wisdom of ages" has been several times "upset" during the progress of the world, and therefore that there is no inherent improbability in supposing that the same may happen again. If you say that certain truths have never been hoisted, then I admit that they are probably true; yet no such external evidence is a satisfactory test of pure philosophical or religious truth, but only of political economy and such things which have their origin, not primarily in the soul, but in society or organizations.

Your account of your parish duties which I was pleased to read, as it indicated your progress and enthusiasm, must nevertheless call down upon you one or two reflections

which I made the other Saturday night walking through the streets of the city. On that night you know the poor get their week's pay;—and in the main street were to be seen mobs of from ten to thirty young men, before the doors of several shops, with the beastly nature developed in every feature, and not a spark of divinity anywhere shining in them. They were mobs and characters of which the “unenlightened reason” felt heartily ashamed, and yet on the hill above perhaps some clergyman preaches, every Sunday, about the Trinity, vicariousness, the blood of Christ, being redeemed instead of redeeming ourselves, etc. Would to heaven, thought I, that he said more about God, goodness, and immortality! What he says may possibly be true, but it does not answer the purpose; it is ineffectual to leaven a city and win men to holiness. A few old ladies are much edified by his preaching, but fifty such preachers would not be able to make an entrance into the pith and marrow, the bone and sinew, the strong heads and large hearts, of the town. He preaches history and not religion. You may say, very truly, that the church may not be responsible for all the developments around it; that is a matter of opinion, and I think that, to a large extent, it is responsible for this development. The experience only confirmed my *à priori* conclusion. You may perhaps make the inference from this which I mean for you. I hope that you will preach ideas, *ideas*, IDEAS, and do not hate them because the Pagans may have had some of them before you.

My health is weak, and may give the same affection to my letter. I hope there is not much in it from which you dissent. If it may give you a little more worthy view of my present self than your letter indicated, and if it might perchance in some indirect way assist you in attaining to lofty views of religion, it would repay me, though I expected no answer from you.

Gardiner, April 14, 1856.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I have read since I wrote you the *Tartuffe* of Molière and Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, wonders for me of late to do. . . . Mrs. Richards has some crocus blossoms in a sunny part of her garden, but the snow covers the woods yet, and the north side of the hills. Saw a May-flower bud yesterday, which looked as if it would bloom within a week. I suppose you are nearer to the summer than this.

Gardiner, April 25, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . I thank you for your last letter, and am glad to tell you that my health is slowly but firmly recovering itself and promises well for next fall. May you never know what it is to feel complete prostration every day after two hours' work.

That school-temptation did not quite master me. I had strength to say to it "get behind me, Satan." I did not decide it quite on your principles, you cold-blooded, Epicurean, selfish, Machiavellian, Paley-ian, Helvetian and Mephistophelian philosopher. I humbly hope (twirl up that face into a laugh and cry out "good thing"!) that I had some regard to the little good that I may be able to do in the world, and that my decision was based upon the conviction that the ministry opened a better avenue for my ideas than the pedagogue's stool. And it is every honest man's creed, therefore mine, to think that the best possible thing for the world is for it to take his advice.

. . . And by the way to show you that my orthodox propensities still live, I have a question to ask you. Is it sufficient for the purposes of religion (i. e., for the development of the religious sentiment) that men believe only in ascertained consistent truths and in mysteries? Is it not necessary, in addition to this, that they have some downright unblushing absurdity to believe in? Does it not make the sense of mystery vastly more palpable and pervading? And,

in fact, without this, does not our notion of mystery soon "dry up" and men become heartless, stone-headed, unfeeling, God-defying, soul-lacking sons of clay as they are? And therefore without this does not the "enjoyment of religion" slip away, take wings or legs, make itself scarce, walk off? I propose the abstract question—not yet having come, in my thoughts, to its application. . . .

Please consider me your sympathizing friend in your manifold labors. Would that I were sharing them. If you ever walk by my old room please pay my respects and return my hearty thanks to it, for its good to me last term. . . .

Gardiner, April 29, 1856.

To his sister Elisabeth.

There was much that pleased me in your last letter—especially a word of favor for the position which I have chosen for myself in the religious world. During all the time that I was getting to where "gravitation, turning, goes the other way," no one of you at home gave me any other encouragement than kind looks; though I had so much confidence (at least of late) in the rightness of my course that I thought it could not be displeasing to you. For you all, especially for father, who thinks so much of his own denomination, and yet has said nothing against my free action, I have the most grateful feelings, but to know myself fully approved by you gives me new spirit and courage. I thank you sincerely for your congratulation.

. . . Are you thinking that this is my birthday? I can count back several of my latest birthdays and recall the feelings with which I passed them. My last two I seemed to myself to be passing at hot speed, impatient to get to work on my own hook. But now I never was before so decided as to my duty in the future and also I never was so little in a hurry. If need be I could remain where I am one or two years without impatience and enter my profession with the dignity of wisdom and years.

Have you ever seen "Consuelo," by George Sand? I have just read it, and think one character in it is sufficient to save the book against all charges which may be brought against it. . . . I have had May-flowers on my table for a fortnight. . . .

Gardiner, May 5, 1856.


To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . Don't be surprised if I charge upon you ere long with an orthodox battery. I begin to have symptoms. If there is any good book, anything at all like Fox's Ideas for thoroughness and beauty, that can be had at Cambridge, I wish you would get it and send it to me by mail or express, and I will forthwith remit the pay. I mean some books having good reference to my stage of advancement and studies in Theology:—either about the moralities of all men, or the evidences of Christianity. No matter about it, unless there is some specially fine book—for which I would owe you thanks. The aspect of this place is historical and old-fashioned, and my mind will not keep up straight. I ought to be reading Hegel or something equivalent. . . .

Gardiner, May 19, 1856.

To his sister Elisabeth.

I am writing this letter to you in the middle of one of our most pleasant spring days, and am trying to think how much the aspect of things differs in Maryland from that here. Having failed to get a picture in my mind of the shape and hue of the landscape around you, I will refresh your memory of your native state by telling you that the fields have begun to look unmistakably green, the trees are just tipping their branches with buds or with a leaf or two, the May-flowers are nearly gone, and the pastures are covered with anemones and blue violets. Mr. Richards has got his garden and the most of his farm planted, the evenings are just now moonshiny and warm, making a walk up the river road very pleasant—the frogs never croaked more multitudinously



than now, and the robins (last night I heard a whippoorwill) and sparrows may be heard and seen any morning just out of my window. . . .

Did you write me that you were reading Lord Byron's Poems? I have lately read three of his dramas, "Manfred," "Sardanapalus," and "Cain,"—and am stirred by them wonderfully. "Sardanapalus" seems to me not only a very splendid but a very perfect drama, though passages in either of the others are superior to any in it. Sir Walter Scott called Cain "very grand and tremendous"—a fine description of it. I have read nothing of Lord Byron's life, but the reading of these poems certainly made me sympathize with him, and hope that, like Shelley, he was more sinned against than sinning.

I have also read Richard Eúney by Judd, the author of Margaret. (Sylvester Judd, 1813-1853.) Where that man got his perfect command of all the ways and phrases of low life I cannot imagine. I have laughed over page after page of it, where there was nothing in particular to laugh at, only it seemed so queer to have such talk written by a learned Unitarian clergyman. . . .

For a long time I have been a determined, enthusiastic, growing Unitarian. Every new thing that I learned at Cambridge and every thought that I think only confirms me. Let me live with those whose minds have a sunny-side exposure, who love God and who live uprightly!

Gardiner, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . There is but one religion which has not had its trial in the world and been found wanting, and that is the spontaneous religion of the humano-divine soul-nature of man.

Somebody has done me a great kindness by sending me the sermon of Wasson. It is *very* good, and cheers me every day. It is my manual of devotion for the present,

and will be till it is succeeded by some other of like sort. . . .

Gardiner, May 29, 1856.

To Mr. Marcellus Emery.

. . . It is a truth that, for my last four months of residence at Cambridge, I did not write excepting to my father's family, three letters or notes of any sort. You and old Spalding were spectres haunting my imagination over Hebrew lessons in the evening and before I waked in the morning. But my conscience got used to your spectral visits and motioned you away from day to day. The end of it was that I came home for vacation with the elements of sickness in me, lounged four weeks from bed to sofa, and posted down to Gardiner to lounge myself well again. Thanks to my laziness I am as well as ever and ready for new studies next fall. . . .

Do you remember once you told me your decided opinion that I had better study Law than Theology. You did, and it has frequently occurred to me since that you thought so, and that your advice was valuable. But there has always been a witchery about abstruse and remote things, the philosophies and theologies of men, that has kept me turned towards them. Now I am thinking seriously of giving up all unpractical things; of coming down plump on to the earth; of becoming as verily ashes and dust as ever poet said lawyer to be. I may not do this yet; I may wait till you are settled on your own foundation, and then come to you, fresh from Cambridge, to get the "cussed stuff" beaten out of me. However, I have a sort of presentiment that, when I have coquetted with Divinity long enough I shall turn to Law for my true love. Will you, Marcellus, who have done so many good things for me, be kind enough to write me, in all seriousness, what, if I purpose finally going West as a lawyer, and villain generally, I had better do about studying here; whether read privately or enter an office, and how soon a wise man "will do the thing which he doeth,

quickly." Blackstone I am sure will seem like light reading, after the horrible tomes that I have got somewhat used to.

. . .

Gardiner, June 2, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . I could not have remained in Cambridge this term. So, probably, I shall spend two months in getting up to what De Quincy calls "bovine strength." At present I am riding on horse-back pretty largely and am being helped by it. I haven't got out of Hebrew Genesis yet, but know as perfectly as possible what I have read. . . .

Have you read "Eothen"? It seems to me to show, on every page, that the wild Arabs, Tartars, Indians, and Chinamen are just rubbing their eyes at the dawn of a new world-day. If we don't get marked "midnight" on the map of history, we shall not get our deserts. Have read and sent off *The Saint's Tragedy*, a book of deep meaning.

Gardiner, June 5, 1856.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I have sent home, to go in the trunk for you, Cousin's True, Beautiful and Good, and also a new volume, *Poems* by Charles Kingsley, which, from a rapid reading, I think will be interesting to you. Every thing that Kingsley writes pleases me, he is so much in earnest and so full of his idea. Your catalogue of birds around you reminds me that I omitted one, almost our finest singer, the bobolink, who may be seen and heard over all the fields around us. He is not a small weight to throw into the scale against the many splendid ones which you mention. Then the swallow is so numerous a family and so sociable, and besides an old acquaintance, that he ought not to be forgotten. Do you have either of these? The lilacs here will be partly in blossom in a day or two. . . .

Gardiner, June 11, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . Your last is a good letter—am glad to find you practically right though philosophically wrong. These are rather rich times that we live in, are they not? Shall be sufficiently glad when I get myself back to Cambridge and Boston, where the right tendency, mid the confusion of things, has its centre and focus. These are really great times and present great opportunities. The new Religion is now to be established and the new regeneration of society, on principles of the largest freedom, to be ushered in. No man anywhere will suffer from liberality of opinion, provided he be a complete man and speak his whole idea fervently without mumbling. The time-servers will need more eyes than Argus to see the winds blowing, unless they become honest men. The old human soul is going to rouse up and work like itself.

I was in Brunswick last week and brought up an armful of books, especially the works of Rousseau, with which I am now delighting myself. He has a character in *Emile* who talks in this way; "I learned what they wished me to learn; I said what they wished me to say; I engaged myself as they wished; and I was made a priest." It applies now, doesn't it? . . .

Gardiner, 1856.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . I have been out, picking strawberries and flowers. Have kept a list of the native flowers which I have found in the neighborhood; it numbers now seventy, but contains not more than five not in your herbarium . . .

I have done all the theologies which I shall do till my return to Cambridge. Meanwhile have been reading American History, Kent's Commentaries, and talking politics. It is well, you know, for a man to know the main principles of everything. . . .

The last item of news is that I got pitched off over a

horse's head the other day. The old fellow stumbled and went down, and I suppose I got off so that he might get up easy, though I only remember finding myself in a heap of dust about ten feet in advance of him.

Gardiner, June 30, 1856.

To Mr. Marcellus Emery.

. . . Have been reading Blackstone, but shall commence seriously and earnestly on my return to Portland. Shall study in Portland unless I am offered a situation to teach that would still leave me time. Am in excellent health. The happiest days that I have spent for a year or two have been the last twenty or thirty. The burden is off, and the law is easy and suits me. . . .

Gardiner, July 2, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

I wrote you a few days since, swearing that I would never be a clergyman. I thought so and still think so, but yet the second sober voice of reason which tells me that I have often risen and fallen on the swellings of some quick emotion warns me that I may settle again into my former purpose. So now this is to request you not to let my room pass out of my hands unless it be necessary.

Portland, July 15, 1856.

To his sister Elisabeth.

I came home, for my vacation, on the Fourth, and Belle also to remain over Sunday. Mr. Bartlett, from Cambridge, remained over Sunday with us,—and by visiting the Ocean House, rolling tenpins, as we all did on Saturday, hearing Mr. Frothingham¹ (at Park Street) and Mr. Carpenter, we made a capital time of it. Mr. Stebbins, after his Fourth-of-July effort, exchanged. Bartlett brought me a present of the best book of the season,—Tennyson's poems, complete in one little volume, neatly bound and gilt—with a fine likeness

¹Rev. Frederick Frothingham.

of the author. . . . Should be glad if you were coming home before my return to Cambridge the first of September. . . . When you read "The Newcomes" I think you will more like than dislike it. It has Thackeray's best female character "Ethel" (though she is not quite perfect), and shows kindness all through it. My opinion of Thackeray was formed from hearing him lecture, and I certainly never was more impressed by what seemed to be the super-abounding charity and kindness of his disposition. It is said that when Lady Blessington's splendid home was opened for examination before auction, and everybody went to see, Thackeray alone of all was seen to drop a tear. Is not that an index of his character? Curtis, in his lecture on modern fiction, defended the warm-heartedness of Thackeray, without however convincing those of his audience who had long learned to hate him. . . .

Portland, July 21, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

I greet you at your country home—far from the hubbub of life—from Dr. Francis and Boston, from metaphysics, theology and Christianity, from all tomes and systems, from all saints since Abel (inclusive) and all philosophers since Cain (do). For the first time during the last ten months, I presume, you are now in your right mind. It seems to me I can hear those primeval Kennebec forests ringing with your laugh (not loud but deep) at the last "good thing." . . .

My health is improving rapidly, and yet I read several hours daily. While this continues I cannot allow myself to lose time from study. That perfect little book of Tennyson, for which I thank you now again, delights many an hour. I am now reading the *In Memoriam*, the most splendid review of and requiem over human life ever written: I have no doubt of it, though there may be a few pieces of human composition that have yet escaped my reading.

It is of no use for me to say to you that I am now thinking more favorably of the preaching profession than a few weeks

since. Who knows what I shall think next week? I almost question whether God himself does.

Portland, July, 1856.

To Mr. Marcellus Emery.

. . . As to the law Marcellus, I may as well confess that I am a very unpardonably fickle young man. The fact is, I have about decided to go on, at least for a time, with theological studies. It makes but little difference (I think) what profession I take, provided I stick to it, and work well in it. And between the busy, public, distracted and clamorous life of the lawyer, and that of the retired, contemplative, high and clear-minded theologian and literary man, I am not sure but my tastes are best satisfied with the latter. My habits and paths of study have been so long rather in the line of the latter than the former that I question and hesitate very much before taking the final steps of change. Yet as a theologian I shall always, on occasions, have longings to be in that other play of wit and acuteness at the forum which I shall have renounced; and, too, if I were a lawyer, the tendency would, I think, be irresistible for me to spoil my law and legal capacities by dabbling with abstruse philosophies and reading old, never-failing literature. Such is the condition of our human life.

Let no man attempt to be a complete man. One part of his nature must be cramped that another part may grow, or, rather, those faculties which before the Fall would have shone out full-orbed and reflected the universe, must now all be turned towards one single point of the universe, content to see that well. The true life is symbolized now by the arrow, straight towards some worthy object. Aim yourself well—and “put her through.” The man who looks behind him becomes a pillar of salt. So be it admitted that a man has aspirations and capacities which this earth is not to satisfy, and he can work with equal contentment in one occupation or another, provided he be at all nearly as well fitted for one as the other. Let him work hard and well,

and he will enjoy it, be it law, theology, poetry, mathematics, or any other art or science.

Portland.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . Rachel and I heard Mr. Stebbins preach yesterday and the Sunday preceding. He is the best preacher and the best (if there be one best) man in Portland. . . .

The last book that I read was *Hiawatha*, and, in opposition to all the critics, I think it about the best of all Longfellow's poems. It is a splendidly simple and beautiful poem. . . .

Portland, August 10, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . Albee's account of his visit with you makes me wish I were there for a few days, but I am reading with considerable diligence and at the same time saving my health. Considering therefore that I am six months behind my fellows, ought I to sacrifice the time to my pleasure? I hope you will pardon me this time, as I am sure the cup of your own happiness must be full and running over without me. . . .

This afternoon have been reading an account of Comte and his Positive Philosophy, in a volume of the Westminster. If I were not an idealist and soul-ish sort of man I would go in for Positivity. It eliminates God and the soul out of the system of things, in a very handsome and unceremonious manner. It leaves only material science. Man is all body, and only what he weighs and measures. As for God, he is "fictitious" in Comte's own phraseology, and how the devil we *feel* so earnestly and deeply about our so-called troubles passes the *positive* understanding. We have no business to *feel*, more than a rock, brick, tree or potato.

I have confidence that the public mind is ripe for unfettered simple spiritualistic theistic religion, and we must try to be ready to supply it. . . .

Cambridge.

To his Father.

I am to-night enjoying my room all furnished for the year to come. It is very comfortable and I ought to use the time well that I remain in it. The whole building has been occupied only by me for four days past, so I have not been troubled with any other society than that of books. . . .

Cambridge, August 29, 1856.

To his sister Elisabeth.

I am glad to be once more in Cambridge, in the enjoyment of health, friends and books. . . . I have portioned my time here uniformly for each day. The morning till dinner is for strictly theological study, and for the writing of my essays. After dinner I more frequently go to Boston or make or receive calls. In the evening I read purely literary works;—am now translating Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*. Thus you see the substance of my study is in the morning. The exercises this year are *every one* either by speaking or writing. We no longer have *recitations*. Now every thing is by writing, which I enjoy most and succeed best in, or by speaking, which I need most. So that I ought to make the year's residence here of much advantage to me.

My walls are hung with the picture of Dante and Beatrice of which I have often written you, and with a likeness of Tennyson. My room is the most tasteful that I have ever had, away from home. I cannot estimate my privileges too highly or improve them too well. . . .

Cambridge.

To his Brother.

. . . I am reading some Greek every day—one of the tragedies of Æschylus. Shall want to hear you read some when I come home, and if you save any hard places too long to copy we will read them over together. Do you study French? If not, I shall give you lessons this winter. If you have time, too, you would find it profitable hereafter,

to commit to memory some of the best pieces of prose and poetry, or at least to read some of the best till you are familiar with them. You will remember what parts of classical literature you make yourself master of now even better than what you learn at my age;—at least I do not find time now to be so studious of beauties of style as I used to be.

Cambridge.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . I am reading now "Paracelsus," the longest poem of Robert Browning. . . .

I heard Ralph Waldo Emerson speak, on political matters, last week. He takes a dark view. He closed his speech with an appeal worthy of Revolutionary times. He said we should drop luxuries, do with one less chimney or with half a tenement. Every northern man who is at home should remain at home, and every one who is away in foreign lands should be sent for and come home, else he may have no country to return to. It will be time enough then for any who are so unfortunate as to survive the overthrow of liberty in his native land to wander abroad and see if he can find an abode in other lands. . . .

Cambridge, September 18, 1856.

To his sister Isabel.

I should have written sooner to you had I not been quite busy since my return. Yesterday I read an essay on the Philosophy of Style, with reference to the composition of sermons, which has gained me some compliments, and to-day I am at leisure. What a pleasant visit we had at home, at least I had! . . . I am reading Robert Browning's poems during my evenings now; mornings I devote to harder reading. Have finished his longest, "Paracelsus," a sound, rich poem, which you would like. . . .

Cambridge, September 23.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I seem to fill up every day with reading or writing, though on review I seem to get on very slowly with the volumes which I wish to read. The reason is that writing requires the investigation of subjects, in a variety of books. My last essay was on the Philosophy of Style, with reference to the composition of sermons, and the best thought and effort of a week resulted in only four full pages.

Cambridge.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . First we are learning Hebrew. Next our most important exercise is one a week upon the Greek Testament; taking the Gospels in course, first reading them, then answering any questions of the Professor as to the meaning of passages; next a general conversation in which each man states his own views and tries to enlighten the others. Very much like a Bible class. It takes an immense amount of the study of commentaries, &c., to be prepared for it. The library supplies all kinds of commentaries, and, in fact, about all there are. Our other exercise is the essay,—one a week from some member of the class, and passing round in order. This is the great thing, and I will try to give you a clear idea of it. After the reading of the essay, the Professor asks every member of the class for remarks and criticisms, in which we state our opinions upon the subject in hand, &c., each speaking two to five minutes. Then commences a regular discussion and catechizing in which every man has enough to do to defend himself, especially the essayist who is criticised both as to matter and style. The ablest fellows in the class incline nearest to orthodoxy, and the discussion generally turns more favorably towards the views of the orthodox than I should have thought before coming here. The discussion lasts an hour and a half, and

is much the most pleasant and profitable school exercise that I ever attended. The fellows are all and always pleasant, whether their views are peculiar to themselves or not, and there is the best of feeling among all. To give you an idea of what we have to do for this, I will give you a copy of our last subject and the books attached to it to be read by each one of us.

Subject—Natural Religion. Define it, and show whether man be capable of a natural knowledge of divine things, and how far. Books to be read: Ellis' *Knowledge of Divine Things*. In the *Sermons of Dr. Samuel Clarke* the one on *First Corinthians*, I, 21. Calvin's *Institutes*, Book I, Chap. III. Haines' *Natural History of Religion*, in his essays. Lord Brougham's *Discourse on Natural Religion*. Priestley's *Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion*. Bishop Browne's *Things Divine and Supernatural*, and his *Procedure of the Human Understanding*. Bishop Raye on *Tertullian*. John Smith's *Discourses*, and Culverwell's *Light of Nature*. Morell's *Philosophy of Religion*, Chaps. I, II and III. De Wette *Ueber die Religion*. Eckerman's *Handbuch der Glaubenslehre*, Band I, Abtheil 3. Venturini's *Essai sur la Philosophie et la Religion au XIX Siècle*, pp. 13 et seq. *Tertullian de Testimonio Animae*. Saissett, *Die Religion der Vernunft and des Herzens*.

Such is the list of books which the essayist has a fortnight to read in, and the rest of us a wekk. A new list comes with every succeeding week.

I need not add that it would be not much loss to miss a few of these Readings, if I improved my time to advantage other ways. I do not pretend to read all the list now, and charitably hope the Professor does not expect us to read them all, but gives some of them for future reference.

I read German twice a week with a splendid fellow, a graduate of Harvard, in the class above me here. We are reading Goethe's *Torquato Tasso*. . . .



Cambridge.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . I have just come from a fellow student's room who has been in Germany, and he began talking German with me and we spent an hour at it—a refreshing operation, though it exhausted both my strength and my vocabulary of German. During the week past I have read "Pendennis," and have modified somewhat my judgment of Thackeray. My estimation of his genius is even higher than when I finished "The Newcomes," but "Pendennis" is not so sunny and pleasant a novel as that. Out of twenty-five or thirty characters there are but two that are at all agreeable, and the pictures of life are not flattering, to say the least. If "Pendennis" is the next most gracious novel of his after "The Newcomes," I think he does not give credit enough to the world for the good there is in it. . . .

Cambridge, October 15.

To his sister Elisabeth.

During the leisure moments of the last fortnight I have read "Pendennis" and have modified considerably my judgment of Thackeray.

"The Newcomes," on which my former judgment was based, is universally admitted to be his most sunny and genial novel;—it was not therefore strange that I esteemed him too highly judging by it alone. In "Pendennis" out of thirty or more characters there are but two that are at all good, not meaning by good that even these two are faultless. This is too small an allowance, even for a novel which aims to picture *society*. Then his whole view of things is on the weak side. And though I sympathize with much of the fun which he makes, I yet admit a larger proportion of good than he gives any account of. So you see that you differ less from me than formerly. "Pendennis" is not a book which I should recommend to anybody, unless experienced and well balanced—though it is very powerfully written. . . .

Cambridge.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . For two weeks I have been unusually busy, having, among the rest, written sixteen solid pages of theology, quite a wonder for me. To-night I am tired and idle, and reading Moore's Life of Lord Byron. Was glad that you liked Ion so well. Since my last letter I have not read one word of proper literature, but more than forty books of sound theology. During the next two weeks the order will be changed. . . .

Cambridge.

To his Father.

. . . My time is so much occupied in studying and writing that I shall not be able conveniently to be at home on Thanksgiving day as was expected. . . . Josy may send me his hard Greek sentences and during my winter vacation, if he has no other help, I will hear him recite every day. I am reading Greek constantly. My health never was firmer than it has been this term, though I think I never studied more closely than one or two of the weeks of the term. This may be owing to the exercise which I have taken. Every fair day till within a week I have spent an hour with my classmates rowing a boat on the river. It will be so cold that we shall not go out every day now, and I shall take more exercise by walking. . . .

Cambridge, November 21, 1856.

To his sister Elisabeth.

I have been waiting to hear again from home before writing to you—but can wait no longer if I would get a letter to you much before you will see father and mother. They of course will have you informed of their arrangements—but have not yet named them to me. I shall meet you on your return, at the Boston depot, and shall want you to remain long enough to see any objects of interest in Boston and to visit me in my study in Cambridge. I am delighted

to have father and mother make the journey, but should have enjoyed, more than I have told them or you, making it myself. I am sure you and I would have found much to visit in the large cities, and I hope you will take time and pains to see the objects which you wish to see;—among others the Baltimore Cathedral. We shall be so glad to have you at home again. . . .

My studies and readings are all that have given any variety to my life for a few weeks past, and they have been various enough, ranging from *Clarissa Harlowe* (which I have finished at last), up to the last German Theology, and from reading Lord Byron up to writing an Essay on Divine Providence. I read the *Life of Byron* by Moore, and thought it almost a deeper tragedy than even *Clarissa*. I am reading to-day an old English writer, Dr. Thomas Browne, whose *Urn-burial* is very much admired.

There is nothing of news here since the storm of election. Mr. Sumner is regaining his health in this vicinity. I was present at his reception in Boston, and was delighted to find him much as of old; and his sad, very sad, expression of countenance wore off after the first few sentences of his speech, and he appeared the same beautiful speaker as ever before. He will probably be ready for the next Congress.

Cambridge, 1856.

To his Brother.

. . . I shall try to come home during the first week in January, and after that you may make any use of me that you can. . . . Thucydides is called the hardest of the Greek historians. . . .

Henry Giles, the lecturer, is to deliver a course of lectures on *Human Life in Shakespeare*, in Boston, during the next few weeks. They are before the Lowell Institute, and free to the public,—at least to that portion of the public who have the good fortune to draw tickets. It will, probably, be the most interesting course of the season, and I shall be sorry

to lose a part of them by returning to Portland. However, I have no doubt that my time will be most pleasantly occupied at home, and I intend to mind my studies a little more than I have been used to in vacation. . . .

Portland, December 2, 1856.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

I beg pardon first and mainly for my last wicked letter to you. That old inspirer the Devil must have touched my heart and nudged my elbow at the moment, else I would have been more duly reverent towards that Archetype and divine Idea of man which Plato saw,—towards that radiant Life, like a star which just appeared among men and then rose from sight again; towards that point, and the Occupier of that point, where man culminates and God begins; towards that poetical soul who sung to man, as if out of the skies, even as his own highest instincts sing to him; towards that philosophical soul who spoke for our higher reason its own oracles, better than itself could do; towards that Life manifested which is never unmanifested, but lives in each, the banner-bearer of our heavenward sentiments and reasons and hopes,—the God in man, the constant inspiration; towards that Genius of our race, that escaped flash of the wit of God as he conceived man; that free ranger of the heavens; that diamond among humane Spirits; the hovering angel of the soul; towards this pure idea, clean thunderbolt and lightning, yet also incarnated into the Jesus of natural history and of story-telling! You may be inclined to ask if I have gone mad in Portland; my answer is a humble hope in the negative. I did not draw the preceding character from any of those old books in Greek called Gospels, which you are spending your weary days in fumbling. It is an instinct in man to believe in such a character; all religions can be reduced to it. . . .

I hope you are improving your time as well as of old. When I return you will find me changed into a thick and

chubby man, so propitious to health are my surroundings here. Yet I have done full as much in the way of study here as I should at Cambridge. By the way, please don't think that you have got upon just perfectly firm ground in your theories of Christianity; a few weeks all to one's own thoughts seems to me sufficient to knock any possible theory of it ever got up, except the Sabellian which is paganism refined. . . .

Cambridge, 1856.

To his Mother.

. . . I would be glad if I could repay your kindness as it deserves. How many obligations am I under to you! If there was no other reason, my duties to you and all the family should induce me to improve my time well here, that some time my life may be useful and therefore honorable. I will be sure to look for the *Serious Call*¹ the next time I go into Boston.

My studies have kept me busy since my return, and I think it is better to be kept busy than to have much leisure. A person should attend to his business, though it be only to study. Besides, I ought to study well after so long a vacation as mine was. It may please you to know that I have read the four first chapters of Genesis, in the Hebrew. . . .

Cambridge.

To his sister Elisabeth.

Henry Giles is delivering an excellent course of Lectures upon Shakespeare, in Boston, which you would be delighted to hear: he is the best of all lecturers. . . .

¹William Law's "*Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*" (1729), an early favorite volume of his mother's, which had been lost, and which Mr. Symonds purposed to replace. He was named after that writer.

1857.

Gen. Theol. Sem., New York, February 14, 1857.
From Rev. John F. Spalding.

I am so well pleased with your article on Mrs. Browning's poem that I have determined at once to obey the inclination I have to express to you that pleasure in a letter, in answer to your very acceptable token of remembrance. It has, I confess, almost grieved me to see the readiness with which our American press and the English, too—often—goes into the most rapturous praises of each new issue—if it be at all pretentious—of poetry, fiction, or what not. It is really very alarming to those who have a more correct taste—who really appreciate what is good—who find their models of what is excellent in the earlier days of good old English Literature. Alarming, for it makes me apprehend the worst for the literary attainments of this age and the next. It causes fear that there is to be a greater degeneracy as to true literature than the false judgments of books in our best periodicals too clearly prove to have already come about. I believe that, in poetry, Shakespeare and his contemporaries and Milton, Spencer, &c., are not read enough, and novels, such masterpieces as Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, Clarissa Harlowe, &c., and those of Scott. I am heartily sick of the morbid sentimentality that now passes for poetry. I have no patience with the affected obscurity that now goes down as genuine, profound philosophy. It is unnatural, it does not appeal to the hearts of men who are sufficiently healthy in their tastes and feeling to have preserved any degree of mother common sense. The study of the good old writers would enable men to detect at once the absurdities of the trash in question, and this is the only way I can see in which the tastes of the age can be brought back to a healthy state.

It is just the same in the present theological writings, both here and in England. The best theological reviews under the shadow of the English Universities are incapable of judging

of the merits of a book. I had a little experience of this, to my detriment of nine shillings, some time since: Wordsworth on Inspiration and the Canon. It was said to be worthy of being committed to memory by theological students, in a Review which ought to have known better. I therefore bought it and found nothing therein about inspiration, and in what was said about the Canon there was no ability or merit whatsoever.

The best theology was written in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, if you except some few of the fathers, and the great reformers. Calvin, Melancthon, Luther, &c., Mede, Hooker, Davenant, Andrews, Taylor, Barrow, Leighton, Howe, Owen, Cudworth, John Smith, &c., are the theologians. They are full of sound divinity. England does not now produce even tolerable critics. I mean exegetical. They are unsuccessful in the mere manipulations of grammar, wherein the Germans excel. In this respect they, the latter, are great, but they are not theologians. When they attempt to theologize they run into all sorts of absurdities. But I won't bore you further with my opinions. You may not agree with me. But I think you will readily confess that in the times to which I refer there was more manliness, more vigor and earnestness, than now, and less philosophy, falsely so called. I mean sentimentality, morbidness, unnatural straining after the absurd, attempting the sublime and running into the ridiculous. Of course I do not deny that there are and have been in this age philosophers of great merit, and that philosophy has advanced somewhat from what it was in the days of Cudworth and Theophilus Gale.

As to Mrs. Browning, I have not examined her new poem sufficiently to pronounce upon it a judgment. From what I have seen and from the nonsense you have quoted from her, I doubt not your judgment of her is just.

I see your paper was mailed at Portland. I judge you are not at Cambridge. Have you graduated, or has your health failed? Or have you got disgusted with theology? I like

the study of it more and more, though I am more sick than ever of the trammels of a prescribed theological course. The time is too much divided. We don't get time to study thoroughly any branch or subject in which we become interested. As to my theological whereabouts, I haven't much changed. Perhaps I am not quite so high a Churchman as you may judge me to have been, from positions taken in our old controversy. Yet I adhere to the view that episcopacy is *jure divino*, the true government of the Church. In doctrine my views have become somewhat more mature. In philosophy a sort of eclectic. Please tell me how you stand. I will pledge myself to refrain from all controversy, unless you desire it. If the latter, of course I am ready to defend any of the opinions I have espoused. I don't feel pugnacious, but on the contrary quite charitable to all who differ from me. So you need not fear to be harassed by a squib from me, should you write anything that I might think heretical, which would be uncongenial to your tastes and feelings. Give my love to your parents and sisters and believe me as ever your best friend.

Portland, February 23, 1857.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

I was delighted once more to hear from you, and to look over your familiar handwriting for traces of what thoughts you are at present entertaining. You sympathize with my hatred of poor literature as I am glad to see. Would to God that the fountain of new books might be dried up! I would spare all the good we might lose, for the sake of a little uninterrupted leisure to study Shakespeare, Fielding, Sophocles and Goethe. How the divine art of letters is being put to unworthy uses! The tongues of men might as well be tied up; there is little more use for them. Stories which, tripping from the tongue, would not keep a fireside circle awake, are put between covers to waste the time and strength of the youth of the land. Winter evenings which

used to be devoted to chatting, story-telling, and honest laughing are now given up to silence and candles; everybody is reading. Coleridge and Charles Lamb were the last of the talkers. Henceforth if you have a good thing, keep it to print; never speak it. There is something reviving in talk, even foolish talk; the play of the eye, lips, and expression gives soul to it. But foolish books,—the style of reason but the ideas of lunacy,—all, with a rare exception, the late well-written poems, novels and reviews are horribly stale, flat and unprofitable. There is altogether too much writing in the world;—we are getting decidedly too civilized. A little barbaric silence would be an improvement. A bad habit of loose thinking is being extended.

What is the prime cause? The most influential force in society is the clergy. This I say as the result of thought, and not as a complacency to you and me. This clergy has run St. Paul's foolishness of preaching into an extreme that would make St. Paul himself, if he knew it, raving mad. Just consider what kind of volumes would be the result, if all the sermons that were preached yesterday in the English language were bound up and put together in a heap! What opinion would be entertained of them if they were kept and examined twenty centuries from now? I have no doubt that the monkish scribblings of the Middle Ages would seem perfect wisdom in comparison. There is too much pedantry of religion in this so-called religious world, too much preaching, talking, writing about it. The old Greeks had public religious ceremonies only once in a year, or once in five years. We have them twice a week. Their religion was celebrated by masterpieces of thought and beauty,—which are the models of even Christian times. We, instead of masterpieces, have only the foolishness of fools too often, of wise men sometimes. I charge, then, our bad literary habits primarily to our religious habits. Religion with us is something to be talked about,—not a life to live. For myself,—though I cherish private religious habits and

would not object even to daily forms of prayer at Church,—I do not want to hear a sermon more than once a month. Give us daily prayer in all simplicity, but once a year even would satisfy me for a grand religious *bat*. Then let our religion be celebrated in Christian masterpieces, and let our Shakespeares, our Miltons, our Gibbons, our Scotts, and our Tennysons be ushered in under the sanction of the Church. The literature of a nation should be the child of its religion. Plato read philosophy, Herodotus history, and Sophocles dramas, at the religious games of the Greeks; why should not our philosophy, history and poetry be made religious? Why, instead of the cheap minced superficialities of twice a week, may we not have perfect works once a year? I repeat my oath never to do the sacrilege of writing two sermons a week.

Since I saw you I have been five months at Cambridge and return there this week. My business there is to read literature. During the last term I read two tragedies of Euripides and three of Goethe. Can as easily read twice the number next term. A Harvard graduate who has spent the last year in Germany reads both Greek and German with me, every evening. During this vacation we have corresponded in German. If I remain at Cambridge two years longer, as is my intention, we shall have read the best there is in Greek and German, besides being master of the languages.

Theology is my study—yet theology, in my mind, is reduced to great simplicity. My faith is of the simplest sort, yet it pervades and tempers all my thoughts.

Being a theologian, though the name means differently in my mind than in yours, I still study the theologies, and shall, I suppose, write a sermon or two next term. Spinoza's great work, "*Ethica*," I had read, re-read, and inwardly digested. It is the "*Principia*" of mind. Newton saw not the sun and its system plainer than Spinoza read the laws of spirit. And yet I withdrew myself from his logic on some

points, to trust rather what seem to me instinctive faiths of the soul. If you want a system carried out to minutest detail, go to Spinoza, but I like better his generalities than his applications. When I see a man who seems to know just as much about the universe as the architect himself could know, I am afraid of him. And Spinoza acknowledges no ignorance, even in minutiae. I believe in the absolute truth of certain abstractions. To Spinoza everything was absolutely plain,—and he spoke only absolutely.

I doubt whether you and I are pursuing the same line of study, almost whether our lines touch at any point, and yet it seems to me that if you should set out to defend verbal, i. e., infallible, mechanical, inspiration I should charge upon you. Yet our argument would, probably, be only a series of affirmations on either side. I remember very well the time when you and I were leaving common ground,—you to rest in a pre-formed system, I to find a place whose only *positive* was freedom, and where the whole burden of charting out the darkness rested on myself. I have worked hard, especially of late, but find only dim ideals as yet to satisfy me. My life probably must be, not a defence of what is, but a fight for what is not, for a Greek organization of the Christian religion. I trust you have been spared some pangs of thought which I have endured, but my faith is in God's own abstractions. . . . What are you going to do with the "Broad Church?" The American Unitarian Association is republishing their books, as good defences of Unitarian doctrine.

Cambridge.

To his sister Isabel.

I should have written you much sooner, but I have been so busy that I could not find a moment to spare. I am writing sermons and also a catalogue to the library, studying German and reading Shakespeare to an elocutionist, and altogether I am, and shall be, full as busy as I take to be comfortable. Mrs. Kemble is delighting the Boston people by

public readings of Shakespeare, and I am going next Saturday to hear her. I have bought Hood's poems, two volumes, in the style of Tennyson. If each day were only forty-eight hours long, I should have a most pleasant time. . . .

Cambridge, April 2, 1857.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . I am in my very best health, and will try not to do anything to hurt it. Am glad that you continue well. Last Sunday and also yesterday I heard Mrs. Kemble read Shakespeare—Coriolanus and King Lear. . . .

We are going to have, next term, two new professors. Revs. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Hedge, two of the most accomplished men in the denomination. . . .

Cambridge, April 21, 1857.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . I have been reading, this week, the memoirs of Sydney Smith, a man who managed to be both a clergyman and an interesting character. I do not mean by interesting that he was a man for whom you had a stately esteem, or the greatest respect, or the loftiest admiration; not anything of that sort. To be a clergyman and have that character would not be so strange. But just think of Charles Lamb as a clergyman, and you get something of an idea of Sydney Smith. Would there were more of such sort.

Before you hear again from me, probably, I shall have passed into a new year. Birthdays seem almost to be growing commonplace, they come so often. What length of time there used to seem between them. Are the years growing shorter than they used to be?

Cambridge, April 23, 1857.

To his father.

. . . My health is unusually good. Tell Lizzie that these dismal old walls, as she calls them, are not so dismal as she thinks. When I get settled in the evening, sitting in

one chair, my feet in another, my lamp back of my shoulder, and three or four books in my lap, it is very much like comfort.

Cambridge.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . Last Sunday I went to the German church in Boston, and could understand the sermon very well. The singing was congregational, by which I mean that every person in the church, from the youngest to the oldest, seemed to join, with full spirit and voice. I have been several times to hear Mrs. Kemble read Shakespeare. Her compass of voice and the quick changes of it to suit every character seemed to me very wonderful. She intends to read publicly every winter in future. I enjoy my studies this term very much, and have made a perceptible advance in my knowledge of German.

Cambridge.

To his father.

. . . I have attended church this term at Dr. Putnam's in Roxbury, and never heard a better preacher. He reminds me of Professor Hitchcock, of Bowdoin. I have writing to do, about every week, for school exercises, am taking lessons of an elocutionist, am in a German class, and spend two or three hours every day in the Library. . . .

Cambridge.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . There is nothing new to report from here. I am as busy and enjoy myself as well as ever in my life. I heard Rufus Choate address a jury, five hours and a half, one day last week. I am reading the Life of Charlotte Brontë by Mrs. Gaskell.

Cambridge, April 24, 1857.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . You speak of my letter as showing myself to

be much the same as ever, which gave me pleasure. I was beginning, amid theologic studies, to fear that I was forming theologic habits, a consummation which I devoutly pray, more than once a day, to be saved from. There is something wrong about the Christian ministry, though I can hardly say what. Take the talent and culture which go into the ministry every year, and something better should result from it than we find. What were the lowest class of inhabitants in Greece and Rome? My answer is, unhesitatingly, the priests; and yet the priests were educated and honored; had the best seats in public; were esteemed and cherished in private, much like our ministry. Not the record of a single noble act, noble thought, or noble name, comes down to us from the priesthood of the old civilization. Yet several slaves became philosophers, did shining deeds, and are reported.

It is a serious fact that we are the priests of our civilization. Shall we go the way of the old priesthood? We are cultured as they, honored as they, peculiarly regarded in public and private as they. Shall it also be said of us, as of them, that we have left no mark that shall live, or deserves to live, out of our own civilization? When our present phase of the world, having passed through another dark ages, which seem pressing close upon us, shall at last rise again on a new foundation, with new society, new States, a new religion, and an entirely new spirit, what will be the value of our whole realm of technical Christian literature? What will be the value of those Christian fathers who, because the Greeks and Romans had a trick of writing masterpieces of beauty and order, and because whatever good thing the pagans did was manifestly wrong, therefore pronounced deformity and disorder the divine type of literature, and who seem to me to be, all in all, the most barbarous school of writers that were ever held in esteem anywhere among men? Gregory, one of them, expressly denounced the use of good grammar. If you were going to name any lot of books, that

could be included under one title, which the world could most conveniently lose, suffer the least from losing, what would it be? Poetry, History, Philosophy? No. Dramas, Epics, Lyrics, Forensics, Novels, Essays? No. What then? It would undoubtedly be—*Sermons*. What would induce you to live with no books but the "Sermons" which the world has had supplied to it? They make, unquestionably, the most worthless class of literature, and, excepting two masterpieces of Robert Hall and a few witty things of South, might all have been in the Alexandrian library when it was burnt, without loss to anybody. Then again how much value would be retained in our systematic theologies, our interminable exegetical books, our schemings and counter-schemings over passages of Scripture? On this question, of course, minds would differ, but my opinion is that excepting the rare, very, very rare, instances of an eloquent passage, a spark of natural sentiment, or a striking statement of an absolute truth, nothing of all these books either would remain, or deserve to remain, to interest men.

Thus I think the analogy is getting to be somewhat close between the Christian and the old pagan priesthood. Yet a few lights, as Luther, Bossuet, and Sydney Smith, will ever shine from the Christian ministry and save it from entire oblivion. The fact remains that a vast amount of valuable talent goes every year into the ministry, from which the smallest returns are made. Take the Christian ministry as a class to-day, and I do not believe they have so much religion as the same number of men selected from the bar, counter, and farm. Their souls do not vibrate so quickly to the touch of justice, truth, sympathy, or anything else divine. Their souls are seared by too much and too free talk and thought upon those sacred things which the soul should enter upon only in its best moments. The rascally man is sure to be ever talking about honesty. *The irreligious man can enter the temple of the Most High without trembling.* I am about decided that it takes an irreligious man to be a preacher, or,

if he be not irreligious at first, that preaching will soon make him so. . . .

I intended to write you my opinion of your Broad Church but I have used up my time. Only let me hope that you will link yourself to that branch of the Episcopate. Jowett's essay on the Atonement and the one on Righteousness by Faith seem to me sound theology, and if you will advocate such ideas I will join hand with you and consider ourselves again of one mind. . . .

Cambridge, May, 1857.

To his sister Isabel.

I have been very busy writing since I returned from home or I should have sent you a line before. However, I got a compliment for my pains, which I am vain enough to report to you. Dr. Noyes said, after the reading of my dissertation, that it was one of the most subtle and profound that he had ever heard from a young man in the school. You ought to be proud of your brother if it were not for the fact that subtlety and profundity are generally of very little consequence to a man in the world. . . .

Cannot you make your arrangements to visit me some time next week? You can come at night and back in the morning every evening in the week, and attend the Italian Opera which is to be here, meantime, which it will be your duty to admire very much, though I, like Charles Lamb, "have no ear," and hate it. The opera is to be here only next week, so now is your chance. If you can make a little longer stay, we will visit the paintings and statuary in the Athenæum, will go to Mt. Auburn, will let you look at my domicil in Divinity Hall, and do anything else that you have strength and desire for. I will meet you at any train.

Cambridge.

To his sister Isabel.

I have just received a new proposal. A company in New York are getting up a new Cyclopædia, what of or

how large they have not told me, but they speak of it as a great American wonder of the world. It is proposed to me to write some of the articles, as many as I can, for this work, and for this purpose that I change my residence to New York City. The pay is so much, two dollars per page, and they say an ordinary writer will make fifteen dollars a week, and a rapid writer twenty-five dollars. I put myself down at the lowest peg. Mr. Ripley,¹ a distinguished scholar and writer upon literary subjects, is engaged in it. He is the literary editor of the New York Tribune. I can be absent from the school here, and lose nothing of my position, from this time till next November; and I have accepted the New York offer till that time. An answer will, probably, reach me next Saturday, and if it clinches the matter, as I hope it will, I shall start immediately for New York;—though it will be necessary for me to go home for a day. Now, will you not come to Boston on Friday, go to the opera Friday night, and stay as much longer as you can?

Cambridge.

To his sister Isabel.

I got this morning a letter from Pres. Woods, informing me of my selection to deliver the Master's part (the highest part) at the next Commencement. Nothing could have so much gratified me, especially as it is late for those parts to be announced, and I had given up any expectation of receiving it. However, I shall endeavor to write a satisfactory piece for them, and this will take me for the next fortnight or three weeks,—during which time I shall remain at Cambridge. So you can have the time which you selected for a visit; only I forewarn you that probably every thing of interest excepting myself and the architectural glories of the city will be gone up country. However, we will make the most of what remains, and have a pleasant meeting even if nothing were to be seen. By coming one week sooner, that is a week from to-morrow, you would catch the last evening of

¹George Ripley, D. D., LL. D.

the Opera, as to which, however, I never recommended anybody to go for pleasure. . . .

Cambridge, June 14, 1857.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

Your comparison of the clergy of the present day to the philosophers of old struck me as funny. I adhere to my opinion that the Christian clergy have not essentially distinguished themselves from the priests of Greece, and that they do not stand much better chance in universal history. However, the grounds of this opinion I cannot fully give you at present, perhaps they never will be given. You will only please count me out:—for the next four months at least I belong to the world and not to the Church; I shall be one of the unsanctified young men doing earthly business, and not a candidate for the ministry, and to prove my right and title I propose to wear a fancy suit, to swing a cane, to talk human nonsense, and, on rare occasions, to smoke a cigar and swear moderately. The fact is, old Spalding, but for an untoward event I should have started for New York city tomorrow, and should have remained there till next autumn, writing articles for a new Cyclopædia which Mr. Ripley, of the Tribune is preparing. Having once planted my foot into a literary tread-mill the Lord knows whether theology would ever have attractions enough to pull me out again. The untoward event above alluded to was the reception, day before yesterday, of the appointment to deliver the Master's Oration at next Commencement. I propose to write it within a fortnight,—perhaps in less time,—and shall immediately thereupon start for New York, and remain there till Commencement, and return thither again without delay after Commencement.

I am more and more convinced that literature is the place for me, provided starvation be not a question to be entertained in connection with it, and, after four months' experience of New York City, and the use of my eyes there for

that time, I shall either throw myself body and soul into literature, burn down all the bridges and burn up all the boats which would leave an escape, or else, all my wanderings over, I shall settle peacefully into insignificance and a parish.

Cambridge, June 16, 1857.

To his Mother.

It seems to me you forgot there may be other reasons for my going to New York than money-making. The fact is, I do not expect, after paying all my expenses, to have any, or hardly any money left, of what I earn there. But it is something to have an opportunity to live two months in New York City and not incur expenses. I shall have pleasant occupation, shall be associated with literary people, and shall be studying all the time. You would not be more glad for me to be at home this summer than I should be to be there, but to reside a short time in New York is what I have long wished for and probably there will not be another so favorable a time. I give you all an invitation to go to Commencement—not promising you, however, on my part anything interesting. . . .

New York, July 2, 1857.

To his Father.

I have waited to write you till I found myself at work and settled in all respects. I commenced writing yesterday morning, having spent Tuesday in making myself acquainted with the position of books in the library. . . . I wrote two pages, or four dollars' worth, yesterday. My health is perfect.

New York, July 5, 1857.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . I am settled among the encyclopædists, the most accomplished lot of men that I have ever met. They number from twelve to twenty all together, some are Germans and French, and nearly all speak German and French easily. . . . I have yet had only small, short articles to write,

and if I was going to write articles to match some of the others I should want twenty-five dollars a page to make it profitable. I sympathize somewhat with the Earl of Clarendon, who said he never enjoyed himself so well as when he was the smallest man in the company. . . .

New York is a great world in itself, and I have seen but little of it yet. Last night several persons were killed, in a riot, but I knew nothing of it till this morning. There is something curious in the effect of excitement upon me; probably it is more or less the same with everybody. At Cambridge, in the midst of repose, where you saw nothing more excited or exciting than a volume of Aristotle, I was constantly "stirred up in my mind" about something or other. Here, in New York, where everybody is in a fever, where everything is in a whirl of going-ahead and commotion, I am the calmest man in the city. No philosopher in his study was ever calmer than I am in Broadway. . . .

I am in a fine way here. First, the lot of men with whom I have fallen in are not only the most accomplished men in this country but several of them are from Europe. They all seem to speak German, French and English indifferently. Mr. Ripley boasts that Boston, with all its culture, couldn't furnish an equal lot. One of my first feats, when I found into what company I had fallen, was to engage a boarding place in a French family, up town. I was very fortunate;—a young gentleman and wife, lately from Paris, very polite in the best sense of the word, and who treat me excellently well. I have to speak French and make a business of speaking it with everybody, from the cat and dog up. My work is not hard and I gather up more items of information than I expected. I make from three to four dollars per day—one day I made five—and have not fallen below three since the first few days. . . . To-day I have manufactured a Mont Blanc, besides the lives of two French Generals and one Dutch philosopher, and am, or was when I left the office, in the middle of a Black Sea. I do not commence work till

nine and, when I am satisfied with three dollars, do not work after tea. . . .

New York, 1857.

To his Father.

. . . I feel almost as if I ought to have been at home to bear my part of the burden of moving, but the writing of my part for Commencement at Bowdoin has required closer habits of thought than I could have commanded in Portland, where there would be so much to interest and divert me.

I doubt if it be more unhealthy here than in Portland or Boston. It is not perceptibly warmer. . . . We have a capital boarding place: A young man who was exiled from France in 1848; spent several years trying to get back; then, three years ago, married a French lady in this country; since then has been travelling over the country; now has determined to receive no more money from his father, who is a gentleman of fortune in Paris; and has opened a jewelry store, and his wife takes boarders. I was their first boarder. They do everything to make it pleasant for me, and I am about as much at home as I am when I get to Portland. As to French I can't help wishing that I had the tongue of either one of my sisters, so as to speak it fast enough.

New York, August 27, 1857.

To Mr. Marcellus Emery.

To suppose that I can write a popular newspaper letter from New York, when you ought to know that it would be easier for me to write half a volume on any one subject you please than to pick up the items floating in the current mind of this city and do them up into a small fry for men who never do any thinking, never have any ideas, and never want to be told anything sound,—for such I take to be the mass of newspaper-readers!

There has been much said against the man that didn't

read the papers. For my part I honor that man and wish to make his acquaintance. I am sure he must be the wisest man in the country. My private opinion is that newspapers are getting to be about as much of a humbug as poor sermons, poems, and novels. However, they are working round right, and will soon be worthy, as they must always be the real interpreters between the reviews and books, in which the thinking is done, and the popular mind. Perhaps the people may sometime rise to appreciate master-pieces for themselves. Besides, Marcellus, I have no time to write letters. My minutes are golden, gold being figurative for a small piece of copper, and I put all my time smartly upon the Cyclopaedia or upon private studies. You have always wanted excitement;—if you want it double-distilled and pervading every person in the community come to New York. A man might walk on his head the whole length of Broadway and nobody would have time to look at him. . . .

New York, August 29, 1857.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

Please take another pipe, shrug that coat up high around your shoulders, and look sedate, for I have many sins to confess unto you. No doubt you have before this given me up to this sinful world, and have wondered how your disciple for the last two years could so quickly forget his master. The fact is I have forgotten, and was determined to forget, some of the things which I learned at Cambridge, the first of which was laziness, and the second was practical atheism set in a frame-work of moonshine. Since I left there I have made a transition into a hard-working man who likes his work, and from knowing and thinking poor nonsense about religion, I have gone to being religious in my own way and to cherishing my own best feelings warmly, without any cussed slavery either to orthodoxy or heterodoxy. You think you have faith; I hardly see how a clergyman can have it. For myself I am sure that the only way to save my-

self from the gallows, either in this world or the next, is to keep away from the pulpit.

My dear George, the first pipe-full is now smoked out, I hope the foreshadowing of a smile is playing round your countenance, and if you will just go to the drawer and fill up again, we will have a little more talk about men and things. Tileston is here with me;—he works he says harder than he ever did before in his life, and with very good success. For myself I am having the best possible time which a body can have. I like the work and my articles are liked by the editors. I like speaking French, walking Broadway, and studying the great and many-sided world of New York from different points of view. I doubt if I ever leave here. . . . I take only one paper and that is the London Punch, and I am never impious enough to say anything religious, and seldom foolish enough to say anything at all. Such is my attitude, state, and condition, as one of our voluminous cyclopædists who has got his walking ticket would be likely to phrase it. . . . I am inclined to believe, with Plato, that a man should fall in with the prevalent religion of his time or, if he can't, it is his misfortune and he should hold his tongue. Morality and philosophy are different things and rest on scientific bases. There is great sublimity about Orthodox Christianity (not the caricature of it which Cambridge is inclined to hold up), which needs only to be seen from the same distance as the Greek religion to be admired. However, excuse this parting theological thrust. I am henceforth going to turn my attention to other things and take care of nobody's religion but my own. . . .

New York, 1857.

To his Father.

. . . The writing has gone considerably ahead of the printing and the publishers therefore stop paying anything or, at least, much more, for the writing till the printing catches up. I expected, of course, to be thrown out of busi-

ness, as all the rest of the writers have been. But Mr. Ripley tells me now that some of the old articles have to be rewritten, and that he can keep me at work. I am sure that my work suits the editors very well. When I first came I received only small articles, but of late there has been no one in the room who received so many heavy articles as I. The articles of chief importance are, however, written by men over the country eminent in different departments.

During two days of this week we had nothing to do—no subjects being given out, yet I did not waste my time but wrote the most of an article for Harper's Magazine. . . .

New York, September 14, 1857.

To his Brother.

. . . I am very glad to think of you as beginning now to act for yourself more entirely than when you were at home, and though you may perhaps still look forward to the time when you shall be making your career in the world, yet I think it will be your later judgment that your public life has already begun, and that your conduct, your time and the right direction of your energies are, from the day you enter college, just as important as they will be at any other period of your life. I know too well how you have been brought up at home and what your character is to have any doubts of what your college character will be, but perhaps it may be well for me to suggest to you that it is the easiest thing in the world for a person who takes no false step in college, who never shows any weakness to temptation, to pass through with the utmost uprightness of conduct and the greatest respect of all; but it is one of the most difficult things for a person who takes one false step not to take another, or for any one to reform in college. I say this not for yourself, for I am sure you do not need it, but for your influence upon others.

. . . I shall be glad to hear how you like every thing at Brunswick, how you like Demonsthenes, and whether

you are able to see from his orations that he was perhaps the greatest orator that ever lived,—showing his greatness in the very simplicity of statement which he attained to. Probably you will like his orations better when you look back upon them than when first reading them. . . .

Yesterday I was reading Pope's "Dunciad," and the conclusion of it struck me as one of the most powerful and splendid things in the English language.

New York, September 14, 1857.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . I continue my writing here with a good deal of industry and if I may judge from all indications am satisfying my employers. I never before felt so much the lack of time for my own private studies, for reading Greek or German, which have no relation to my present work. At Brunswick, Gardiner and Cambridge I had abundance of such leisure time, but it is difficult to find it here. I work steadily from morning till night and only take an occasional hour for reading anything but what I am writing about. . . .

I practice French conversation here a good deal, and can speak French without difficulty, so far as is needed for ordinary conversation, but if I attempt to tell a story without preparing it beforehand, I am very likely to have to be helped through it. . . .

New York, September 23, 1857.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

You are settled and are in the midst of leisure—leisure compared with the life of most men, for no other class or order of men deal so much with the contemplative as the clergy, and yet you send from your study no beam of the higher light down into the New York darkness of your friend's mind. I beg you to drop me a small pastoral line, one according to the instincts of your character, which shall shine like a truth of philosophy and warm like a truth of poetry. In my many aberrations I fear I may have said some things

which I shall more and more disapprove of the longer I live; but without regard to anything speculative whatsoever, let me say now, as one of the facts which is independent of all theories, that I consider you the most delightful and hopeful of all the young clergymen in the country—the one who has the most philosophical thoughts, the most humane and worthy feelings, and the most noble purposes. After having fired out of my dungeon at Cambridge all sorts of shots in your direction for the last two years it is but fair that now, in begging a peace, I should inform you that those shots were fired as much as half to clear out the gun. I can see how I might have been a savage sectarian almost without knowing it—but the danger is past and Richard is himself again. You will, therefore, if you wish to get a conception of my present character, please return to the time of my senior year and graduation, for such am I now, and I have derived from my last year's study only a few items of knowledge. My heart never throve at Cambridge as it did at Bowdoin, as it does in New York. Probably no other person but me will ever be able to see how through all my conduct *one* increasing purpose has run, and how it was with the same motive I admired the Greek tragedies, purposed to be a minister, and now purpose a mingled life of authorship and bread-earning in New York City.

That in my Cambridge letters to you I said much of truth I have no doubt, but if you and I could strike to the bottom every time, instead of seeing only the superficies, my own opinion is that we should be marvelously near together. So now, old Spalding, put away any idea of me as a sky-blue half-infidels, but believe me just as near to being a true disciple as I ever was, for I assure you I never was a truer or warmer-hearted man than now, and never cared more for you, no, not when you used to discuss fiction with me in preparation of one of your parts and when I used to regard you as a tall demi-god.

My coming to New York has proved a success. By slow degrees I have had the pleasure of rising to the level of the first Cyclopædia writers they can find. The best young authors of this vicinity are at work on the Cyclopædia—from G. W. Curtis to H. W. Herbert¹—and though of course they can write better than I, yet the fact that some articles of first importance are given to me proves that I am not regarded as much inferior. For instance S. T. Coleridge has been given to me. I have sent an article to the new Atlantic Monthly, not much expecting, however, that it will be accepted, and I purpose to come as near to doing justice to the faculties God has given me as the infirmities of my human will admit. . . .

New York, September 24, 1857.

To his Brother.

You must pardon, to the fact that I write so much that I hate to touch a pen when not forced to it, my delay in answering your letter. I confess to having a little of the old Society feeling left, and to have felt pleasure in hearing that you were going to join the Psi U. I was a savage society man in college, probably too much so. You will probably find some of your intimate friends without the bounds of the Psi U, and I recommend being just without being severe on other societies, always remembering, however, your first duty to Psi U.

During the last month I have written myself *dry*, and must go through a course of reading before I can write anything more either in the Cyclopædia or correspondence. . . .

New York, September 25, 1857.

To his sister Isabel.

I have more than I can do, and though most of my articles are easy there is sometimes one given me that I hardly feel competent for. For instance, I have on my hands now

¹Henry William Herbert.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Such articles are extremely interesting to write, but rather hazardous.

. . . Have you heard of the new Magazine (the Atlantic)? What foolish thing do you suppose I did the first day I saw the advertisement? I had about finished an article intended for Harper, but sent it straight, without any name, however, to the Atlantic. It will probably be respectfully declined, in which case it will go to some lower magazine, and I shall have another one, already commenced, ready for the Atlantic. I intend to be a thorn in the flesh of the new Magazine till I get into it. Possibly, however, I may not succeed after all, but I shall at least give them an opportunity to decline my articles. It would be foolhardy if it were not that I like to refresh myself by writing light pieces, and, if I can make them good enough for the Atlantic, would prefer to have them there. . . .

New York, Sunday, 1857.

To his Father.

. . . I value property as little as anybody, but I think a great deal about your having too many cares at your age. I should be glad to hear what you think the prospect is in Portland, and whether you feel easy about your business. My place here is certain to me beyond a doubt. . . . During the last ten days I have not worked evenings, but if there were occasion I could earn quite a sensible sum each week, and would like to work with all my might here if it will relieve you at home of any anxiety. This may all seem very unnecessary to you, and I shall be glad to hear that it is so, but yet if there is any hard work to be done till times get easy again I want to know of it and to bear my share of it. . . .

New York, October 12, 1857.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . I received father's letter this afternoon, and am glad to hear that the prospect in Portland is somewhat

better than it is here. But it is quite terrible in New York. Men who are worth half-a-million have to suspend payment because no amount of property will command ready money. Men and women are being thrown out of employment by hundreds. . . .

My health is excellent, especially as I have not worked very hard of late. It seems to be rather the purpose of the editors to keep us along so as not to lose us than to give us all we can do. Two or three half days last week I had no subjects. If I find that I cannot get work for all my time in any other way, I shall propose to them to give me all I can do, but let me take my pay in books, for all I earn over a certain amount. They had rather pay a dollar and half in books than a dollar in money. I have no doubt that matters will soon be easier. . . .

Oldtown, October 12, 1857.

From Rev. John F. Spalding.

Had you not prescribed to me the sort of letter I should write you would probably have had an answer to your letter long ago. I do not feel competent to give you a "pastoral line" "which shall shine like a truth of Philosophy and warm like a truth of poetry," nor do I think this at all "according to the instincts of my character," and all your other compliments are lavished a little too profusely. Nevertheless your letter, like all your former letters, did me much good. I was particularly gratified at the spirit it displayed. I will only say that any regard you may have ever felt, or still feel for me, has ever been and still is, most heartily reciprocated. Your theological views and the negations you have so earnestly opposed to my positive system, have aroused in me strong feelings of antagonism thereto. But, however erroneous I may have regarded any of your opinions, I never felt the less kindly towards yourself. I hope there is none of the bitter sectarian spirit in me. The whole system of my Church is opposed to sectarianism. It could receive this day into its broad fold every member of

the various sects called orthodox, though it be evident that some of them be very far from being truly orthodox. All shades of opinion consistent with the belief in Christianity are represented in it, from the Broad Church to the "Puseyite" and the "Evangelical"—both misnomers by the way. It is comprehensive. It is a Church, not a sect. It does not compel a man to think just so on "election" or "free will" or "immersion," or temperance, or slavery—its creed being simply "the Apostles." Nor do I think there is any more sectarianism in my composition than in my Church. I never will proscribe a man for his opinions. He has a right to them if he think them right. I will fellowship him just as cordially as a friend, while at the same time I may do my best to maintain my own views wherein they are opposed to his. Charity does not belong to opinions but to feelings. It is a false view of charity that you have got to agree with every body. There is no necessary want of charity in defending at all hazards what you believe to be the truth. Charity belongs to the spirit in which you maintain your opinions. It is the love you ought to have towards men as men and as brethren.

I am glad to hear you are succeeding so well. You are in your element, no doubt. I should like very much to see your article on Coleridge. . . . I hope you will continue in an employment you like so well and are so well fitted for. It is better for you than preaching. I rejoice at your resolution to do justice as nearly as possible to the faculties God has given you, for I know that in this respect God has endowed you very liberally. I haven't the slightest doubt that you would write a much better article on Coleridge than either of the ambitious young authors you have named—so go ahead and God bless you.

New York, October 15, 1857.

To his Brother.

. . . For three days I have been trying to find a history

of the crisis in 1837 so that I might learn the present by the past, but have failed, and I have not studied the laws of commerce and trade enough to understand the late extraordinary excitement. One merchant offered \$500,000 bonus, besides ample security, for money enough to take him through the month of November, and yet had to fail. I never saw so much painful interest in any community as there was among New Yorkers day before yesterday. The banks were breaking, people thrown out of employment by hundreds, men of wealth reduced to poverty by dozens, and everybody felt blue, or else their looks belied them. The banks having all suspended specie payment, things are easier now, and, so long as people can make themselves believe that irredeemable bills are just as good as gold, will continue easier. However it isn't probable that anybody will see a gold piece again before next spring, and silver will be a rare article. You doubtless have seen that, with hardly an exception, the banks went over like a pile of bricks working by telegraph. . . .

I probably do not work so hard here as you think; for, it being in the nature of things absolutely impossible for a man to write original pieces continually day after day all the time, I vary my time by reading, which is a change and relaxation. Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop is the best of any of his books that I have read.

New York.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . Will you please tell me where you preach, whether you preach Parkerian, Hedgian or Huntingtonian phases of religion, they being the only three phases possible to Unitarianism, and also whether you wear that peculiar black coat? I feel much as if I should like to see you.

I had a long talk with Prof. Hitchcock, near a week since, and have rather changed my mind about the clergy. With all their faults and all their members that deserve hanging

they are yet a race of great thinkers and the leaders of the mind of the people—excepting only the philosophers who come one in a century and say a word or two which shapes the whole succeeding century. I congratulate you on having some of those ideas to work out which are at present haunting the consciousness of the age.

New York, November 6, 1857.

To his Mother.

. . . I am at present about the only writer for the Cyclopædia excepting one learned German who writes articles on scientific subjects. Mr. Bing¹ no longer writes and though Mr. Tileston is with me the same as ever, he writes only a little. The first volume is going through the press and every day there is some article for me to mend or write over entirely. Day before yesterday the editors rejected the articles which they had received on Queen Anne and Anne Boleyn of England and got me to re-write them. The first volume will however, be through the press in about a week, and then if they go immediately on with the second I shall not be able to go home, for in return for the editors having kept me when they dismissed the others I certainly ought to do what I can for them and be always at hand. If, however, there should be an interval between the first and second volumes then I shall be able and shall certainly come home.

New York, November 17, 1857.

To his sister Elisabeth.

Though it is not altogether certain that the Cyclopædia will be kept along through the winter, they are at least going to try to do it. If it fails I shall take a list of subjects and come home, for it is certain that the Cyclopædia will go on in the spring, and I could wait till then for my pay and keep working meantime. I think Mr. Ripley will keep me along

¹Mr. Julius Bing.

to the end if I choose, though I am about the only young man who has had faithfulness and good judgment enough in compiling articles to suit them long. I am familiarly known in the room and always addressed by Mr. Ripley as the Rev. Dr. Symonds—and he says that I am the only representative of universal knowledge that he has at present under him. Others are great in particular departments, but I am the only man who is equally ready and qualified to write everything that comes along. . . .

New York.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . The value of time is rather more manifest here to me than it ever has been before, and I shall try to derive the greatest possible advantage out of every day, week and month from this time till August, when I shall see you or be much disappointed. I am this morning doing up two Greek subjects, the Eleatic sect and Miss Electra, and stopped to write you a letter because I was dozing:—and, having waked up, shall proceed to regular business. Yesterday I wrote on Ear-Rings—collected all the learning there is on the subject. Mr. Ripley, however, scratched out one sentence which he was afraid took a sectarian view of the subject, which was contrary to the principles of the Cyclopædia.

New York, 1857.

To his Sister.

. . . The first volume is printed, and we are writing on the fifth. Now Mr. Bing and I, the only remaining members of the whole company of writers, have concluded, being so much ahead of the printing, that we two can alone write all the articles that will be written by any but the most distinguished writers of the country—that is, all the articles that will be written in the office here—all the small articles. To do this we shall have to keep close to work, and as we don't want anybody else here with us we are

going to try it, and have been trying it. You tell me you fear I am working hard enough to hurt my health—but the very constitution of the mind prevents my being able to do that. It would be curious to note all the experiments I have made since I came here upon how much work I can by any possibility get out of my mind. First I worked all the hours I could get every day—but the result was that I did well on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, but poorly and increasingly poorly on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Then after about four weeks my mind came to a dead halt, and for a few days would not go on at any rate. No exertions of mine could make it do any work at all till it had got over a fit of obstinacy. This order of things I repeated a few times, and not being satisfied tried another. I determined to commence and work harder as long as the mind would go and when it stopped give it a day or so to rest. In this way I sometimes made six dollars a day, but found that the mind was very much inclined to take a yard when you offered it an ell, and that it was difficult to make it work more than every other day. After sundry other trials I have settled upon my present mode, which seems to be the best I can do. I am boarding in a very nice French family in a fine part of the town. Meals at eight in the morning and six in the evening. I take nothing between, and find that a hearty dinner at six o'clock and nothing after it agrees with me in my present occupation better than any other arrangement. I work uninterruptedly from nine till four or five and that is just as much steady composition as my mind will submit to. Evenings I read on some article for the next day or something else, and generally talk a little French. Every few weeks, even under this arrangement, I have to give up writing for a day or two. So the mind regulates itself in this affair—and I never was better every way than during the last five weeks since I took my present boarding-place. You need not, I hope you see, have any fear of my doing enough to hurt my health, for it is

simply impossible. The writing for the Cyclopædia has to be very carefully done, and requires my best faculties—and I can't do it when I am not in my best condition. Yet I think I never wasted less time in my life than I do now, and when I can't do one thing am sure to have something else to do. I begin to fancy remaining in New York till I see the end of the Cyclopædia.

New York, 1857.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I have read "Vanity Fair" and neither like it nor approve of it. It is written with an unintermittent venom and with great ability—but it does as little credit to the author as the characters do to human nature. It is the only apology for it that it may be tolerably true to one side of English society. Thackeray has only two types either of men or women. If he makes them intellectual he makes them villains. If he makes them virtuous he makes them fools. Warrington in Pendennis (and perhaps Ethel) is the only exception to that remark in his three principal novels, and is altogether the best character that Thackeray has ever produced.

If I was educating a young person I should not want him to read Thackeray's works. The kindly sunnyside views of Dickens are much better. You will put up with so much dogmatic criticism from me I hope, since my letters have been in general anything but literary. . . .

New York.

To his sister Elisabeth.

I shall put into the office to-morrow morning Punch, the Atlantic, and a copy of the Crayon. The Crayon is for Rachel who I think likely is at home this week. It contains an article on Wieland, written by Mr. Bing, in which she will be interested. . . . The first volume of the Cyclopædia is out and generally well received by the press. . . . In the first volume of seven hundred fifty-two

pages I have written only thirty-one pages. This is but a small proportion of my whole work, for I commenced fairly only with the letter C. Among my articles in this volume are those on Alcibiades, Alison, Archibald (father and son), Anatolia and Anniversary. Mr. Bing and I have the office now all to ourselves except when the editors are in, and excepting one man who does small geographical articles. Mr. Ripley was surprised the other day by discovering a new talent in me, viz.: an acquaintance with botany—and the second volume will have specimens of my botanical learning, in the articles Asparagus and Asphodel.

Father is mistaken in supposing that I exhaust myself every day. I do all I can only in a single direction, viz.: writing—but I am fresh in the evening for a good deal of lighter labor. I wish all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

New York, 1857.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . I am thinking now of changing my programme slightly for the next year or two. The editors of the Cyclopædia will give me as many articles as I can write for the work, wherever I am. I have therefore gone to studying theology again—under Prof. Hitchcock, who you know is here—and purpose to go back to Cambridge next summer, as late as the officers there will allow, and graduate with my class, and then after that, write as much for the Cyclopædia as my other duties will permit. I am a sufficiently savage Unitarian, but yet like Prof. Hitchcock so well that I feel myself fortunate in having him to direct somewhat my studies. I attend his lectures to the classes of the theological school. I devote the evenings now to study, seldom going out after supper. . . .

New York City.

To Mr. James Lewis Hatch.

I am bound to write you a little letter to-night, though I tumble into sleep or an apoplexy before I finish it. I have

been working *hard* here—making the most possible out of the brains God has given me and twenty-four hours a day. The result has been to get into good favor with everybody that I have tried to please, and especially with the editors of the Cyclopædia. I know my work suits them, for first they tell me so, and secondly they give me heavy articles to write. I am the youngest in a company where all are men of pretension, yet no other one during the past week has had so many important articles as myself—and this though I commenced with the least things on the docket.

New York.

To his Sister.

I feel a little like boasting when I look back on my past five months in New York. In the first place I have read just about as much theology as I should have done at Cambridge, and have attended and taken notes of one full course of lectures by Prof. Hitchcock. Then I have read and re-read almost the whole of Molière, who I think is the best author of France, excepting perhaps Mme. de Stael. Then I have written French till I can dispatch a letter in something that approaches to the French language, about as fast as I can an English letter. Then I have seen several of the most eminent literary men of this country—whom probably I never should have seen but for this opportunity. Then I have learned a good deal about national characteristics by seeing men from all countries. These are advantages which I might never have enjoyed had I not come to New York.

1858.

New York.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . I am some days troubled here with a most invincible laziness, but generally use my time better than I have before been accustomed to. I read Italian two hours every Sunday with my friend, Mr. Bing. In German I am reading Nathan der Weise—and French I have renounced

for the present. During the last week I have written a number of philosophical articles, among which was one on the Eleatic School. Mr. Ripley has given me the full index of subjects and allows me to take my choice. I have to take those on which I can write at a gallop, rather than those which would require most elaboration. Occasionally, however, I indulge myself in as good an article as I can write. You mention about my returning to Cambridge. I am really in quite a quandary as to whether to graduate with my class or stay here and write to the end of the *Cyclopædia*.

New York, February, 1858.

To his Sister.

I send a *Punch* to-day. Your letter with mother's reached me several days ago—but as I had something of a feverish habit about me I concluded to wait till I got over it before answering you. I had a relapse into fever enough to put me out of temper, keep me idle and shivering, and to give a thirst which Croton river was not enough to satisfy. However, I kept up and about, and you need not have any fears about me, for I assure you that no doctor could watch his patient more closely than I did myself, and if I had not seen plainly that I was going to get the best of it and not be sick I should have started straight for home. It is bad enough to be idle in New York, but it would be exceedingly unprofitable to be sick here. . . . I have plenty of friends here both in the house and out, and mother may be sure that I do not go bare-footed. Please do not announce to my friends in Portland that I have had two editions of the malignant typhus fever.

You ask me about my returning to Cambridge, and I hope you will not be sorry when I say that I have concluded to write for the *Cyclopædia* to its very end. This will, without doubt, secure to me an honorable mention in the preface to the final volume, which will be something, especially as I shall probably be the youngest man who has had any per-

manent connection with the work. But the chief motive is the advantage of a New York life, which to a young man is the next best thing after having a fortune to spend in traveling. My remaining studies at Cambridge will not be long.

My work on the *Cyclopædia* is unusually interesting of late. I write just what articles I choose to select from the whole list of subjects, and am now on the letter F. . . .

New York, 1858.

To his Brother.

. . . I am glad to hear that you are reading French. Every year it is becoming more necessary for a man to know French and German, for first in the large cities there are so many persons of those nations that it is a great convenience to talk their language, and secondly the number of American men who know those languages is increasing every day, and French and German books are coming more and more into practical use in all the professions. All that you learn of them now you will not have to learn when you are older and your time is more valuable for something else. The number of naturalized voters in the city of New York a little exceeds that of American voters. The largest foreign element is the German. If it be true that the mixed races have always been the great and conquering races, what a race the American must be at some future day! But if I had my time to spend over again at your age the one thing in particular that I would do would be to read the old, dry, solid histories. Macaulay is a splendid, flashy story-teller, but his style, after all, is not so pure as that of Hume, and you do not find that compression and strong common-sense which there are in many of the older and less read histories. You can read a novel all your life long on a sick or a rainy day, and besides, with reference to most of the novels, it is not of much importance whether you read them or not—though a man should not be entirely ignorant of anything—but the principles and great events of history cannot be too

well known, and you can never fix them, especially the events, so well as now. Just look on your map of the world, and think of all the countries into which it is divided, think of how many centuries every one of those countries has flourished, then of how many things have been done, and how many men, great and small, have lived in every one of those centuries—and your amount of actual knowledge on the subject must seem very small. It is something to understand the bearings of Douglas's speech, but think how many things of equal importance have been done since the beginning of the world. Then to trace the progress of the race from its cradle in central Asia; how the nations have migrated; how civilization has succeeded civilization; how "westward the course of empire takes its way"—Oriental, Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, modern European—all that presents field enough for you to commence quick if you ever expect to get deep into it. The conclusion of all this talk is that this winter vacation is a fine time to read the best books you can lay your hand on, which you doubtless knew and have acted upon before. Still, the longer you live the more important I think it will seem to you to have learned a lot of dry facts in your childhood. You will find use enough for them. The continental scholars say that our country has the smallest number both of very ignorant and very learned men of any country in the world. I am afraid I have tired you with this long letter about things which you know just as well as I do—and I haven't the slightest doubt that you are making the most of your time and opportunities and also that you know how to make the most of them. . . .

Cambridge, Mass., June 11, 1858.

From Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . Yours is one of those exceptional natures which gravitate toward the life of a recluse and, as I said to you while there, your present situation encourages that unfortunate peculiarity, and therefore I hope you won't conclude to

continue in it. I am of the opinion that the best thing for yourself would be by and by to change your course, rejoin the school, graduate and become—no, not become a minister, as I set out to say,—but preach to the people: this, I say, will be best for yourself, and furthermore, liberal theology needs you, and you will do a much greater work here than there. If, as you say, and as I have often thought lately myself, this country is to be Roman Catholic or Free Church, every one who feels an interest and has a strong, fine mind should give himself to the work. Or, looking at it in another way, it is a splendid thing to be one of the leaders in a great world-fight; for I believe the fight will not be limited to this country. I hope you will deliver that oration. Come out, get more of the world into you—not into your head, but into your heart—and by and by you will make a worthy successor of Hedge with the *Christian Examiner*. Nevertheless, go your own gait and God bless you.

New York.

To Mr. John B. Tileston.

. . . The first volume gets some small blows, but on the whole has been well received thus far. The *Herald* is said to be preparing a crusher, and is only waiting for all the other papers to pick out all the errors so that it may bring them together. The article in the *Boston Post* gave the editors great delight.

There is a great article on Atheism, for the second volume. The way it puts Fichte and Hegel among the atheists would surprise divinity students. It is the combined product of Brownson (O. A.) and Ripley—and I agree with a remark of Ripley that it makes atheism quite respectable. Bing says it only needs to be complete to put Jesus Christ in its list of atheists. . . .

New York, 1858.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

Why should not I write a little letter to my spiritual friend

—quondam metaphysician and heaven-defying speculator? What the devil are you doing, Old Spalding? In what Platonic ideas are you at this moment swathed, and what kind of stubborn facts are you bumping your head and stubbing your toes against? Have you made every man, woman and child, horse, sheep and cow within ten miles of you a Christian? You say the priests are the successors of Plato and Aristotle—what Platonic or Aristotelian things did you preach last Sunday morning? . . . Why don't you fall back on philosophy and pronounce your wisest thinkers, your sublimest poets, your grandest artists, the true religious teachers of men? Why don't you build a temple to Jupiter Olympus which it shall be esteemed a great misfortune to any man not once to have seen? Why don't you put wisdom into a colossal Athene so that men can see its divinity, and give up all your theological talk? Don't you know that as a general rule the intellectual men of New York City do not go to church? Don't you know that culture in its various forms has taken from the clergy all their influence in the formation of human destiny? Don't you know that among the smallest men in any community are the clergymen, always excepting those who have not practised clergymancy ten years, since it takes that time for the process of dwindling to perfect itself? Don't you know that the mediæval ages are passed, and that it is now the nineteenth century? And don't you know that the nineteenth century is almost universally irreligious, where it is not hypocritical nor a fool—in your sense of the word religion? Yet, my good friend, you need not despair—for you may be sure that intellect, which is the god of the best and the only influential men of the time, will bring everything through all right—will knock your old church first into a recognized superstition and then into a nonentity—will drive away the long Christian chaos, and will lift into being the new realm of ideas and of art. In spite of the paradox, I yet expect a great deal from you, old fellow, in the department to which

you have devoted yourself, and fondly hope that by some miracle you may be as honest and as intellectual a man as you would have been had you undertaken any other employment on God's earth. . . .

My dear John, I have heard once or twice from you through my friends—and shall write you occasionally a nonsensical letter, not so often, though, nor so seriously as I would like to, if the burden of my thoughts were not upon matters of the Cyclopædia. Please answer me at once, at once after receiving this—but do not answer any one of my questions nor disprove any one of my assertions—for I could commence and do it myself within a hair just as you would. You shall have liberty, too, to say any wisdom or folly that you please unchallenged. I have worked hard here, boarded in a French house till I talk French tolerably—and am now in a German house. In fact, I never worked before as I have for a few months past. Shall hope to see you next summer, and meantime send you my kindest regards and sincere interest in you and all that unto you appertaineth.

New York.

To his Brother.

I have received both your letters and am glad to think of you as again at your college studies. You must be careful to keep up your strong physical frame—because you will find it to be true in a great many circumstances that the man who has got the most body has got the most mind, too. Keep yourself fundamentally sound and tough in body—so that you may be prepared to stand as much as Lord Brougham did, who is fabled to have gone through a whole session of Parliament working uninterruptedly from Monday noon till Friday night—and sleeping unbrokenly from Friday night till Monday noon.

I read three volumes of Grote—but many cares made me give it up then. It is not possible nor natural for a Yankee student to read patiently volume after volume, like

the Germans. A Yankee, after reading three volumes of Grote, is rather inclined to guess the rest.

I fancy you did not get much edification out of my Alcibiades. It had to be written at a gallop—when the printer's boy was waiting for it. I began to write fairly only with the letter C—and in the C's shall have one or two articles that satisfy me very well—and a larger number in the subsequent letters. Yesterday I wrote an account of Fairfax, the parliamentary general in the civil wars of Charles the First's reign, which I think will be interesting.

I presume you do not altogether lose sight of politics. The President is playing a high game, but he commands a good deal of respect from all parties. He is evidently bound to put Lecompton through, or acknowledge himself beat.

I am reading a valuable history—The History of the Spanish Conquest of America—by Arthur Helps.

New York, February 18, 1858.

To his Father.

I had a pleasant piece of work to do last week in writing the life of Mr. Bancroft and an account of his history for the coming volume of the Cyclopædia. He himself gave me original papers, and Mr. Ripley says that my article is not only the fullest but the best written account of him that has ever appeared. Mr. Bancroft was in the Cyclopædia office the next day after the Academy of Music was shut against his meeting, hopping round like a parched pea. Last night the meeting was held, and he presided.

New York.

To Mr. John B. Tileston.

. . . It is hard to keep up to your old standpoint of energy—but yet I make commonplace book quotations from French in all I read, translating as I copy, then in three days translating back into French and correct by the book. Bing and I read Italian and German together every Sunday three

hours—Don Carlos in German—Ultimo Lettere di Jacopo Ortis in Italian. Have read two of Balzac's novels—but he uses so many strange words that I get disgusted. Talk French with Bing occasionally, but conclude that the language has not yet been formed in which I am to excel as a talker, therefore aspire only to write French, German and Italian perfectly. The Cyclopædia moves on apace.

New York, February 24, 1858.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

If I had time I would like to spend it in writing letters to my spiritual friend. But the New American Cyclopædia is resting on my shoulders at present—I being the chief, almost the only, writer—and I cannot find spare moments to confer with the divine youth who is trying to beat the devil out of Augusta. However, I have accounts from you at Portland—and good ones, too. According to Lizzie everybody there was pleased both with you and your sermons. . . .

New York is boiling, bubbling and simmering in a revival of pure religion—of the genuine divine madness. The fairest saints crowd the morning, midday and evening prayer-meetings. Wall Street brokers rush in from their offices to get a whiff of the divine blast. New York is going it strong in this way, and it presents new phenomena for my observation. It is curious that the religion is hottest not in the lowest but the highest circles—among millionaires and their wives and sons and daughters, all of whom are getting themselves baptized. There are prayer meetings three times a day at almost every corner of the street, and in the upper part of the town these meetings present about as good a show as the opera. Psalm tunes are sung by voices that have been trained to Italian music, crinoline topples itself over to pray and satin rises to make an exhortation. It is a great time.

I shall have two good articles in the second volume—one on George Bancroft—the historian—to whom I have been

introduced and with whom I had a few minutes conversation—and the other on Beauty, a rather important article.

New York.

To his sister Rachel.

You noticed that I came within one letter of getting my name into the newspapers in very good company. The editors probably gave those names, and I did not expect to be mentioned as I had done but little in the first volume. It is possible that after the publication of later volumes some of my articles may attract particular notice—though hardly probable. I wrote the article on George Bancroft which will be in the second volume, to be issued in three weeks, and also the article on Beauty, a difficult and important subject which caused me immense labor. You will be surprised at the amount of learning which the writer of that article seems to possess. After my article on Bancroft had been sent to that gentleman for perusal he called at the office, Mr. Ripley gave me an introduction to him, and I had a few minutes' conversation with him.

I have just finished *Le Pere Goriot* of Balzac, the best of French novelists, I think, though this is not one of his best novels. I am reading Italian and German in company with Mr. Bing—in German, *Don Carlos*.

New York.

To his Brother.

It is probable that I may do some of my writing in Portland and Brunswick before the *Cyclopædia* is finished, but at present I stop here. I have written a few rather important articles lately—for instance that on Beauty: but you will have to practise metaphysics under Prof. Upham some time before you will be able to see anything but nonsense in it.

Do you read a novel ever? If so, I think you would find "*Guy Livingstone*" a remarkable book. It is written by somebody of great scholarship and has very fine allusions, classical and otherwise. . . .

I am reading of the tremendous times of the French revolution. How those Frenchmen acted!


New York, 1858.

To his Father.

I have gratified a perhaps idle curiosity in looking up as much of the history of the names Symonds and Jordan as I could find near at hand. I do not lay great value on pedigrees, but still it may perhaps be as interesting to you as it is to me to find our own names and doubtless our ancestors living and taking part among men several centuries back, and interested in the events of their times as we are interested in ours.

The period between now and the arrival of whatsoever Symonds and Jordan came first from the Old World is the darkest. Both of the names appear a few times in Colonial history, but there is not enough known as yet to trace any family connection. As there is much investigation at present into the emigration and delations of the Colonial families, one monthly magazine being almost solely devoted to collecting information on the subject, it is probable that in a few years we may know more about it.

Skipping then America and beginning with England—the oldest mention of a Symonds that I find is that of John Symonds of Cornwall, who was member of Parliament in 1388. This family has kept the same estate and a pedigree from that time to the present, and its present representative is William Symonds of Halt House, near Saltash, in Cornwall, whose grandfather, also a William Symonds, was High Sheriff of Cornwall in 1735. This family was spoken of in the fourteenth century as one of antiquity and influence in Cornwall, and claims to have come over from France with William the Conqueror in 1066. A branch of this family has resided in Devonshire since the reign of Charles II, when a younger member of it, also named William, eloped thither with Agnes, only daughter and heir of Rev. Christopher



Jelinger, who is described as an "eminent writer and divine." William predominates in this family, but there is also a Peter, a merchant and alderman of Plymouth, who died in 1787—and a George, the present proprietor of Chaddlewood Castle, in Devonshire. The arms inscribed on the shield of both branches of this family are: "pale, countercharged three trefoils." The crest is "an ermine, on a mount, holding in his mouth a trefoil"; and the motto is "Simplex munditiis," which may be interpreted "with simple tastes, though in the midst of wealth." To understand about the arms and crest some acquaintance with heraldry would be necessary.

There is a widely extended Symonds family in Norfolk County, now represented by Rev. James Symonds of Great Ormesby, who is grandson of Nathaniel Symonds, Esq. This family has borne its arms since the reign of Henry VII (1485). Whether before or not is uncertain, but there is record that that monarch recognized their arms, which are a "dolphin naiant embowered, devouring a fish," at the beginning of his reign. The motto is one not to be recommended, "Rectus in curvo," which seems to mean that a crooked means justifies a right end.

There is another family in Dorsetshire, whose arms were granted to them to Thomas Symonds by Queen Elizabeth in 1587. The arms are "two fireballs slipped with trefoils." The crest is a "Moor's arm, embowered, tied at the elbow with ribbons, having a fireball in the hand." The motto is "Non timeo sed caveo," that is, "Cautious but not fearful."

There is another family whose present representative is Thomas George Symonds of Wynde Park, in Herefordshire. This estate was purchased by Richard Symonds, a citizen of London, in 1740. His son Richard was created a baronet in 1774, but upon his death in 1796 the title became extinct, and the property devolved to Thomas Raymond, Esq., a grandson of a sister of the first Richard Symonds, who upon succeeding to the estate took the surname and arms of Symonds. The arms: an "ermineois, pale, countercharged

three trefoils, within a bordure." The crest is a "wolf statant, holding in his mouth a rose, slipped, leaved, and stalked." The motto, "Simplex munditiis."

There is a family of Pengethly in Herefordshire, now represented by Rev. Thomas Powell Symonds. The estate in Pengethly was bought by Robert Symonds, Esq., a London lawyer, in 1686, whose son, also named Robert, became high sheriff of the county. Of this line one named Thomas Powell Symonds was Member of Parliament for Hereford till his death in 1819. There are Thomas and William, both M. D.'s; Joseph and Robert (Joseph still living) in holy orders in the English church, and there is George Clarke Symonds, captain in the 18th Dragoons. The arms are the same as in the Norfolk family.

There are several other families mentioned, but these are those on which I have been able to get most particulars. Now for the Jordans.

The family of Jordan is of Anglo-Norman origin. Jordan de Cantington came over with William the Conqueror in 1066, was one of the leaders in the conquest of Wales from the Britons and Anglo-Saxons, and was the first Norman permanent settler in Wales. In the fourteenth century his descendant, Leonard Jordan, married the heiress of Duple-dale, in Pembrokeshire, and thus acquired that estate, and for two centuries the Jordans were a widely extended and a ruling family in Pembrokeshire. This family became extinct in the male line at the beginning of the present century, but the name still remains, having been adopted by a remote heir named Price who has inherited the estate. The arms are a "lion rampant, between eight cross crosslets." The crest is "three greyhounds courant." The motto I cannot find.

There is another Jordan family in Surrey who have borne their arms from the time of Edward I, in 1272. Their arms were at first a lion rampant, which was exchanged in 1629 by royal permission for a lion sejant, and again subsequently

exchanged for a "demi-lion issuant, resting on the left foot, and holding in the right paw an eagle's head." The crest is an eagle between two bendlets. The present seat of the family is named Charlwood, but the present representative I cannot find. The motto is "Percussa resurgam," "Though struck, I will rise again."

There is another family in Kent, now represented by Rev. Richard Jordan, having the same arms as the preceding.

There is a family of Jordans in Ireland which has borne its arms at least since 1604; its arms are a lion rampant, its crest is "an arm, embowered, holding a dagger," and its motto is "Arte non vi," "Gently, not violently."

There are also several other families of Jordans mentioned.

The sources on which the preceding is founded are chiefly a work on heraldry, and another work on the gentry and nobility of England. The interest connected with those old Symonds and Jordans is not much, but then, so far as the information goes, it is reliable. If we could only trace ourselves back to England we might have all the glory then of tracing the line back to the time of the Crusades. I have been considerably amused in looking up the matter, but fear that you may think it arrant nonsense and too foolish to be interesting.

I received your letter this morning, and was not aware before that you understood French. The mob of New York is not like the people of Portland. Yet I have no doubt that the revival is doing some permanent and much momentary good. I have attended one of the crowded mid-day meetings, at which I had my pocket picked of a handkerchief.

New York.

To his Sister.

. . . The second volume of the Cyclopædia is out. It does not have my article on Beauty, which is forty pages into the third volume, and is I think the best piece I have ever

written. What you say about my writing at home is true, and I shall try to avail myself of it next winter, but you must remember that the Cyclopædia is mainly written up to the sixth volume, the other writers are stopped, and Mr. Bing and myself are allowed to write just because we are needed at hand to assist the editors. Therefore for the present it is a choice between writing here and not writing at all.

New York.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

It gives me much pleasure to think of you as about to be a pastor at Augusta. . . . I adhere to the old superstition that in the civilized division of labor it falls to the minister to mind chiefly the things of the higher life and another world. He should speak the things of Heaven in the name of Heaven. If I ever have a pastor I want him to be a better man than I am. I want him to be above frivolities, and be able to console me when I lose a sister or a child. I want him to be a holy man, to be inspired with some different spirit from what I am, and to be able to speak words which I shall remember and experience the truth of as I come near to death. I will go to Aristotle for my politics and poetics, I will cuss in this wicked world the whole week, but when I go to church I want to be raised into a higher atmosphere, and to be told as good a story of divine love and divine order as the simple heart of the minister can furnish me. In this respect I do not believe I am peculiar—on the contrary, I believe mankind is about like me. If religion does not stand on a higher plane than anything else there is no chance for it. Humanly founded, it would be trampled under foot of men in a minute. In most of your ideas and purposes on going to Augusta I have no doubt I fully sympathize. If I were you I would preach old sermons, printed sermons, or read selections from my library very often in my pulpit. I would write no faster than I had the thought ready made. But I do not know whether you

agree with me that you should be one of God's peculiar men with a peculiar mission, and that even your laughs should have divinity in them. . . .

New York, 1858.

To his Sister.

. . . It is altogether possible that in the course of my career here I may be offered a position in commerce, or made clerk of a bank, or secretary to the new Pacific railroad, or keeper of the Astor Library, or to succeed Bennett in editing the *Herald*, or possibly be elected to Congress. If any such proposals as the above were made to me I might very probably, if I thought they were complimentary to me, inform you of them—but it does not follow at all that a man is going to do everything which anybody else would like to have him do. The conversation of Mr. Ripley with me was only a precautionary step. He wished me to be aware that he could give me what, as the world goes, is understood to be a very good position, and requested me to talk further with him about it before I got ready to go back to Cambridge. There will be nothing more said or done about it for nearly two years, when, if I can contrive to get the position of foreign correspondent for the *Tribune*, at sufficient salary, I shall take it. If not (and I have no reason to think that such a place will be offered me, for only the literary department has been mentioned), then I shall, probably, go to preaching. . . .

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . "Read some in Comte!" Good gods. Why don't you say you have read the whole of him, sweat over him a-nights, pitched into him head first and heels in the air, chawed on him, damned him because you saw he was wrong but couldn't see how, eaten roast beef and practised gymnastics to get yourself into a stronger frame for the fight! . . . Buckle's History of Civilization is a great work. . . . You are right concerning the superficiality of most heretics.

As a rule they are either sky-bluey skim-milky, or they are hard, sterile, uninteresting, unhumane devils. I give you full leave to blow 'em, and think it will do both parties (both you and them) good. . . . The Cyclopædia is entirely a fine thing. The Americana is not to be compared with it. The entire unsectarianness, not only in religion but in everything else, is one of its features. By unsectarianness is not meant stupidity,—absence of statements of opinions,—but it means simply history not argument. If a man will get up a striking and persuasive argument in favor of changing the dynasty of the universe and elevating the devil (the Cyclopædia would not argue for the devil), the Cyclopædia would give a fair account of it. So in the article on Bishop the Cyclopædia will give a history of the office according to all points of view and will make it interesting and attractive by historical sketches and illustrations. The editors might be just as partial in this way as in any other, but they are not. The work is welcomed by Catholics and by Unitarians, by despots and by red republicans, all of whom find themselves fairly set into history in it. Besides, most of the articles are written with great ability. I have very little work in the first two volumes, so I can speak freely. All articles that are merely sectarian are written by men of the sects interested. You will, I trust, be convalescent shortly and be able to do as worthily as Ambrose, Athanasius, and those other old heroes, in knocking evil on the head. The great evil of this age, however, is stupidity. Where one man is wicked twenty are stupid, and I am sure the latter will go to the hotter place. So rouse up and fight the battles of the Lord against the theologic dunces.

New York, May, 1858.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I sent home a few days ago a paper containing the account of Mr. Herbert's¹ death. He was one of the most interesting of the men accustomed to frequent the Cyclo-

¹W. H. Herbert died May 17, 1858.

pædia office, and, whatever he may have been when angry, he was here always exceedingly mild and courteous. He was the finest Greek scholar in this country, and stood next heir to one of the most exalted peerages in England, which may now go to his son. He was pale and haggard and had rather a romantic look, and his whole life is a mystery. It is certain, however, that he was most unhappy, and he seems to have implored the silence of men only because men did not know the key to his career,—as they certainly do not. His works are, uniformly, of a high character. He was one of the principal contributors to the Cyclopædia,—has written the very best articles that have appeared in it, and was going in a short time to have begun writing again. There is no lot in life exempt from the discipline of suffering. The keenest griefs in the world are, doubtless, those which are felt by the strongest and most highly gifted minds. . . .

To his Brother.

. . . The Cyclopædia will stand fire. It lacks a good deal of being perfect, but it is the best in the English language for popular use. Only the Britannica surpasses it in any way, and that costs over one hundred dollars, and is fit for nobody but scholars. The London Athenæum is horrible, on all new books. It was much severer on the Britannica when that appeared than now on this. You, of course, do not find much time for reading history—but you would find an interesting summary, which would not occupy you long, in Chapter VII of Alison's History of Europe. A single chapter sometimes opens a man's eyes to the leading elements of a large field of history. I think often of you, Josy, and I hope you are preparing yourself resolutely for a career. Independence, moral firmness, and a "decent regard for the feelings of your fellow men" are the essentials to success,—as you will find after you get among men. Anything that I can do to aid your studies both before and after you graduate, you know you can rely on, and you may

be sure that all that a person can learn between sixteen and twenty-five will come into play afterward. . . .

New York, June 20, 1858.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . If the time ever comes when I think I can labor as energetically in the ministry as I am sure I can out of it—that minute I shall become a minister—not before. That oration will be delivered and is going on apace;—subject the Mediæval and the Modern Scholar. At this moment I am in the depths of alchemy, which is a much more funny thing even than theology. Those old alchemists were not men for us to laugh at. Find a man now that will go into his laboratory and devote his whole life to a single experiment and then leave it by will to his son, with minute directions as to the process which will at last come to gold or to the elixir of life! We Unitarians are hunting after the elixir of life, but we don't do it with half so much self-consecration as those old alchemists did.

New York, 1858.

To his Mother.

It has been so warm here for three days past that I concluded yesterday morning to vote myself sick and to go to Portland. To work as I have been accustomed to in such weather as this is out of the question. So I informed Mr. Ripley, and he has since informed me that I shall be paid twenty dollars per week for as much of the hot weather as I stay here, without regard to the amount of my work. He told me not to do anything but have a general oversight of what was going on, and to write nothing at all unless I chose to. The editors feel the hot weather as well as myself and are very glad to have a third pair of eyes to help do their work. I wish I had rebelled sooner. This is a great relief to me, for I have written so much and so constantly that sometimes I have almost wished the alphabet

had never been invented. Besides it will give me time to prepare for Lewiston, which I had begun to think would have to be extemporaneous. . . .

New York, 1858.

To his sister Rachel.

My last year has shown me that it is delusive to expect any sphere in life that will dispense with constant watchfulness, care and labor. Those persons whom, from their positions and achievements, we are most inclined to admire are just as heavily burdened with the weight of life as those who work twelve hours a day to earn a dollar. The hardest worker succeeds over others not only in doing good deeds but in gaining happiness. Every joy and pleasure in this world is best felt by those who have *worked* for them. This perhaps seems a common-place to you, but I never realized till this year how universal the law of labor is, and how much greater a blessing it is to be steadily laborious than to be idle. There is another popular delusion to young minds—and that is that results of any importance are to be obtained in minutes. It takes years even to begin a man's course well, after he has got already started. The advice of every distinguished lawyer to a young lawyer is—"Get your profession and then go to the bottom for ten years. If you have improved your time well you will then be fit to do something." The same advice holds good to men in any intellectual pursuit who desire to do anything that shall have any value,—always excepting men of genius, who are bound by no rules.

New York.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I am more and more strongly inclined to the Unitarian body the longer I live, but feel very much like excommunicating from it all those clergymen who do not pretend to have any religion in particular, but are fond of good society, good dinners, and a good salary. I sympathize more

strongly with the extravagant devotion of the mediæval monks and saints, and with the godly fear of a sincere and pious Calvinist, than with a clergyman who has neither a sacred faith nor religious feelings, nor a spirit of self sacrifice, nor a high purpose ; but who goes into the ministry with as selfish aims as he would into any other sphere in life, and talks of religion from the level of this world's worldliness. My honest advice to such men would be, not to be ministers. They are not qualified to speak on the subject of religion. . . . Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Carpenter, Prof. Hitchcock and Dr. Hedge are the four preachers that I have liked best, and I presume they differ less in opinion than we think, though two of them are Orthodox and two Unitarian. . . . After all I doubt if the Unitarian ministry, as a whole and on the whole, is not superior to the ministry of any other denomination. But if they would work a little harder, and with a little more of accommodation to the habits and weaknesses of their fellow-men, they would do more good.

New York, July 1, 1858.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . For the last week I have been in constant jubilation. During a year I have fought to sustain myself against the strong New York prejudice against young men and collegians, and I have done it. A difficult piece of work is entrusted to me sooner than to any other man that can be commanded. My articles are thought, by the editors, to be written with a vigor and in a style equal to any articles they can get. I was cautious to say nothing about more pay till I had demonstrated to them what I was capable of. But a fortnight ago I make a strike, told them that I was going to work so hard no longer for the same amount of pay. The result has been that I am now paid a salary fully up to my average payment during the last six months, and am to write only what I please and just what I please. I am paid a salary for being on hand as a representative of

omniscience, and when worse comes to worst and they get disappointed about any article at the last minute, I am to get it up, no matter if the article is about the idioms in the Chinese language. More than this nothing is required of me, but Mr. Ripley suggested to me that I "spread myself" on some of the great articles in advance. This is a great improvement on my former position, for in order to make money fast I have written many articles which required only a genius for hard writing. Now I shall lay myself out. I wrote yesterday an article on the Bunker's Hill battle, and should like for you to read it if you ever get a chance. It seemed to me a good piece of work. The third volume,—to be out in a few days,—has an article by me on Beauty, which I should be glad to receive your criticism upon. However, if I continue this letter after this fashion it will be unpardonably egoistic:—never mind. I am going to be in Maine and probably to deliver an oration to the Maine State Seminary at Lewiston, July twenty-first. The only condition is that they do not decide to give up the celebration. My last year seems to me to have been one of great progress not only in knowledge but in wisdom. So doubtless yours has been. If you clergymen, who have so much time, only used it as systematically and diligently as the press of life forces a man in the world to do, you would be the leaders of the race, not only in religion but in all the higher regions of thought. It seems to me that it is one detriment to the ministerial profession that it, to some extent, withdraws a man from the discipline of life. I doubt whether there is virtue enough in most men to work harder than positive violent circumstances drive them to, and think the one special evil for clergymen to guard against is idleness. You are better fortified by nature against that than any other young clergyman that I know, and you can neither pray nor fight too constantly against the first touch of it.

New York.

To his Sister.

. . . When worst comes to worst I can write an article on any subject, and am therefore a good man to be present. Mr. Bing too has given up writing so much as formerly and assists the editors in reading copy and proof, but his principal task is to read the principal papers and reviews of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and pick up items of the latest information, to insert in the articles of others. He and I rejoice in having written more for the Cyclopædia, up to this time, than any other contributors, but we shall be outstripped now. I was informed yesterday that an article which I sent to the Atlantic Monthly three weeks ago had been accepted. It was added that it was accepted in spite of its being on a subject which they did not like, "on account of the great merit of the treatment." It was a long article, comparing Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith. The Atlantic has been boxed on the ears by the English papers for every article on English literati that it has had yet,—for instance that on Douglas Jerold,—and the editors had about decided never to allude to English literature again.

New York.

To his Sister.

. . . I read "John Halifax" on my way to New York but did not think it remarkable, and have exchanged all novels, for a time, for more solid fare. Tasso I have begun, and it is very much easier than Ariosto,—which I rather think is as difficult as any Italian. I hope you and Belle will keep reading some of Undine and Ariosto—and, as I shall occasionally send a book home, it would be well if you would tell me what you would like most to read, whenever you have a particular choice. . . . The telegraph is the chief subject of interest here, as it deserves to be, and the celebration, September first, will be tremendous. I see Portland is going to make a holiday of it.

New York.

To his Brother.

This city has been in its natural state, i. e., in great commotion, ever since my return. The celebration of the telegraph last Wednesday, brought such a crowd of all sorts of people together as probably could not be witnessed anywhere else on this continent.

I am glad to hear that you have a school—though you must not expect to get too much comfort out of it. The wages too I should think very satisfactory, if the school is tolerable as to numbers and discipline. . . . When you get hold of it you will be surprised at the interest in English history during the period of the agitation of the great reform bill, which passed in 1832. I have just finished the splendid career of Mr. Canning, from 1822-'27. In the last year he became prime minister, in which office he died. . . .

New York.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . If I can get *Littell's Living Age* here so as to get a look at it myself first it would suit me, but at any rate shall engage it for you very soon, and hope you will let me have the pleasure of sending it to you, just as I send the Atlantic home, with no other return than your own kindness. It was you more than any one else in the world who taught me how to write, and it is, therefore, only just that you should have an interest in money which I earn by my pen.

To his Sister.

Yesterday I sent a Blackwood to Cyrus Jordan¹; it contains an article on Gladstone's Homer that he will be interested in. I am going to send the *Living Age* to Rachel. It is weekly, seventy-five solid pages each, and ought to supply us with the very best articles contained in the uni-

¹Mr. Cyrus Jordan, Bowdoin, 1858.

versal periodical press. And the English periodicals are about as valuable reading as a person can have. Am reading a little of Tasso about every day, and like him better than Ariosto, partly because he is easier. Am glad that you like Miss Mitford. I have her *Literary Reminiscences* here.

New York, September 28, 1858.

To Mrs. James Lewis Hatch.

The telegraph has just announced sad news. Though unknown to you, I have shed tears for the death of your husband, my old school-mate. The loss is not only yours, but all who knew Mr. Hatch will feel a great hope extinguished and a sorrow which they know not how to console. Will you pardon me for expressing my profound sympathy with you in your mourning, and for trusting that you may have the sweetest and truest consolations?

To his sister Rachel.

. . . I have been, for me, very unhappy for three days past. Hatch, one of my best friends, died last Saturday, of yellow fever, in Charleston. I received a letter from him only a few days before. His life has been a hard one, and few persons have seen him at the best. Had he lived, there was no young man of my acquaintance of so high promise. He has done much for a man of twenty-five years only—but not enough to give any adequate idea of his genius or to perpetuate the memories of his personal character. He had few intimate friends—but they were strongly attached to him. I have received, this morning, a letter from Charleston which shows how dearly he was loved there.

To his Sister.

I should like to be the author of a good book, but I am not and have no likelihood of being. I am sorry to admit it, but it is a fact that the last four years of my life have

produced no fruit, outwardly. My friends, in charity, perhaps, think that I must have done something which they do not see, but it takes a long time for a fellow, who did not have the luck to be born a genius, to do much. It is hardly worth while for me to tell you that for a year or so I have written occasionally on what may sometime turn out to be a work of light literature with some matter in it, but the thing has no resemblance as yet to a book. I have written more for a few months past, and shall try to do more still now—but have never looked forward to its being finished in less than two or three years. Indeed I don't look forward about it at all. It is yet at the threshold.

I was glad to read what you wrote of Hatch, and I understood perfectly the kindness of your former letter. It is vain to speak of him now, and I am sure that his family does not need to be taught to love him. My letter was inadequate. I am sure that Hatch had that excellence in him which few persons knew of, and which those few are entirely unable to give an account of. Great essential excellence, with great accidental failings: if such a man dies young it is his misfortune indeed.

New York, October 16, 1858.

To his Brother.

. . . The author of Horner's life was his brother, so that probably it is not in the library. You will come across Horner, in some shape, as you carry your studies into the History of England, about the beginning of the present century. The interesting feature in his studies was the way; after he had mastered Italian by studying the poets, he then set himself upon the driest matters of statistics in the language—and so in other things. As a politician he was the most promising in England at his death, chiefly because he had so much solid information, so much knowledge of the roots of things. You know of the death of Hatch—most sad indeed. He promised much; he has done

little. It seems almost an exceptional case when the promise of a young man is fulfilled,—so many are the chances of one kind or another against him. Hatch needed the discipline of life to rid him of some strong prejudices and to temper his naturally obstinate and fearless character;—but the lyre broke in being tuned; he did not fear even the yellow fever. I think he had more ability and a stronger character than any other man that was in college with him. It is vain to prophesy what he might have done if he had lived. . . . If Rawlinson's Herodotus, a new book recently published in England, should be in your library you would find it a thorough piece of work. I have already descended so far as to read Greek in a translation, but try to satisfy my conscience by translating about one sentence to a chapter from the original. I shall send you "My Novel" in time to occupy your evenings for a week or so while school-teaching. An English paper says Bulwer is the only novelist in England that has ever given any evidence of solid acquirements.

Boston, October 4, 1858.

From Mr. James Ripley Osgood.

The newspaper report informed me, some days before the receipt of your letter, of the sudden and terrible death of our friend Hatch. It is indeed appalling,—and it surely does seem as if some memorial should be made of a life so wild and so brief. I unite with you in sympathy with the many remarkable elements of his character, and in your estimate of the rare promise his life gave. I wish it were possible to raise some monument to his memory, out of the materials he has left behind.

New York, November 3, 1858.

To Mrs. James Lewis Hatch.

I received your letter in due time, but have been too much occupied till now to answer it. My wish, which I can only state, would be that my few words might tend to lighten

your sorrow, and to make your future path seem pleasant. In no other way, I am sure, would the desires of your dear departed husband be so well fulfilled. In the immortal life which he now lives, it may be that he still is watchful and solicitous for the happiness of those he loved in his brief earthly career. Such a belief is a soothing fancy at least, and his bright, kindly nature would be best pleased to be lovingly but not too mournfully remembered. The world has sorrow for all—sorrow, which may be only a discipline to raise us at last to higher joy.

New York, 1858.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . It sometimes seems to me that you and Lizzie could make a short visit in New York tolerable to you, though neither you nor I are acquainted here. I am a hermit in the midst of a crowd and it very often occurs to me how pleasant it would be to have you here for company in my leisure. I come down town early in the morning—very often spend an hour or two in my room in the middle of the day, and in the evening can always be free when I choose. You would thus have the forenoon and a part of the afternoon to yourselves. For that time you could have a nook in the Astor Library—or any quantity of books that you please in the room—or you could take an occasional walk to see people of all nations in Broadway. The time that I am with you I think could be made at least as pleasant for you as it would be for me. I am sure that the family where I am staying is an excellent one, and it is probable that I can engage a room for you at any time. This can easily be settled when you decide to come. I go into particulars because I am anxious that you should spend a fortnight or longer with me some time soon, and wish you to see just how you would get on here. The mode of life may seem to you strange—but it is not unusual in New York. Two-thirds of the inhabitants of the city are board-

ing, and attending to their own private pursuits without much regard to other people. The expenses would fall within my weekly allowance. Do not throw this proposal away without thinking of it, but think if to break up the monotony of your Portland life by such a change would not be advantageous.

To his Brother.

I have received your letter, catalogues and paper—and have used them for an article on Prof. Cleaveland. Except as a teacher he has added nothing to his reputation for thirty years, which makes it difficult to write a notice of him that will not disappoint the people of Brunswick. . . . What histories or other books to read is more than I can decide well for myself, and you know better what you like or what you are driving after than I. . . . Among my recent feats in the Cyclopædia office is an article of five pages on *Cookery*. I have also made quite an article on the *Classics*, and am going to give a history of the general subject of dress, under *Costume*. *Cousin*, the French philosopher, is also on my hands. . . .

I think from appearances you will be likely to have a pleasant school, as schools go. Confidence, courage, and a display of good sense and a strong character are the qualifications, I suppose—I don't pretend to speak from experience, for my last experience didn't result in a remarkable success. My present ideas on the subject, founded, however, only on theory, and which I trust I shall not be called to put into practice, school-teaching not being a favorite occupation of mine, are that the teacher should be strict as a tyrant. He can do this, and occasionally show also some other qualities besides those of a savage. The best teachers Bowdoin used to send out, as Walter Wells, Bennett Pike, and others, were very severe in school. However, be careful how you take any suggestions from me, for I assure you I am not an authority, and have never

practised what I preach. Please write me what you would like to read, and what you have, so that I may fit your tastes as nearly as possible in sending. Also please give me an account of your experiences in the neighborhood, for a schoolmaster always meets some pleasant persons and adventures. . . .

New York, December 15, 1858.

To Mr. Charles S. Daveis.

I have ordered extra proofs of Dr. Cogswell, but they are slow in coming. During the last week I have written several Cyclopædia articles besides one on Cousin, the philosopher, have furnished to the Knickerbocker Magazine all its literary notices for February, and have done nearly an equal amount of writing for other purposes. All these engagements were pressing, and you will excuse my mentioning them as my only excuse for tardiness.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I have expended considerable money for library books of late, and shall send to you only some that are not specially dull. Several of them have come to me for nothing as literary critic of the Knickerbocker, such as the "Stratford Gallery," of which the cover is best, some of the portraits next best, quotations from Shakespeare next best, and the text of the authoress poorest of all. It is a twelve dollar book and handsome, and better than many other gilt books. On Monday the editor of the Knickerbocker called unexpectedly on me for all the notices for February, and could not wait more than three days for them, so that I am busy in one way or another.

To his Mother.

I send to you and father and all your children and all other friends in Maine the old fashioned greeting—I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year! I have an invitation to dinner to-day, and intend to have a good time,

thinking that you also are having such in Portland. Christmas is, however, much more of a holiday here than in Portland. Everybody observes it here; nearly all the churches are trimmed and have religious services in them; and private family gatherings and gifts are as universal as in Maine at Thanksgiving. My Christmas presents were ordered to go by cars yesterday, so as to reach you this afternoon. They did not go, however, till this morning. . . .

To his Brother.

You are right in thinking me the very worst of correspondents with a poor schoolmaster who has only letters for his consolation. But the fact is that for a fortnight past I have done more than double duty, though I have been more than half sick. I have written all the Knickerbocker literary notices for February in three days, reading in that time the books reviewed, and doing, every one of the days, more work on the Cyclopædia than anybody else. Since then I have had lots to do, but have had to whip myself to get up spirit. Yesterday I sent a package of books home for Christmas. I wish you could all be there to enjoy them. There was something for almost every taste, from plain sermons to shining gilt. Let me wish you heartily a merry Christmas.

New York.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

I am afraid I have committed a mortal sin. Long time ago I wrote you a letter filled with what was worse than nonsense, and I have received no answer. I fear you thought not sufficient respect was shown to you and your profession. My dear John, it comes hard to me to think that I must treat you formally as a *clergyman*. Will you not allow a bit of rollicking, and though the extremest questions of life cannot be too sacredly and solemnly treated, in a mixed or incongruous company, yet, between you and me, I am sure God would smile at a game of battledore in which .


the very divinest ideas were our shuttlecocks. Please let me hear from you at once, unless it be true that you like not my ways and purpose to dispense with associations with me for the future.

1859.

New York, New Year's Day, 1859.

To his sister Elisabeth.

We are in the fourth day of a mingled sort of storm which combines everything from hail to mist and which at present has taken the aspect of a hurricane rainstorm. It is out of the question to think of making New Year's calls to any extent, and therefore I am going to answer the letters which have accumulated against me. Everybody speaks of how robust I look, so you need not be afraid that I am hurting myself by overwork. I doubt if my tendency is in that direction at all. Let labor be properly varied from one kind to another, and I doubt if it would be possible for a person to do too much of it. I am glad that you liked the Household Book. It seemed to me perhaps the most desirable of any recently published book. Am glad that you followed the general judgment, against my own, in liking Mrs. Palmer's book. Some of the pictures are, however, as fine as the binding, and the volume is certainly better than most illustrated Christmas books. In order to account for the inadequacy of my notice in the Knickerbocker you should know that I had at that time seen only a portion of the proof sheets. . . . You doubtless wondered at my sending three volumes of sermons, but they are sermons in every respect admirable, which are so rare that it is worth while to have them. They are as highly esteemed by Unitarians as by any other sect. The book of Lamennais is a curiosity. I was first attracted to it by an acquaintance with Mr. Miel, a French gentleman here, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, who suffered many persecutions in France, and who now thinks



Lamennais the most admirable writer and estimable man that France has ever produced. The book itself, *Les Paroles d'un Croyant*, made Lamennais almost the master of the French populace.

New York.

To his sister Rachel.

I have to-day heard a sermon from Dr. Bellows¹—who is at present in a very good way—namely—he is preaching good orthodox Unitarianism. He thinks progress has had its day with the Unitarians and that they might as well stop where they are, put down the stakes, give up speculation, and turn religious. I think so too. . . . As little as I honor those young Unitarian ministers who preach without being Christians in belief, if they are in heart, I nevertheless think often and favorably of Theodore Parker, who has probably preached his last sermon, and who has perhaps not left among the clergy anyone superior to him, in sincerity and purity of character, or equal to him in ability and culture. I think the future historian will count his name among the most honorable. It is said that Mr. Parker's father died suddenly, after his health once broke, and it is feared that it may be the same with him. This afternoon I read Shakespeare, in White's new edition, which, by the way, I do not think so good an edition as Knight's.

New York

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . Why don't you retire into the wilderness a-hungred for forty days and forty nights? Why don't you spend three years in meditation in the solitary deserts of Arabia? Why don't you live for twenty years in a cave on the upper side of Moosehead Lake, and at last come forth with silver beard and radiant countenance, the flesh subdued, the spirit in a wise and divine rapture, and, during the few years that would remain to you before your translation,

¹Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D.

speak with a knowledge and an impressiveness that should have a thousand times more influence on men than all your ranting will, at the rate you are going on now? . . . What single divine passion have you got in you that burns you up? Is it true that you lead the life of heaven while your neighbors lead that of earth? Is it true that you are not such an animal as mankind generally, but are, instead, one of the flaming swords, one of the divine heroes whom God, by special call, sprinkles like specks of gold in the sands of human life? You, who have joined the procession of all the prophets and martyrs, of the holy fathers, the contrite monks, bleeding with penance, solitary with devotion, shining like an angel when they appeared to men,—you, who are the brother of St. Catherine, St. Theresa, and St. Elizabeth, you, to whom is descended the cross and the worldly dishonor of Christ—do you bear an aureole about your head? Would a painter who was seeking inspiration for a picture of a Christian minister come to you? Faithful, old Spalding, to my duty, which is to draw you out of your present melancholy state, out of the prevailing imbecility of the clergymen of these times, and to try to revive in you some great passion either rooted in the historic past or the speculative future, which shall make your life worth living—faithful to this duty, I extend toward you again the prickly end of my long pole. . . . Spalding, I never before worked as I am working here. I speak and write French tolerably and without difficulty, read German and Italian with but rare reference to dictionary, and for three nights past have not been to bed till three in the morning, and then up at half past seven. You must not suppose that all, or even the most, of this work is upon the Cyclopædia.

To his Mother.

You all of you show too much kindness to me in your letters, and I am sure that you all think too much about my ease and comfort, or rather about my lack of these, as you

are apt to imagine. . . . Almost all success comes slowly, and the early part at least, probably the most part, of everybody's life is a fighting one's way along to enjoy a few years of comparative repose at last. You and father know how much labor you have done in your lives. You must not expect me, after the advantages which you have given me, to do less, if I can prevent it, for myself, than you did for yourselves. You and father ought to feel perfectly easy about property and not to have any burdensome cares during the remaining years of your lives. This should be the case even if you were not worth a cent, while you have children for whom you have done so much. But this cannot be while I am living, as I have been since I left college, as irregularly as any wild Arab, and as unreliable as a kite, with no sort of dependence to be put on me any way. I have no right to continue this sort of conduct much longer, and shall soon, the soonest possible, and within a year or about a year at furthest, establish myself into some fixed, settled, reliable, permanent-for-life salary, either as a minister or as something else. My course probably has not been so fickle or wavering as it has the outside look of being, but I have no business to be living "on speculation" any longer. There, I think that will do about myself. I am tired of the subject, and am going to mention it to you in future as little as possible.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . Lamennais, as a young man, was one of the most enthusiastic and devoted of Roman Catholic priests. It was from the excess of his piety and his exceeding high estimate of the duties of the church to the people that he was condemned by the Pope. From that time the people took the place in his admiration which the church had before held. He was the idol of the French populace, and was personally remarkable for his mildness and benevolence. He died a few years since. The *Paroles d'un Croyant*

was his first work after his condemnation at Rome, about 1832.

Has the Household Book got many of Collins' poems in it? I have been reading them lately, and they seem to me very beautiful. I shall be delighted when Lizzie's journal comes. The more little things in it the better. Yesterday I agreed with the editor of the Knickerbocker to furnish him an article, of ten pages, to be ready a week from Monday, for the March number. I have not selected a subject, and am much inclined to write a disquisition on the Feejee islanders. Cannot think of any other subject which can be treated in the leisure of one week.

New York, February 4, 1859.

To Mr. George W. Bartlett.

. . . I hear from you occasionally as preaching in Portland, and almost always have some speech of mingled drollery and wisdom reported as yours. I trust you are a good pastor. By the way, do you believe in a divine government? Before you answer that question please stop and think of the notion of divine government which you have in your head, to see that it does not resolve itself into humbug. I have recently bought an edition of Goethe's works in thirty volumes, the best ever published, and I smoke a ten dollar meerschaum every evening after dinner. I send you a Knickerbocker, the literary notices in which are by me.

New York, February 4, 1859.

To Mr. Charles S. Daveis.

Dr. Bellows is making himself a common theme of conversation by sermons on the extreme "right" of Unitarianism. He is opposed to such facile credulity in progress as has been common, and wishes to have Unitarianism at last "fixed." . . . I sympathize entirely with the present *tendency* of Dr. Bellows, and am sure that the experience of religion is more to be desired by the present generation

than further abstract and very cold and remote speculations. The intellectual young men of Cambridge Divinity School might, I think, study with great profit the martyrologies and all the memorials of Christian art, and imbue themselves with something of that mediæval spirit so unlike the spirit of our own age. The Broad Church is so recent as hardly yet to be a matter of history, but according to my impressions, both the "name and thing" are more recent than the time of Coleridge. Dr. Arnold is, I think, regarded as its first great leader, and Archdeacon Hare has perhaps been the ablest of his successors. The latter, as a young man, was an enthusiastic visitor and admirer of Coleridge. Contemporary representatives of this branch of the Anglican Church are Maurice, Kingsley, Jowett, Stanley, the late W. J. Conybeare, and, perhaps, Robertson, by far the ablest and most versatile of the English clergy. Many of these were educated at Cambridge and still cluster there, as the Anglo-Romanists under Dr. Pusey cluster about Oxford; so that the two universities stand at present somewhat as representatives of the two most aggressive and most rapidly increasing schools of religionists in England. The *National Review* is professedly the organ of no party or sect, but Martineau and undoubtedly many of the Broad Church men are contributors to it.

It pleases me to learn that the publication of your Bowdoin address is again asked for. I fear my views concerning the course of study at Bowdoin may seem to you chimerical. I give them to you not with reference to what is practicable at this moment, but with reference to changes to be gradually introduced.

My first impressions were—more Greek, more German, more metaphysics, more awakening of enthusiasm and imparting of scholarly views on leading subjects of literature and philosophy by lectures from the professors: such seemed and still seem to me the most important demands. To make these improvements practicable, might not more

algebra and some acquaintance with geometry be required for admission, so that the collegiate course in algebra and geometry might occupy only two instead of four terms? Then let analytical geometry and mechanics be studied only so far as is absolutely essential to understanding Calculus, but let the culminating course in Calculus be quite as thorough and complete as now. In this way the collegiate course in mathematics could be reduced to two years. Would it not be practicable also to require some study of French in the preparatory course? Many preparatory schools, of course, could give no accurate instruction in the pronunciation, but, if the paradigms were mastered, even with the English pronunciation (as was done by Dr. Bowditch), and if something were done toward learning the dictionary, it would be substantial progress. The ear would have to learn some things over, but they would remain constant to the eye. In this way, even if French were continued through the Sophomore year, it would be a slight study at the last. In the time thus gained from French and Mathematics, let three (instead of one) Greek tragedies be read, the Greek course taking the place of the mathematical in the first or first and second Junior terms. Let German occupy the space which it does now and also (perhaps as an alternate study) a considerable part of the Senior year. In the latter part of the Classical, French and German departments, there should be lectures, to reveal in a general way the most important facts and problems connected with these literatures; for, in the nature of the case, the student who does not yet half know the dictionary can have crept over but a small proportion of ground. These lectures would tend to make not only scholars, but intelligent young men, a distinction not without a difference. In all such studies as Mental Philosophy, Paley's Evidences, Butler's Analogy, and Guizot's History of Civilization, the lectures and remarks of the instructor are especially valuable. You will allow me to venture a word about Prof. Upham's course,

though I recognize the presumption of it, and smile at my daring as I write. From the metaphysical course, one full year long, the faithful student learns almost nothing but the Scotch philosophy. He derives no ideas of the system of Plato and Aristotle and their opposite tendencies, no idea of the Alexandrian Neo-Platonism, no idea at all of the scholastic philosophy, no knowledge of Descartes, and no knowledge of the German systems from Kant to Hegel. Recitations from a text-book would avail little with such subjects, but the lectures and words of an enthusiastic believer in abstractions would send a part at least of the class to studying old books, and would give to the rest of the class a general and indefinite impression that metaphysics were something or other very splendid. A comparison of Prof. Upham's work with the lectures of Dr. Thomas Brown will show how little is peculiar to the former. Thus you have a brief sketch of my views, which I would not give so freely to any one in whose judgment I did not confide much more than in my own. With kindest and most respectful regards.

New York, March 10, 1859.

To Mrs. James Lewis Hatch.

. . . You will, I hope, excuse my delay in writing. Without specially purposing it, I have dropped all my correspondence except brief epistles to my father's family, and very rarely now write a letter. My life too is so much concentrated in books that it offers few materials to make my letters interesting. The article on Charles Lamb, etc., in the last number of the Atlantic Magazine is by me. It is vain to say that the person who would most gladly and indulgently have read it, outside of my family, is no more here. One of my pleasant motives in writing is thus disappointed. You will perhaps find some trace of your husband's influence in it, for it treats of young men, and I had such young men in my eye as I have known while writing it.

New York, March, 1859.

To his Sister.

You know how Byron said he wrote his dramas—viz.: that he came back from parties, took his pen, began to scribble, and that was all he knew about it? So I write you a letter on the moment of return from the reception given by Dr. Noyes of the Knickerbocker and his bride on occasion of their marriage, but, to quote my old friend Drinkwater, I do not intend to be Byronic but rather to indulge a bit of egotism of my own by telling you that for a first venture my article in the Atlantic has been very successful. Dr. Palmer tells me that it has attracted as much and as favorable attention as that on the Dance of Death, notwithstanding the Dance had the well known name of its author in its favor. I send you one of the notices which I have seen of my article. I also send you my article on the Fijians, in the Knickerbocker, with a positive prohibition, however, to you or any one in the family to spend more than three minutes on it. I wrote it at three sittings of an hour or two or three each, on three successive evenings, doing my reading on the subject as I went along—that is why I forbid you to read it. The only merit that it has is that it earned me thirty-two dollars and a half, which in this case, however, only means that it lacked half a dollar of paying for a suit of clothes. I have engaged to have another similar article ready for the May number—but shall be wise enough not to take a new book for a text and thereby run a chance of falling into comparison with such chaps as that who wrote the "Plea for the Fijians." A funny thing was the use of my name in advertising the Knickerbocker.

New York.

To his Brother.

My article in the Atlantic has attracted much attention for an article by an unknown person. My next one—if the world lasts till it appears—will have a little more swagger

in the style, and thereby be more effective in a magazine. My Knickerbocker articles are hardly worth noticing to you. A few days ago I found out that the "London Encyclopædia" (20 quarto vols.) was edited some thirty years since by one Thomas Curtis, that that Thomas Curtis afterward came to this country, and settled somewhere in Maine. That was all that I learned the first day, and for one night I thought it possible that at last a clue had come to the former life of "Diogenes." The next day, however, I pursued the subject, and found that this Thomas Curtis was a Baptist minister and settled in Bangor, where he died during the present winter. So that Diogenes is still a mystery. I doubt, though, if he has had much of a career, or will ever turn out to be a duke in exile. He is probably an Englishman who, instead of entering upon a trade, became a jack in general, and may have picked up his knowledge and fair English by serving gentlemen in capacities more or less like those in which he served the students. I hope he continues as formerly, to build fires and tell stories. . . . To-day I finished De Quincey for the Cyclopædia: a man who can write both better and worse than any other live English prose writer. The worse, however, so predominates as to be almost all.

New York.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . I am trying to think what I have read for a month or two past—to report to you—but the books have been so miscellaneous that they could not be briefly catalogued. They embrace a little of everything, with some passages in Goethe and Heinrich Heine read with special care. I recently finished the article on De Quincey for the Cyclopædia, and rather liked it. I had got well acquainted with him in reading of Charles Lamb. I might mention Shakespeare, some half dozen of whose plays I have read or re-read lately. I bought "What Will He Do With It," of Bulwer, but shall not attempt to read it.

New York, March 15.

To his sister Rachel.

The accompanying letter I wrote more than a week ago, and thought it had gone but found it yesterday in my overcoat pocket. As my coat was almost laid aside for the season, it is a wonder that you get the letter before next winter. Since writing it I have received from you the kindest and most enthusiastic applause of my Charles Lamb article that has come to me from any source,—much too favorable for so slight a production. Yet, slight as it was, it lay near to my personal experience and I felt a sympathy with both of the characters that I described, as you suspected. Few persons probably would have taken the same view of Sydney Smith, but I think I understand him better than most others. When I shall have anything else printed, except in the Cyclopædia, is uncertain, though I have several things on the stocks. But I have no time to spare for them, since all my Cyclopædia writing is on important subjects, and requires thought. The article on English Literature has been assigned to me and will be a great job. Do you want "What Will He Do With It?" It is waiting for some one to read it. Please do not think that I write fewer letters to you than to others. I hate to write letters of late, and have not written to anybody for weeks, out of the family.

New York.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I am going to join with a person who is my superior in most respects, Mr. Robert Carter, who was for many years the private secretary of the historian Prescott, and was of much assistance to him in his writing. He has recently been engaged upon the Cyclopædia, and we have engaged a room in what is known as the Studio Building, a large hall like the colleges at Brunswick, occupied solely by artists and by a few literary men understood to be of artistic turns of mind. It is rather a compliment to us that we have been admitted to the building. We furnish our own room, which

we can do cheaply from the stuff on the ground. These artists are as a general thing not much richer than poets, and they have reduced the expenses of the place to a minimum. I am told that all my expenses will fall within five dollars per week, which is less than half what they have been. I am not satisfied with the amount of my expenses for the past year and after two or three weeks intend for you to perceive at home that I have reduced them. Carter's library covers two whole walls of a large room.

New York.

To his Sister.

. . . Wednesday evening I passed at Mrs. Hildreth's.¹
. . . I have never called at Mrs. Hildreth's without feeling cheered and freshened when I left. If weary, their good spirits are sure to revive me, and I never am so sunny as they seem always to be.

I ought to give you some account of my room-mate, Mr. Carter,² who knows at least four things to my one. He is near forty-five years of age, has a wife and family who live twenty miles off, at a school, and with whom he spends every Saturday, and is altogether a mature and wise man. He is an intimate friend of J. R. Lowell, and a strong and very pleasant Swedenborgian. He has a library of about three thousand volumes, so that I am constantly reminded of how much there is that I have not read. . . .

New York, March 15, 1859.

To his Brother.

There are some persons so very small that one thing at a time is all they can attend to or have an interest in or taste for, and that is precisely my case. Years ago I used to hate to make visits and to love to write letters—and the matter is just the reverse now. I spend as many of my evenings in

¹Mrs. Richard Hildreth.

²Mr. Robert Carter.

pleasant families as possible,—and I write letters only often enough to save my friends from telegraphing after me. I would write oftener to you, but I am sure you do not need such stupid nonsense either for your intellectual or sentimental development. You would do better to read Homer, and to think how often I am thinking of you and how much I expect of you. As for myself, you may take it for granted that I am happily getting along here, and doing tolerably well. The season for May-flowers is approaching, but I shall hardly get outside of the city in time for them, and I am like Charles Lamb in one single respect, viz.: I think I could dispense with “nature.” Do you have Rawlinson’s Herodotus in your library? It contains some extraordinary dissertations on early migrations which would interest you. Mr. C. B. Norton, biblioplist, who has recently returned from Maine, tells me that the Bowdoin College library, considering its size, is hardly surpassed by any other in this country.

New York.

To his Sister.

. . . The difference I should judge between Wilhelm Tell and the Jungfrau von Orleans is very slight,—in any respect. There is a translation of them both in Bohn’s Standard Library, if I am not mistaken. Wilhelm Tell I think is the one more commonly used for a text book. I have not read it—but have read the Jungfrau—and make you a present of my copy. One of them, and Undine, will probably be the best selection. There used to be a collection of several of the best pieces of the French drama in one volume for schools by Collot called Collot’s Dramatic French Reader, or some such name, as nearly as I remember. It had the best tragedies, but do not remember about Molière’s comedies. If it has any of them it might be what you want. As to pictures and books, you are a better judge than I. I want an oil-painting for my room here, but am going to

wait till your eyes are perfect and you are able to paint it for me yourself. I will pay a good price for it. I have now eight framed pictures, of one kind and another, in my room. I was very glad to hear of Josy's part, though I was certain of it long ago. With my kindest wishes for a pleasant vacation.

New York, April 12, 1859.

To Mr. Charles S. Daveis.

. . . I hope to hear of the publication of your discourse soon, and would be glad to be in Portland, where you could have any use of my hand that might be convenient to you. If, in the final preparation for the press, I could be of any service at this distance it would be a pleasure to me in proportion to the aid that I could offer. Please let me request that you will not withhold from me any opportunity by which my younger hand might be a relief to you. In the event, sad to your friends, to which you allude, there would be advisers far wiser than I;—but I need not say that nothing that I could do would be spared in fulfilling your wishes. It would be both a sacred duty and a pleasure of memory. But I trust you may yet revise the printed sheets yourself. Mr. Noyes, formerly of Portland, is organizing a free church here, with a design of attracting persons who do not now attend church. There is no lack of such persons here. My next undertaking for the Cyclopædia is the article on English Literature, a very congenial subject. What you wrote to me about the relation between myself and my heroes in the former article should have been answered if I had not forgotten it. I am neither Charles Lamb nor Sydney Smith, nor much like either of them,—but you were, perhaps, right in supposing that my experience as a divinity student may have helped my interpretation of Sydney Smith. Yet I doubt if he lost many pounds of flesh, while he was being a curate, after the manner that I rather rhetorically described.

To his Mother.

I received yesterday morning your presents from home to me, much to my surprise, and more to my pleasure. My birthday had passed without the least bit of romance about it and presents were not needed to remind me that you were at this time all at home together; yet your things were so well selected that they hit my case exactly, and I thank you not only for sending me gifts, but for sending so useful gifts. I thank you all again for your kindness.

New York.

To his Brother.

. . . Belle wrote me that you had taken German for your Junior part. I hope it may be a better augury than my Spanish one was, Spanish being the only language that I ever studied at all in which I have to trust now to pure guessing. You should before you are of my age be master of German. In little more than a year you will be through college—in good time. Whether you teach a year is a matter for your own choice; there will be no necessity for it. Do not hesitate a moment about your profession;—anything is better than hesitation, for a man never hesitates except when he is either fit for nothing or about equally fit for everything. If your choice be the law,—which is the best field for ambition and the most intellectual of the professions, unless it be that of the author,—then my acquaintance here is becoming such that you can, probably, get as good a beginning here as most young men. Or, if you select any other place, you will have no difficulty in getting a fair start. You have time enough to take your legal course leisurely and to make it as thorough as you please. I write this to you, not because it is yet for you to think about except in a general way, but only as a bit of encouragement; which may serve you in a vacation when you have nothing else on your mind.

To his sister Isabel.

. . . Mrs. Hildreth is an admirable artist, and has adorned the walls with her crayon portraits of all the family, from Mr. H. down, and with various copies and sketches. She still continues sketching constantly, though mother of a family. It is my most pleasant visiting place, bachelors excepted. For months I have called occasionally, but for several weeks have called once a week regularly, and shall continue to do so, as they receive me very kindly. By calling I mean staying from eight or half past eight till about eleven—the New York evening hours. They think I am remarkably like one of their near relatives now in California. Mr. Hildreth is rather more hard of hearing than father, so that, altogether, it is very much like home to me. I like to make calls better than I used to, but still there are but few places where I am anything but a very formal and stupid young man as of old. Haven't I improved in writing gossip?

New York.

To his Brother.

. . . I have been reading the "Contarini Fleming" of Disraeli and am sure you would find it a profitable investment of time to read it also. It is fine, and contains much as valuable as it is interesting. My "English Literature" is printed,—fifteen Cyclopædia pages, which makes forty or so of any other book—and it is thought well done.

To his Sister.

. . . I want to hear what you think of "Counterparts," for I believe I have the distinction of being its greatest admirer in this region. My copy is constantly lent. . . .

New York, July 17, 1859.

To Mr. Charles Miel.

Let me heartily thank you for your very kind letter—one of the kindest I have ever received. I fear Mr. Stone has

too hastily interpreted my mind, and that the dreams of my school days, which your letter calls back, will never be more than dreams. Yet the thought is a painful one to me. It is sad to find one's self under the sway of an impracticable idea, to cherish a faith to which men in general are indifferent, which they do not understand, and which, if they did understand, they would regard as only a great illusion. Religion seems to me a thing of the past and of the future. It is unknown in Christendom at present. Beyond all past ages, and, I trust, beyond all future ages, the present century is faithless. I hardly know anybody that believes in anything. The best men do not go to church and the most that go only go as a matter of respectability. Clergymen have ceased to have any influence as thinkers and in society they are merely the rivals of lap-dogs. The whole system of life, at present,—all our ideas, habits and institutions,—are wrought out without the slightest aid from the ministry; the ministry,—to whom pre-eminently belongs the world of ideas and whose natural position is at the head of society as the guides, philosophers, and friends of the race. But no other order has supplied the place of the fallen clergy, and the consequence is that religion is exterminated. We have no great faiths, and no little faiths, and are worse off than the contemporaries of Voltaire; for we have ceased to believe even in infidelity. You may walk Broadway all day long without meeting a rapt and mystical eye, or a countenance expressive of a divine meaning. Among thinkers, positive, i. e., essentially irreligious, science is in vogue, and all that is best and truest in thought and life is ignored. It is forgotten that man is essentially a transcendent and ideal being, and that any science which does not minister to religious ideas is, practically and in the highest sense, false, no matter if all the logarithms and fluxions take their hats off and bow to it. My dear Mr. Miel, there are few persons to whom I ought to write in this way, for few would regard what I say as anything but nonsense. Per-

haps you will appreciate my feelings, and will perceive that if I belong to the nineteenth century in my ideas, I belong to the tenth in my spirit of reverence. I am not sure but that astrology and alchemy were better than our cold astronomy and disenchanted chemistry, and certainly would rather believe in magic than in Comte. Yet the world never goes backward, and the future must be something different from the Mediæval past. But like that, it must be the reign of religion, in some way, which perhaps none of us yet anticipate. As to the more immediate occasion of your letter, let me only thank you again and add that I have never decided not to return to Cambridge. Yet the ministry seems to me almost a hopeless office, and I have become almost resigned to a life of inactive study. Please present my kindest regards to Mme. Miel, and my congratulations for the new mystery that has come into your family. How strange that thoughts and feelings and emotions should come together to reside in a little human heart. I hope it may be possible for me to call on you during the summer. I would like to have written you in French, but could not venture.

New York, August 16, 1859.

To his sister Rachel.

. . . I am afraid the "Advocate" would refuse to insert my usual style of notices—which are written generally either after I have gone to sleep at night or before I am well awake in the morning. However, I have just read the proof of my notice of "Counterparts" which happens to be just about the same as you said in your last, and must therefore be about right and better than usual. I have just got "Charles Auchester" and shall send it home in a few days. . . .

New York.

To his Mother.

. . . There is one thing that I have learned since I came to New York—and that is that the ablest men in the

country are simply the hardest workers. Mr. Bancroft, the historian, was in the office a few days ago and in his conversation with Mr. Ripley made this remark. "I am now going to Washington to spend a fortnight, and shall then return and work sixteen hours a day till my next volume is ready for the press." Mr. Ripley told me afterwards that Mr. Bancroft was entirely inaccessible when in his study, alike to strangers and his most intimate friends. His servants had a standing order that he was engaged, no matter who called.

I do not know whether you and father take any interest in *Punch* and the magazines which I send home. I do not wish to be considered frivolous or light-headed, but I am a great admirer of *Punch*.

To his Brother.

I send you, this morning, "*Tancred*," the last written of Disraeli's novels,—about 1847. It is full of meaning.

To his Mother.

. . . My Cyclopædia work for this week is the article on *History*, which is the hardest pull I have had since *English Literature*. I have just sent to the Portland Transcript a pretty full review of Mr. Carpenter's book "*Here and Beyond*." The equinoctial storm was almost as bad here as wind and rain could make it, and defeated a picnic to which I was invited, for yesterday, with Mrs. Hildreth's family. Sunday has been, during the summer, my day for relaxation, and I have followed what seems to me the very good New York fashion to go into the woods rather than to go to church in the hottest weather. . . .

I have sent all the *Punches* except January 1st, but will send again the missing numbers. Have you also received "*Zanoni*," a number of the "*Knickerbocker*" containing a notice of "*Counterparts*," also a number in which the "*Idyls of the King*" are reviewed, also Disraeli's "*Tancred*"? I

ask for fear something else may have failed with the Punches.

I believe there is nothing more to be said about myself except that I am extremely well. I shall like to hear as particularly from home. With kindest love to you all.

To his Sister.

The Harper's Ferry business is causing an immense excitement here—especially among politicians. Colonel Forbes I have seen very often. Old Brown is a hero—as much as William Tell—and his epitaph is not yet to be written. I sometimes send the Herald—the news in which is often fuller and can also generally be depended on. . . . I have been busy past all previous experience, almost, since my return. Have not called on or seen anybody—and have only run between my room, the libraries, and the Cyclopædia office. This is the first letter I have written. How I hate to do a useful thing, even to direct a paper, when I am writing on anything interesting. Therefore, the papers are not quite regular.

New York.

To his sister Elisabeth.

I fear I shall have to hire a secretary to write my letters, for, though I have written but a single letter since I came back, and that was to you, yet I think that was the hardest job I have done. The box with all its stores came in perfect condition—and made me feel as if you were treating me better than I deserve. I thank all of you for everything and Belle in particular for her agreeable letters. Yet I do not think it has made me think any more frequently or kindly of you than usual. You must not suppose me forgetful when I do not write. Now the most pressing thing: Dr. Palmer, who, with my assistance, translated Michelet's "L'Amour," is now engaged on another work, which he is going to send me at two o'clock to-day. He wanted me to engage to translate one hundred pages of it and have it

ready for him on Monday morning—offering me, he said, all that his own pecuniary prospects on the translation would allow of—namely, twenty-five dollars for the one hundred pages. I told him that if I lived till Monday morning, with my present engagements, it was as much as I expected to do. But I promised to be responsible for the translation, if he would allow me to send it to a young lady of my acquaintance, out of town, and wait till it could be received by mail. The result is this—I have engaged for you and Belle to do that translation, just as quick as you ever did anything in your lives. Send the first instalment, more or less, so that I may have it on Wednesday morning, and then an instalment every day. It will not last long, and you can make good fun out of it.

Don't stop to think what it is about,—don't delay a moment about phrases,—because I can revise it in ten minutes, from my experience, better than you would be likely to in hours. Don't try to make it perfect, nor to rival the masters of style. Just write, perhaps you had better, on every other line—make your penmanship tolerably plain—and put it right straight through in such English as may please Heaven. I will take care of the rest. I hope you may all be well at home, so that you may be able to enjoy a bit of hurry, since there is just money enough connected with it to make you feel as if you were not laboring for nothing. It will buy you a set of French books when you get through. I hope I have not made a mistake in engaging for you—but if, by chance, you should be unable to attend to it please telegraph me “We can't.” Only write on one side of a sheet. Let Belle begin on one chapter and Lizzie the next—and send to me in both handwritings. The trouble is you will try to make a too good translation. Only get it into English and a tolerably plain hand—leave it to me to make good English, as English goes under such circumstances. Finally, don't make yourselves sick—because there is no object worth the while. Telegraph *no*, rather.

New York.

To his Sister.

. . . It must be very pleasant for Josy to be with you with so many books. By the way, I have just bought a complete edition of the English poets, in over one hundred volumes. As I realize daily the necessity of having a library of my own, it seemed to me best to buy it. My library now does not fall far short of enough to fill the bookcase in the little study at home, and it consists only of the best books. I spent Thanksgiving from four o'clock p. m. at Mr. Hildreth's—with a company of tremendous abolitionists. I did not know before that there was so much feeling for Old Brown. It seems that there has been, and perhaps it continues, a serious plan to send a force into Virginia and to kidnap Gov. Wise and other leading citizens, smuggle them off, and hold them as hostages for the safety of Brown, or to execute them the moment he is executed. A sister of Horace Greeley was, on this subject, about as bitter and sad a person as I ever saw. She said, I think sincerely, that she would like to join a company of women in an army for the invasion of Virginia. I have some new friends here. Yesterday a package came to my room purporting, on the label, to come from Miss Priscilla and Miles Standish, and containing nothing more nor less than an excellent mince pie. I attribute it to Mrs. Hildreth. . . .

New York.

To his Sister.

. . . Since I wrote to you I have been confined three days to my room, and have lost more time than that from writing. The result is that I have taken Mr. Carter's advice and am going to have less to do—have dropped most of such extra jobs as Dr. Palmer's and the Knickerbocker—have also dropped coffee and gone back to cold water—and am going to writing letters again. Mr. Carter told me that otherwise I should be permanently unwell before I knew it,

though he thinks I have one of the best constitutions he ever knew. I am going to drop either calling or receiving calls, and go back to Cyclopædia and private writing. This is the conclusion to which I am led after becoming convinced that a man cannot do everything at once. Dr. Palmer has received all your copy and is pleased with it entirely. The book will be out at Christmas, and then I presume he will send you the money—perhaps earlier. I have received Josy's letter, and would like to hear what he and you are reading. I have read John Neal's new volume, which is a very good and very pious novel with some strong points. If you care for it I will send it to you.

New York.

To his sister Rachel.

Do you know that Thackeray is going to edit a monthly, which promises to be the best of all? I shall want to read it, and will send it regularly to you, and then you can exchange with Belle and Lizzie in vacations, so that we shall all have the reading of both the "Atlantic" and the "Cornhill" magazines—the latter being the name of Thackeray's. The first number appears in England in January.

New York.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . I thank you warmly for your letter and the remembrance it betokens. It has not been specially you that I have not "felt" to write to—but mankind. Indeed I have written no letters to anybody. I confess I was exceedingly sorry to hear that you had resigned. It seemed to me nothing short of an asinine performance, without wit, wisdom, or moral character. If a man is going to preach, he can't do better than preach in Augusta, as successor of Judd. If he isn't going to preach, he is a fool ever to begin. You are not a fool—and consequently if you trace out the logic of these two or three sentences you will see that you are bound to stay and preach in Augusta. Please write me that you

have thought better of it, and withdrawn your satanically prompted resignation. I invoke Jupiter Olympus and Phœbus Apollo on this subject. They will restore you to common sense. Bellows is just as good as you are or any other non-Orthodox man that I know of. He is in a muddle—and so are you. You can't either of you affirm or deny anything about this cussed universe, and so Bellows kicks up his heels and you smoke. Unitarianism has got to reduce itself to a theological science if it would do anything. Science, I swear, starts like faith from a dogma, and he who will not be dogmatic must content himself in this world without being much of anything. I recommend to you to put down a half a dozen dogmas contrary or at least superior to all reason—and to swear that they are the sum total of natural and divine truth. It would be a much needed intellectual habit for you, no matter what your dogmas are. I am working here with great diligence. Have discovered an Italian metaphysician of great importance, Gioberti—see article on him, by me, in the Cyclopædia—and have just finished a long article for the Cyclopædia on History—which I think is much the best thing I have yet written in this world.

New York.

To his Sister.

I am glad to hear that you have finished the French, and are well. I have not seen Dr. Palmer for two days, but previously he was delighted with your copy. It was in time—and he cannot be anticipated by anybody else, though possibly some small publisher may publish a cheap double column twenty-five cent edition—which won't hurt him much. I found that I had undertaken no joke at thirty pages a day—in addition to the Cyclopædia work. I wrote four days very well, but not on the fifth and last, knowing the printers could skip over the gap. Papers and everything else have been neglected—but shall begin again now, and I intend now to take Mr. Carter's advice and never be in a hurry. . . .

1860.

New York, 1860.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

Do you wish to join a new religious order—the Protestant order of Jesus? Its object is to be the revival of the Christian religion—extinct, as you know, for some centuries. It is to consist at first of from four to twelve young men—who are to live a monastic life in some building near the Five Points. Their oaths are to be poverty, chastity and death from overwork at forty-five years of age. Stone floor, nothing softer; for a bed a plank bench—beef, bread and water indicate the domestic life and the fare. Salary and marriage are to be renounced. The only resources to come from begging for the poor. The members pledge themselves to be wherever in this broad city there is the greatest distress. They shall be the angel visitors to the most wretched hovels, they shall be first with the poor, first also with the rich, for they shall be so tremendous in their earnestness that the millionaire shall tremble before them. They shall preach always at the corners of the streets—also in the best churches. They shall have one common library of the best books of the world—but no member shall spend more than one to two hours a day over books. The rest of the time, except a little sleep, shall be spent in work like that of Loyola and Xavier. Yet so tremendous shall be the energy and efficiency of the members—derived from the inspiration of Christ and from a determination to die before their time, that they shall be the best speakers and writers of their time, the most accomplished gentlemen, the most revered men of their age. In a short time the best books on philosophical and especially religious subjects shall proceed only from the matchless young Protestant Jesuits, who shall die but never grow old. The order shall be extended into other regions only by sending off one of the members of the parent society to inaugurate the new chapter. The theology to be preached is to be the Christian religion—without hair-split-

ting—the substantial system of Paul, Augustine, Calvin, and Jonathan Edwards. Convinced that this is the only way of reviving religion among men—such a new order is about to be started. Will you join it?

Lee, Mass., January 17, 1860.

From Rev. John F. Spalding.

Your Jesuitical Society is a humbug. The name condemns it. Its utter want of originality condemns it. "Smart fellows" ought to see its absurdity at once. Men whose first object is self-aggrandizement need a work of grace upon their own hearts before they undertake to elevate and Christianize mankind. They can never succeed in administering charities. The poor will distrust them, for they will see that they have no sincerity, no heart. They will never succeed in writing books, for they can have no great object to write for. To write merely for popularity will doom them to eternal oblivion. They cannot be even scholars, for no man ever was a true scholar who had not some object of study external to himself. They cannot be gentlemen, for he whose great aim is to be a gentleman is simply a squirt. I don't want to belong to any such Society of Protestant Jesuits. I would sooner be a real Jesuit than conspire in such a shallow imitation of Jesuitism. Who will care for the "terrors" of a "doctrine of the Church" invented by feeble imitators of Loyola and Xavier? A "High Church Infidel" might perhaps be terrified at its "paltry, modern and commonplace" requisitions, but one who belongs to that Body in America which is the same identically with that "Sect" which of old was said to be "everywhere spoken against" could not look upon them with feelings so dignified as of contempt.

New York, 1860.

To his sister Rachel.

Your second very kind letter has just come and makes me sorry that I have been so negligent in writing. It is,

however, not quite negligence, for I have constantly been thinking of you, and if I could have been of any service by writing should certainly not have waited a moment. I am especially glad to hear that your health is good—that is the great thing—and I am sure that if we all keep our health we shall in a few years have many reasons for thinking ourselves happy. . . . It may be one at a time, but I am inclined to believe that we shall yet be together in New York. If your eyes permitted, and as soon as they permit, I shall hope for you to have time to carry on your studies and practice as far as you may wish. After either one of my sisters has been with me here one season I am sure that we may regard ourselves as established here, and that the others can come without risk. It is quite out of place for you to suggest paying for Belle's lessons—I shall see to that. Your offer to pay my expenses for a European tour was too kind—but even if I deemed it advisable to travel I could probably pay my way by correspondence. Moreover a young gentleman in Brooklyn has offered to pay all my expenses if I would travel with him one year in Europe. But at present I do not deem it necessary for me to travel, either in respect of health or general culture—and therefore shall not yet spare the time. I think I can make more out of a year in New York—reserving *le grand tour* for some time when I need rest. I was sure that the Albion would make its way to your favor. Its selections from the London Saturday Review are from the best paper in the world—it generally has two or three, sometimes more,—when it credits some of them to London Paper, so that it may not seem to use the Saturday Review too freely. I am also going to send you Harper's Magazine, which republishes the best articles from Thackeray's Cornhill Magazine.

New York, February 25, 1860.

To Hon. Charles S. Daveis.

. . . I venture to send you one of my leaders in the

Saturday Press—the only literary paper in New York worth mentioning. . . .

To his Mother.

. . . I sometimes think that my health is not so good as it used to be—at any rate I have to calculate my strength daily and a long letter often leaves a penalty for the next day. I have no correspondents—not one, except our own family. At the same time I accomplish a great deal of work, and the reason for my not feeling like writing letters probably is that it is neither full relaxation to be done like play, nor severe labor to be done with an energy. It may be that the Cyclopædia will give us all a vacation, and, if not, I shall go home for a time if my health seems to need it. I think a great deal of you all—oftenest perhaps when I write least frequently.

New York, April 23, 1860.

To Mr. T. C. Abbot.

. . . In the last letter that came from you I think Augusta, the Highlands, and Niagara Falls were somehow or other all introduced together. Perhaps a full narrative of your experiences now would show that you have circumnambulated and circumnavigated the globe before taking a seat in Michigan in the interest of agriculture. It seems to me many years since then—in which period I have passed finally out of the days of preparatory and irresponsible study, and have engaged nip and tug with the world; have chosen my profession and gone to work in it. My profession is the new one of writers, journalists, reviewers, essayists, culminating in authors—a profession lying on the border land between starvation and glory. I have been here since June, 1857, and count myself among the old New Yorkers. My theory is that no man in this country can be considered well alive who does not spend at least a part of each year in what we call the metropolis. The country, it seems to me, need hardly be considered in any

estimate of mankind. Leaving out the monks, I do not recall any idea in universal history that does not hail from the city. I hope Lansing is a city—and a big one.

New York.

To his sister Elisabeth.

I have been too busy the last week even to read your MSS., but shall take it up in a few days. Every day was a full and weary day's work till Sunday, when I sat myself into two chairs after breakfast and did not move till five o'clock p. m.—reading almost the whole of Hawthorne's new romance ("The Marble Faun") meantime. It is the best book for a year or two. During the week (on the Sunday previous) I attended one breakfast party, made three evening calls, and dined once and spent the evening. But I have given my best friends warning that they are to see little of me in future. Mr. Nordhoff and I agree that literature and society are incompatible.

Sunday morning. So much I wrote last Tuesday, which will partly, perhaps, excuse my negligence which has resulted in a telegram from father yesterday—I am really sorry—but much as I think of you, and delight to hear from you—and much as I should like to talk with you—it is nevertheless almost an intolerable burden to me to write letters. Indeed I write none at all to anybody but you at home and still less rarely to Josy and Rachel—and I must maintain that it is not because I think less of my friends than formerly, but because I write so much that it requires a great effort on my part to begin a letter. Every day but Saturday and Sunday I sit at my desk from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon with very short interruptions, if any, and am often writing in the evening also. However, I cannot excuse myself, but I wish you could understand how difficult it is for me to write more than I am absolutely obliged to. It troubles me the more because,

though I am doing a good deal of work, it does not make as yet much show.

New York.

To his Sister.

. . . Mr. Nordhoff, the editor of Harper's, and I dine together regularly on Saturday. Mr. Carter and I have a literary club meet at our room every Friday evening. Mrs. Oakes Smith is the most distinguished of our lady members, and the only one that is always sure to be present. Last evening Buckle was the subject, and I read a paper, which was very well received. I am the youngest of the members, among whom are several artists and writers of distinction, and was glad to do something tolerably good before them. During the last week mother will be glad to know that I have read almost all the writings of William Law, and have written the article on him for the Cyclopædia,—a fuller account than can be found in any cyclopædia. He is certainly one of the most interesting English authors, and was a very peculiar and admirable man. Some of his other books pleased me quite as much as the "Serious Call."

New York.

To his sister Elisabeth.

My article on Buckle will probably not be answered in public, though it caused some flurry among the very numerous class of intellectual persons here who think Buckle the greatest and wisest of men. None of them had a written answer ready within a fortnight, which was all the time the Saturday Press would allow. I have had many discussions on the subject. . . . Dr. Cogswell, of the Astor library, is going, the last of June, to Europe, to be gone three months. He wishes me to take his rooms during his absence, open his letters, and answer and attend to them so far as may be necessary. If I can manage to do this, and at the same time keep my present engagements with the Cyclopædia, it would be the best thing for me, as my rooms

and board would cost nothing and would be in the best style, and Dr. Cogswell adds that he will give any further compensation that I may deem proper for the time required. He is a bachelor, so that all he wants is somebody that he can trust to keep things along properly till his return. But if Josy will feel bad not to have me at Commencement, I shall certainly decline this offer. I hardly venture to suggest it to him, and yet perhaps he will not care about it. I should be sorry myself not to see him graduated. . . .

New York, June 7, 1860.

To Hon. Charles S. Daveis.

. . . I have already sent my acceptance to Dr. Cogswell, having hesitated a moment only to see that it would not be regarded as an infringement on any other engagement. The attractions of the place are very great, and the privileges, which Dr. Cogswell annexes, for my pleasant accommodation are almost beyond my comprehension. I am to have the freedom of the library, and my board at the Oriental opposite, and to be at no expense at either place. It is one and the greatest of many favors which your letter of introduction has secured to me at the Astor. You may have inferred from Dr. Cogswell's report, after his expedition in search of me, that the new office of the Cyclopædia was not entirely eligible. One other feature has been developed since then, namely,—the building is likely at any moment to fall to the ground. A few of the devotees linger about it an hour or two a day, but I have left it. A new office has been selected, and we begin our second removal next week. Meantime the interruption of the editorial labor has caused the demoralization of the printers, and nobody is at his post.

New York.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . I have not joined the Holy Roman Catholic Church, but as soon as I come to years of responsibility

(thirty years of age) the Lord and the Devil will between them decide whether I shall be a saint, a heretic, or a pagan. At present I am a pagan in the morning, a heretic through the day, and a saint in the evening, sitting with a select company of the elect and sending up the incense of sweet smelling cigars to all the gods and goddesses. I would like to give you a photograph recently taken of me, if you care enough for me to look at it, and can suggest any way in the course of the summer of getting it to you without destroying it.

I am afraid you are too hard at work intellectually in reading Carlyle's *Frederick*. It is one of the books that have been chosen by the Devil to add new torments to Hell. I swear if I went there, and it was offered me to read, I would commit suicide.

The article for the *Cyclopædia* on Philosophy has been assigned to me. I am as well qualified to do it as I am to take the helm of the universe. However, if *that* were offered me, I shouldn't hesitate to accept it, and so I am already outlining whole worlds of metaphysics which I don't know any too much about. At present I occupy Dr. Cogswell's rooms and fulfill a portion of his duties in the Astor library. The ghost has not yet disturbed me. It is rather ghostly though, occupying the immense building alone by night with so many books around, every one of which is a sort of ghost. It is a serious speculation with me, if the books there contained were the only copies, so that their destruction would be irreparable,—whether, as a philanthropist, I should not feel bound to burn the concern down.

New York.

To his sister Isabel.

I fear I have given you trouble at home by not writing of late—but the *Cyclopædia* office has been removed and it fell to me to superintend the transference of the books. I had the good luck to obtain for you one copy of the Satur-

day Review, the very best paper in the world in my judgment. The Critic, the second best paper in London, took notice of my essay on Buckle, as "superior and philosophical," and quoted the last paragraph. None of these are for sale here in single numbers or I would oftener get them for you.

New York.

To his Brother.

. . . You will soon be through college and ready to go to school in the world, where it takes, as you will find, much longer and harder work to graduate with honor. Do you think you had better teach a year after graduating? Or study law for a time in Portland? Mr. Birney, whose business is very profitable, would take a beginner who could use a pen well, for at least enough to pay his board. I think you could count on paying your expenses in a law office in New York at the start, with outside little sources of income that you could avail yourself of. But if you come directly from college here, you would have to surmount a great prejudice against you. I have heard Mr. Birney himself say that he knew of nothing more inefficient and helpless than a man who had just graduated with honor. This, of course, you could live down, but from my own experience I can assure you that at first it would be of no more service to you to have come from Bowdoin than to have come from a farm. If you could prove that you could engage well in the hard work, the somewhat rude and rough business of the world, then your college successes would redound to your honor, but at first they would be rather against you. This, of course, will make little difference with you, for a few months moderately hard work with diligence such as you are used to would establish you. Probably you might be able to spend a year in passing from collegiate to real life and from classical to legal studies, as profitably as to make the change abruptly. Of this I am not certain—what do you think? Perhaps, too, it might

be as well for you to take the great first principles of law slowly in Portland, before coming here where you could hardly do it as calmly. Something too depends on what place you select for practice—whether Portland, New York, or the West. You, of course have your eyes open to these things and will decide them in time. I am glad that Bowdoin was represented in the Undergraduate. Shall be glad to read your Rienzi. My only article in G. that would specially interest you was Gioberti. In H. I have Herodotus, History, and Humboldt. I have just read the proof of my article on Jesus Christ, which was a rather difficult one to strike out. Do you see the Saturday Press,¹ the only literary paper in the country worth mentioning? It is probable that I shall contribute editorial leaders to it regularly, as I have done occasionally. I write for the Knickerbocker occasionally, but the thing is rather too poor in a literary point of view to give me more reputation from it than the little I have got already. The Saturday Press is admitted to be smart, but everybody fears it will fail.

New York, 1860.

To his Sister.

. . . Now about the Astor library. I am sorry to say that under all the circumstances I felt bound to accept the offer. If Josy cares much about it, perhaps I can arrange to be absent long enough to be at Brunswick one day—and I shall come on to see father, mother and Rachel immediately after the return of Dr. Cogswell. To show you some-

¹The New York Saturday Press was projected by Edward Howland and Henry Clapp, and started, at an office in Spruce street, N. Y., on October 29, 1858. Mr. Clapp was editor. T. B. Aldrich was connected with the paper for three months, as assistant editor,—leaving it in January, 1859. Fitz James O'Brien was, for a few weeks, a contributor to it, as dramatic critic, but he soon left it and he was succeeded by Edward G. P. Wilkins. Among the occasional contributors to it were Charles T. Congdon, R. H. Stoddard, Charles D. Gardette, Charles Dawson Shanly, Henry Neill, N. G. Shepherd, Ada Clare, Walt Whitman, and George Arnold. From January to December, 1860, William Winter was assistant editor of it. In December, 1860, it was discontinued, but in 1866-'67 Mr. Clapp resumed publication of it, and he carried it on for a short time. In 1860 Mr. Symonds contributed to it his essay on Buckle's Philosophy, as set forth in his "History of Civilization," and also a few editorial articles.

thing of the urgency with which all my friends recommend my acceptance of the proposal I enclose to you a note from Mr. Daveis. My New York friends are equally urgent. In the first place I have the command of the Astor Library—100,000 volumes, four times as many books as in all the libraries at Brunswick—for the three months, at every hour of the day and night, with the privilege of accumulating as many of the books in my private room as I want. This is a privilege that few students would let escape, and that I can appreciate as well as any other. Then there is something in Mr. Daveis' suggestion of the connections which I may form, for Dr. Cogswell is to introduce me severally to the trustees of the library, every one of them a man of distinction, as his representative in his absence, with whom they are to communicate. Then I am introduced under Dr. Cogswell's auspices to a hotel where many people board worth knowing. Then also it is regarded by everybody as a very creditable thing to have the place, for it implies that I am trustworthy and capable—I have charge of the funds, pay all the subordinates, and do *not* expect to commit a defalcation. Excuse me for dwelling on these details—I only wish to justify myself for what I fear you may all think rather improper, seeing that Josy is to graduate. That is much the worst thing about it. My engagement with the Cyclopædia remains as usual, the increased facilities of the library compensating for any time required for my new duties. Mr. Carter says that the offer is not one to be declined, though he regrets that it will break our connection, which has been a very pleasant and useful one. He will probably live out of town altogether, coming in and going back daily.

To his sister Isabel.

I have just got moved into the Astor Library, and have been pressed in all directions during the last fortnight. Have something more than enough on my hands for the

present week—after which I hope to be at leisure for the rest of the summer. I had been at work this last year or so on something longer than an Atlantic article—but am preparing now for the Atlantic again. Mrs. Hildreth is drawing my portrait, but threatens to keep it herself—as I suppose she has a right to do since she does it at her own suggestion and for nothing. As a good Portland man I indignantly refused to see the Great Eastern. Let the Portland people build one that draws two or three feet more of water and then it will have to go to Portland. . . .

New York.

To his Brother.

. . . I am just now threatened with a tempest. Have published in the Saturday Press—a brilliant literary paper here, which is much read,—a rather ferocious attack on Buckle, and I hear that several fellows, from Count Gurowski down, are preparing to annihilate me. Gurowski wrote me a private letter, assuring me that I am wrong as wrong can be. I shall be glad if the Saturday Press will open its columns to them, so that we may have a free fight. . . .

New York, July 29, 1860.

To Mr. T. C. Abbot.

You may have been surprised in hearing of me from this city instead of from some remote and melancholy New England vicarate. But my ecclesiastical career is not surely at an end. When I have seen the wickedness of the world a year or two longer I shall very likely turn monk. I am writing for various things, and statedly for the New American Cyclopædia, a work which probably has not reached Michigan, but some of the articles in which would convey information to any one who knew absolutely nothing on the subjects before. Beauty, Classics, Channing, Coleridge, De Quincey, Gioberti, Jesus Christ, Leibnitz, Locke, Malebranche, Milton, Philosophy,—are among my articles. I

will mail to you at the same time with this letter the August number of the Atlantic Magazine—the first article in which (The Carnival of the Romantic) is by me. It is a bit stupid, and you will oblige me by skipping largely. I should be glad to hear as particularly concerning what you are doing and thinking about, and should be especially glad to see you in New York, and attend to you as far as possible—if you will pay me a visit. The Great Eastern is here—if you are a lover of great things. I prefer small. . . .

New York.

To his Brother.

. . . You can count upon finding some of your most successful contemporaries to be men without half of your culture or advantages; they will have energy, common sense, and perseverance instead. Your culture gives you the advantage, but it will not do to rely upon it, and it will serve you best by not showing it except when there is a call. Excuse me for running into this line of thought, for I have been surprised myself to find that some of the smartest fellows that I know here are those who have been tossed about the world a good deal, but never have studied much of anything except modern languages.

New York, August 14, 1860.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.

I am seriously thinking of defying all my friends. Everybody tells me to remain and write in New York—but my tastes and judgment are rather for the ministry, and I incline of late to believe in myself rather than others. I wonder how it would do to preach red-hot patristics to Unitarians, and the holy Eternal Aesthetical Church, at once Platonic and Christian, to an audience of boorish Judaic degenerate Puritans. I think it would go. And moreover, I want to write big books, which I probably never shall do if I connect myself with the daily press in New York—

which is my only alternative. I incline very much to think that as soon as I have finished the article on "Philosophy," I shall remove to Boston as a centre from which to rush out Saturday on preaching engagements.

P. S. September 2, 1860. I continue my purpose to begin to preach shortly. The plan makes me independent of everybody.

To Rev. John F. Spalding.


Portland, Maine, United States North America, Western Continent, Planet Earth, Solar System, the Visible Universe, the Invisible Universe, Infinitude, A. D. 1860, October 20.

My Dear "Old Splice":—

I have come from the craze and bustle of the metropolis to spend two weeks in retirement in calm and holy meditation on this life. Before, however, taking the veil and entering the sanctuary and putting on the coat of mail and switching myself with penitential birch, I wish to indulge in one mild oath. I wish to inform you that notwithstanding your very positive and authoritative instructions (for which many thanks) I propose to preach when, where, what, and in what manner I please, and to defy about a thousand of my friends—the fates not included, who would swell the number. In other words, while you recommend the inferno of the papacy to me, and most others recommend the limbo of literature, and all, excepting you, deny that they can see anything at all in my speculations about the church, and politely suggest that I am talking nonsense with the deliberate design of bamboozling them—in the face of all this, I have come resolutely to the purpose of following my own ideas with absolute independence and total disregard of what anybody may say to or about me, except in so far as superior intelligence may be brought to bear upon me. Voilà.

I have been tolerably independent in the past, but in the

future it remains for me deliberately to face the fact that whatever I may do the majority of my wisest and best esteemed friends will think that I am making a fool of myself. I feel the call to preach and am going to obey it, and will take all the risks. I told Mr. Stebbins a few days ago that I had decided that literature was not yet a legitimate profession—that a connection with a newspaper was a legitimate business, but was hardly more a literary life than bookkeeping, and that it did not suit me,—that I was in some doubt whether the Unitarian ministry was a legitimate profession,—but that if I decided affirmatively about it I should adopt it, and if negatively should at once join the Episcopal church with a view to orders, and that whether Unitarian or Episcopalian I should preach precisely the same thing. That is where I stand now, but I propose to stand still only a short time longer. I have delayed too long, and am sure that my impatience to be at preaching is a “legitimate” impatience. I would be almost willing to decide by “heads or tails” whether to take Episcopacy or Unitarianism, and really think it makes no difference at all. My life and doctrine will be shaded a little differently according to the decision, but will be essentially the same. Immediately after returning to New York I shall strike out as a Unitarian preacher, or shall join some high church Episcopal church and hurry up my preparation for orders. The fact that the former is open to me, requiring no further delay or expense, is an argument for it worth mentioning when the balance is so even. I really do not see how the matter is going to be determined unless by lot, for how can I choose between things that seem to me indifferent? I only want and must have a speedy introduction to what is to be the business of my life. It is time to drop the masque of insouciance which I have worn for a year or two past. I beg pardon for so long delaying my congratulations on your invitation to Providence—which must be not only complimentary but advantageous to you. It seems to me



to be just such a position as would suit you, and I hope you will soon begin to furnish articles to the church quarterlies out of your leisure. I shall return to Boston and New York in little more than a fortnight. Am spending my time here in cramming for the article on Philosophy, having brought some dozen big books with me. Can you not meet me in Boston? I haven't the slightest confidence that you can make the scales of my puzzle tip by shaking them, but will be glad to hear from you about the heavens and earth and yourself in particular.

November 15, 1860.

From Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

I have been seeking you anxiously in behalf of the Staten Island Unitarians, who want somebody to preach for them on and after the first Sunday in December next. I suggested your name to them, thinking that the arrangement would be a profitable and pleasant one on both sides. Please let me hear from you as soon as you come to town, and let me hear, also, that you accept the proposition. The work is light, one sermon a week, and no parish visiting demanded. The situation is very convenient to your duties in the city; the people there are of the better class, in point of culture. Do make the experiment. . . .

New York. 1860,

To Mr. John Albee.

I shall give up the Cyclopædia some time in January, and probably go to Cambridge. Is not that best? I have finished one sermon, and moreover have preached it at Staten Island. Being hard used on the Cyclopædia at the time, I felt like a messenger not from heaven but from hell. However, they seemed satisfied and invited me to come for the next Sunday.

New York.

To his Father.

Lizzie has already written to you that for several weeks I have been unwell. I think I have not been well for a

year past, and that it was only the relief and quiet of the Astor Library and then my long visit home that kept me along. But a few weeks' work after my return made it impossible for me to write any more. All my work together for nearly two months past has not been an hour per day, and there is no hope of my doing better for perhaps two or three months.

This being decided, I wish to go where I can live more cheaply than here. I had already begun to preach before giving up other labor, and I have writings of various kinds on hand which answer for sermons with little change. By removing to Boston in the centre of the Unitarian churches, so as to preach once or twice all around, instead of constantly in the same place, I shall probably make my way till I am well again. Dr. Noyes, the head professor of Cambridge, has written me that even in respect to theological resources I am better prepared than most of their graduates, and has offered to do all that he can to make my way easy if I begin to preach at once. The New York ministers will also give me the best introductions they can. . . .

1861.

New York, January 18, 1861.

From Mr. Charles G. Leland.

Carississimo!

In Vanity Fair and Leslie's I find my occupation; Gramercy Park House is my home, (where I would be very glad to see you over a punch any evening). And Christ is (or ought to be) my salvation. I am ashamed to have troubled you so long with my MSS.—but good natured folks are always imposed upon, worse than a printing office stove. I will come and get it or send. When you are down town remember that I am at Leslie's till one; and Vanity Fair thereafter. When up town seek me not before seven p. m. at ye Gramercy.

New York, January 20, 1861.

From Mr. Charles Nordhoff.

The week after New Year's has grown into nearly a month, and yet neither sight nor word from you. What have you done with yourself? I am becoming uneasy on your account, being fearful that you are proceeding in so independent a way, and without the grave and useful advice of this writer, that you will commit some youthful act of indiscretion which you will vainly repent of afterwards. Pray let me hear from you soon. I have prepared an elaborate advertisement to be inserted in the Herald, if you do not answer this shortly. You will find a copy on the other page. Is it too late to wish you a happy New Year and a great many of them? It is currently reported among your friends that you are no longer in a responsible frame of mind. Pray authorize me to set everybody right, and believe me Yours Very Truly.

Advertisement.

If W. L. S. will return to his *disconsolate friends* all will be *forgiven* and *forgotten*. The said W. L. S. is *affectionately requested* to write to C. N. or to W. B., or to Mr. C., and is assured that any clue to his whereabouts will be gladly received. A moderate reward will be paid by the Editor of this journal to any one who will disclose the present whereabouts and circumstances of the above mentioned W. L. S. Said W. L. S. is of medium height, slender, light complexion, long hair and curly teeth, and is very fond of rats. (Insert *till forbid.*)

Cambridge, January 26, 1861.

From Prof. George R. Noyes.

I received with great satisfaction your note of the twenty-third, in which you express your intention to consecrate your powers to the objects of the Unitarian ministry. You do not need to be told by me how high an opinion I have of

your character, your talents, and your scholarship. I have no doubt that, even in regard to theological resources, you are better qualified to enter at once upon the duties of the ministry than many after a full theological course.

I do not regard the mode in which you are introduced to our churches as of material consequence. Our Societies look more to one's qualifications, or to the impression which he makes, than to any formal recommendations. One of two modes you ought by all means to adopt. Either to obtain the approbation of a respectable Ministerial Association (such as that of New York would everywhere be recognized), or to join our School for a short period. In favor of the former is the agreeable ardor which you now manifest for immediate engagement in the profession; and I have nothing, *in your case*, to urge against it. I do not think it of the least importance whether you are approbated in New York or Boston.

I do not think of anything further. If this letter can be of any use in the promotion of your object, you can show it to any of your friends in New York, or to the Association.

I shall always be happy to see you and cultivate your friendship, and especially to hear of your usefulness in the Church.

New York.

To Mr. John B. Tileston.

I shall be in Boston early next week as an approbated clergyman, in full clerical fellowship, recommended, etc.—all which things the New York Association has done for me. I shall want a bachelor's establishment, in Boston preferred, and as much like the artists' studio building here as may be. Perhaps you can inform me on this head. My experience is that boarding in a family is too expensive of time, and I can do most work when I am least social. Therefore, as I have a legion of literary schemes that have accumulated on me, it is important for me to get into complete retirement and independence. If you will please bear me in mind, I

will look to you on arriving in Boston and be under obligation to you.

Certificate of Drs. Bellows, Osgood, Frothingham and Farley

At a meeting of the New York and Brooklyn ministers, called at the request of Mr. W. L. Symonds, on Tuesday evening, February twelfth, 1861, to consider his claims to be recognized as a Christian Minister, after due inquiries into his antecedents as a student of theology, and into his reputation as a man of blameless life and character, and after the hearing of a sermon from the candidate, it was unanimously resolved:

That Mr. W. L. Symonds has convinced us of his right to be acknowledged as a Christian Minister, both by his theological attainments, personal character and serious professional purposes, and that we hereby admit him to our clerical fellowship and give him cordial welcome to the Ministry of Christ and hearty recommendation to the confidence of all the churches.

HENRY W. BELLOWS,
SAM'L OSGOOD,
O. B. FROTHINGHAM,
FRED'K A. FARLEY.

Boston.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I was weary enough on reaching here, and kept my room for two days. But I have been growing better every day since and the prospect is good. Yesterday I did not preach, as nothing was offered me but Starr King's church, and I did not feel strong enough to undertake that. I am boarding, as I hoped to do, with Osgood, and he tells me that the heads of the firm are waiting for an article from me.

Portland, March 3, 1861.

From Rev. Horatio Stebbins.

I can hardly tell with which I am most delighted, your

conclusion or the manner in which you have stated it. Of course your conclusion is the main fact, but your way to it is so genuine that it shows your mind in such unmistakable way. I believe you have hit the truth of your own soul, and will find yourself happy in following that love which is to all true minds a Divine call. I have no fear for your success; seek a quiet, retired place for a few years; interest yourself in the character and religious wants of common people; let study, life, providence, lie upon you like dew upon the grass and you will find yourself enriched, augmented in a thousand ways. If I can say or do anything to promote your wishes, I hope you will command me always. I urge you to seek an interview with Dr. Hedge, Bartol, Hale, and Weiss.

Boston, March 28, 1861.

To his sister Rachel.

You are just as kind to me as you can be, and so are all of my friends. But I am quite getting rid of the weariness which weighed upon me in New York, and feel better every way than for a long time before. And in my recovery I am entitled to some credit, for I have restrained myself from working at a time when it would have been specially agreeable to me to have been equal at least to my ordinary self. . . . I have two invitations for next Sunday, one of them where I preached last and two invitations for Sundays in advance, one at Starr King's in Boston, and one at what used to be Dr. Peabody's in Portsmouth; if only I am well enough to preach, and I think few persons in the world are at present husbanding their strength and attending to their health more carefully than I am.

Boston.

To his sister Elisabeth.

I cannot spare but a moment, but will at least try to relieve you from some of your cares. I was at home a few hours last Monday, and found every one better than I had

been accustomed to fancy them in my thoughts, and have been quite relieved ever since. I myself am doing just as you and Belle would like to have me do—and am altogether better this week than last. So far as physical health goes I am as well as ever, and I very rarely have a savage turn, so you need not chide me, and cannot worse than I do myself. I read your letter at home, and concluded you might be on your return at once. I am delighted that you get on so well at Mrs. Hildreth's. Please always give my kindest regards to her. I do not think it probable you will find another engagement before fall—but do not hurry to leave New York if it is pleasant. . . . Next week I shall spend with Albee at Chicopee. He is remaining there, though he is done with preaching, and I preach both Sundays and spend the intervening week in the woods. I have got to write a sermon before Sunday,—so you will excuse me for putting only the essentials into this letter.

Chicopee, Mass.

To his sister Elisabeth.

I am spending this week here in a country village and shall go back to Boston next Monday. Do you know it has been four, five or six years since I have spent more than a day or two in the country? It was a novelty to me to pick the flowers which I used to find around Portland. Besides walking in the woods, I have so far been invited out to spend the evening every day—so that the week promises to be pleasant. Please give my kindest regards always to Mrs. Hildreth and be yourself as well as you urge me to be, and we will all be together for a little time this summer. . . .

Boston.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . I do not see how I can go home before going to Chicopee after all. It would probably be easier for me to exchange with some one near here during the summer, and

so be home with you all for a week—but now, they want me on July first, and what with writing for the Atlantic and writing a sort of introductory sermon, I have not a minute to spare. Besides, the sooner I am there the quicker I shall be ready for a summer visit from Rachel. And moreover, I am impatient to get into the country. I have taken an armful of the hardest books from Cambridge, and have a quantity of my own writings not yet worked out, and I want to take them into retirement with me, and munch them as a bear munches his paws in winter. Will you send me by express the Life of St. Paul, and Marsh on the English Language? . . .

As for myself, I feel the full blessing of health, a sort of glow and vigor such as I have not had before for so long that I had almost forgotten it. No imprudence on my part will make me again lose it. . . .

Boston.

To Rev. George W. Bartlett.

. . . I received a letter from New York informing me that my old position was unfilled, and that an addition to my former salary would be offered if I would return, and suggesting that I had pushed my present "false start" about long enough. The old Adam was alive within me in a minute. . . . But I haven't yet brought my bearings to a focus. Moreover Chicopee has to be counted as an element in the mess—for I refused their "call" but proposed to go and preach there a few months. This proposal they have accepted, and now if I went to New York I should probably be followed by a Chicopee constable with a writ of *habeas corpus*.

On the whole, I shall have to take the responsibility of following out my own course, against the world's opinion, and against all present appearances of success, and go to Chicopee. At any rate that is one hundred miles nearer to New York.

Boston.

To his Father.

Let me thank you all for your kind letters. There is little doubt that I shall begin to do well again from this point, for I have had nothing like the same feeling of health and capacity to work for more than a year past. To-morrow I go to Chicopee for the summer, and I am sure of the pleasantest summer for several years, and in the Fall I can tell whether I am likely to accomplish my plans in the ministry. A fair trial has made it certain that I can do very well as a writer in New York,—and I should not feel justified to throw away my life in any sphere unsuited to me. So if, in the autumn, I find that I can as a minister do the writing which I have in mind, well and good—but if not, I am sure you will agree with me that it will be my duty to accept some literary engagement either in New York or Boston. If the Cyclopædia moves at its present pace, that will be open to me any time for three years to come. A merely ministerial and pastoral success would not satisfy me—but if in connection with that I can occasionally send off to the printer a good piece of composition, then I should desire no more satisfactory mode of life. A summer's experience will be enough to settle this. Mother may be gratified to know that the larger part of my sermons are as orthodox as even Mr. Spalding could desire—though in general I shall not preach directly about doctrine of any sort.

Chicopee.

To his Brother.

I have never known how nearly ill I was last winter till I have discovered again what good health is, and seen the contrast. I am having a very, very happy life here, and though nothing about my future is quite certain, yet I have confidence that I shall do again as well or better than ever. Mr. Albee tells me I look incomparably better than any time since he saw me in New York on his visit there. This is

only to save you from any anxiety about me, for I think you may begin to regard me as capable again. Two months in the country last summer would have saved me three months of unprofitable exertion.

Chicopee.

To his sister Elisabeth.

. . . Yesterday I had a vacation. Mr. Wyman visited me during the week and I kept him to preach in the morning. Mr. Stebbins of Portland (having preached at Springfield in the morning) preached for me in the afternoon, to the astonishment of my congregation. He was very kind to do it, and said he was going to call and see mother, on the strength of having seen me.

New York, September 4, 1861.

From Mr. Robert Carter.

I was in the Adirondack woods when your letter came and did not get it till yesterday. My advice to you is to come back at once to the Cyclopædia. It is short-handed, and Ripley and Dana would be very glad of your assistance and will receive you without any reference to the past except a keen sense of your value as a writer. The work will give you at once a fair subsistence, and when it ends, which will be soon, you will have the best chance to get occupation on any of the journals, and especially on the Tribune. I hope, therefore, to see you as soon as possible.

New York, September 13, 1861.

From Mr. Robert Carter.

. . . I have reflected maturely on your desire for a connection with the New York Press, and can see no mode in which it can be brought about so surely and so easily as to resume the Cyclopædia for the short time which remains before its completion. From this work you can more easily slide into some great newspaper than by coming directly to the work of journalism. To remain here unemployed, wait-

ing for an opening, would exhaust your purse, to little use. It is only by being on the spot and patiently watching opportunity, that anything can be done; and you can do that by writing meanwhile for the Cyclopædia. The editors are quite anxious to have you come back, for they really need you, and a large list of articles is already marked with your name in the hand-book.

Chicopee.

To his Mother.

. . . And now don't be surprised, least of all grieved—but I am going back to New York and to the Cyclopædia. As soon as I finish here I start. My pay there will be thirty dollars per week,—or if I prefer, four dollars per page, the very highest price paid to any one. As I formerly wrote from seven to twelve pages (once fifteen pages) per week, the pay will be good either way and I shall not decide till I get there which offer to accept. The editors write quite anxiously for my return, and Mr. Carter says that they really need me and will do everything possible to consult my health. Two things are to be considered. First, my health is better than it was my last two years in New York. I am sure I can keep it good. Secondly, I never was made for a minister. There is no more certain truth in the world than that. By sheer intellectual effort I have succeeded in getting on here, so that they offer to enlarge the salary if I remain. But the whole thing has been a little against the grain, and any little divinity school man could do just as well as I, and feel a great deal better satisfied about it than I do. The decision is irrevocable and final. I shall never have anything to do with the ministry again.

My best successes in life thus far have been gained in New York. Every experienced man that I knew there advised me most strongly to remain, and regarded me as having a promising future there. I believe my advisers were right, and that I was wrong in leaving. And the fact that in such times the Cyclopædia is not only willing but anx-

ious to renew its engagement with me shows me where my strong point is,—that it is the pen and not the tongue. I have no doubt, not a particle, of its being my duty to myself and to every one of you to go back immediately to New York, and by prudence to keep well, make money, and try to be worthy of the kindness which you have all shown me.

I have not been at home this year as I would have liked to be—but my mind has been a little too busy about my mistake in leaving New York for me to have been contented at home. Next year, and every year, I shall want to be with you several weeks every summer—and I hereby authorize you to require me to be out of New York four weeks of every summer, as absolutely essential to my permanent health. . . . I went to Salem to preach, but made no stop anywhere. Please tell Belle to be nicely contented at home for the present, and something will be sure to happen for the best. Has she seen Dickens' Great Expectations? I am going to try to be a good son when I get back to New York, and feel satisfied with myself again. During this summer I have been happy only because I was bound to be—in order to get health. But in New York I have always felt the satisfaction of doing well whatever I undertook, and I think you will all be more and more satisfied with my New York life, the longer it continues.

New York.

To his sister Elisabeth.

Two weeks ago I was disgusted with the ministry. The reason was this. I had put as much life as possible into my public and private efforts, and had seen no sign that I was not at work upon stocks and stones. Excepting a few young men, who conversed familiarly with me, no one seemed to take any interest in me or anything about me, as a minister, though they showed me every attention as a man. I would be round the whole week in all kinds of social relations, and would hear no allusion made to anything con-

nected with the church or the Sunday service. The church, in the morning, was fuller than ever before, but though I persisted in putting my best sermons in the afternoon I could never get out a hundred, and even the morning audience did not include anything like a fair attendance, the whole society being considered. Therefore I decided that the ministry was not for me, and took steps accordingly, and shortly announced that I was engaged to return to New York. . . . At this point I wrote you last. The rest will be new to you. . . . Then for the first time I learned that I was a favorite, that I had united all the elements of the society, that seven new pews had been let within a fortnight, that every person in the society liked me, etc. etc. The committee offered to enlarge my salary if that would be an inducement—and several gentlemen offered to be responsible for double the amount, fourteen hundred dollars per year. Under these circumstances I wrote privately to Mr. Carter, but learned that I was really needed on the Cyclopædia, and was advised by him to adhere to my new engagement. . . . Thus things stand. It is not worth while thinking anything more of them for the present. For a week past I have made little excursions from Chicopee to Mt. Holyoke, etc., and reached New York last night. To-day I shall settle, probably in the Studio Building—and shall begin work to-morrow.

New York.

To his Brother.

Let me thank you all for your kind letters. I remained a full week at Chicopee, after my work was done, going to Mt. Holyoke, etc., with pleasant company. I really did not know how well they liked me there, or how well I was doing, till after I had informed them of my engagement here. . . .

Do not fear about me here—for I shall not overwork. As yet I have only begun, having been fitting up my room in my old place, the Studio Building. But the prospect is

good—and I am the highest paid man on the work, and the editors are as anxious to keep me well till it is finished as I could be. I shall be very careful—though there is no present need of care, for my health is as good as it used to be. Will you not cease to be anxious about me in your letters? I have some interest in the matter myself, and have as many reasons for desiring my life to be long as any of you at home can have. Please leave me for a month without any lectures, and see if I do not give a good report of myself. Meantime I would be delighted to hear what you are all doing every day of your lives.

To his Brother.

The luckiest thing I ever did in the world was leaving the Divinity School for New York City. The next luckiest was leaving Chicopee for New York City. In neither of these cases did I take pecuniary interests into view, though in both I probably acted against my pecuniary interest. . . . Though there is no great prospect of my ever making a fortune by my pen, there is every prospect that, after I get well at it again, I shall make a handsome income. You are very fortunate in your law office—and I wish you could get into practice in Portland or somewhere without stopping to teach. . . .

New York October 29, 1861.

To Mr. John B. Tileston.

. . . I have been in my old chair for three weeks, and have got the evil spirit out of me. Within a year I shall begin to make strikes here and there, and am most profoundly content in regarding New York as my home and *la petite littérature* as my profession for the rest of my life. I have one word of solemn warning to give you. Don't you ever go into the ministry. You will find it an illusion. If you wish to serve the cause of religion, you must strike out some new way. You cannot do it in a Protestant pulpit,

nor can any other man. I am not sure but our old idea of a new, young, and living order of Jesus was about the right thing.

New York.

To Mr. John Albee.

. . . I hope you are likely to remain in Chicopee all winter; as for myself, the gods never made a man madder than they did me when they set me to preaching. I never shall have anything to do with it again. My health has positively improved here, and you can judge of my determination to keep it, from the fact that I limit myself to cold water and half a cup of coffee per day, and even go to bed regularly every night. I cannot help feeling a good deal of interest in Chicopee, where probably I enjoyed the last three months of Arcadian life that will ever fall to my lot, and to which I often look back regretfully—but Pan is not the god of this world, especially not just now, when throughout Christendom the elements of society are in commotion, and new religions, philosophies, politics, and manners are hovering in the air, waiting to take possession of the earth. (Thank the Lord, I have got that sentence off of my shoulders on to yours.) I have no doubt of your happiness so long as you remain in Chicopee—and trust you may be there next summer to go with me for a week to Mt. Holyoke. Please remember me kindly sometimes to the little circle which you and I knew best.

Mr. Frothingham has started a social society in connection with his church—which includes some of his best people. At his request I read a paper before it next Tuesday evening. In general I am not working very hard now—but very cautiously, my object being, at the first opportunity, to form a satisfactory connection with the press. . . . We had a little spurt of snow yesterday. I really cannot think of anything else at this moment to say—except to repeat my constant interest and sympathy in all that concerns you at home.

New York, 1861.

From Mr. Charles Nordhoff.

I am sorry to say that I can't get out to-day at all, owing to a sudden rush which comes on here just now. I will come up to you at an early day next week. The Saturday Review article in the Tribune was capital, though it no longer pays to pitch into the English Press individually. The biographical items were admirable, and delighted me by the profundity and universality of their knowledge. I congratulate you especially on those. Anybody can write an editorial, but anybody could not do the biography. I am in earnest. I hope you will persevere and keep well. I want to know when you have editorials in the Tribune and elsewhere.

1862.

New York, January 6, 1862.

To his sister Elisabeth.

You have all been kind to write to me, and to keep me informed of your health. You ought to pass the winter pleasantly. Do not have any fears about my health, for I am entirely well, nor need you be anxious about me in any way. I have just read over again the kind letters which have come at regular intervals from you for some weeks past. The package I scarcely need—and think my present stock of clothes would put me through the winter. The books I certainly do not want, as I spend a part of every day in the Astor Library. I wish you and Belle had, this winter, more of my books for your leisure. My address is Studio Building, 15 West 10th street—but you need not hurry about sending to me. . . . It is a little too late, but I wish you all most heartily a happy new year.

To his sister Elisabeth.

It will be better for me to write very briefly in answer to your most kind letter than to wait. You are fortunate in being comfortable and contented—and if you can really keep

along your intellectual interests by reading *Great Expectations*, the *Atlantic*, etc., and have a good hearty social hour or two every day, I shall feel very well content concerning you for this winter. . . . I am in the Studio Building, well and permanently fitted up—and notwithstanding the times, which have driven nearly all young literary men out of the city, I propose to stay here. I am in excellent condition, have done more work and more satisfactorily during the last fortnight than before for years, and have entire confidence in myself and my prospects. I am on the *Cyclopædia*. . . . If I can pull through till another autumn I shall be master of the position from that time—because my articles in magazines will begin to appear then, and they will fall thick and heavy month after month, and will justify the promise which I have done so little yet to fulfil. I am very seriously and very diligently at work—and from the time when my magazine performances break out again there will probably be no long interruption in them. I spend about two evenings a week making calls—or rather spending the evening—at Mr. Brown's, Mr. Mackay's, Mr. Miel's, Mr. Frothingham's, etc. I was invited to Mr. Brown's to Thanksgiving dinner. I have seen no one who knows Mrs. Hildreth, and only hear that Mr. Hildreth and family are at Trieste, Austria. . . . We have had almost summer weather for three days past—to-day it is a warm rain. . . .

To Rev. O. B. Frothingham:

That I am no longer in the ministry will not be news to you—but will you allow me formally to communicate to you a report and a statement of reasons. I returned to New York in six months and one week from the time of my departure. I preached about three months in Boston and the vicinity, and three months regularly in an enterprising village near Springfield. If you and my other approvers ever have occasion to make inquiries concerning me in Chicopee, I think you will hear only words of kindness and respect.

The relation between me and them was in every way delightful. You have a right to ask, Why did you not stay? It is a very hard question to answer. Why did you go? Because I believed in the revival of religion as the particular need of the present time. Well, why did you not stay? Because, I am sure I did not help the cause of religion in any pulpit. I emitted certain ideas, I was generally regarded as an excellent man, a good deal of respect was shown to my opinions, but——

New York, January 12, 1862.

To his Mother.

Your present is already in my room—but it is not opened, as I could neither eat nor wear anything in it. I have had a narrow escape from a fever. After about two days of increasing illness I sent, on Friday night, for a homœopathic doctor. He has since told me that my pulse that evening was at one hundred and sixty, which, he says, is higher than the average in fevers. He was the wisest of men, for, if he had told me the danger, it would have kept me from sleeping. A young man of my acquaintance, and of similar constitution and pursuits, died here, of typhoid fever, only a few weeks ago. The doctor has since told me that he never but once before combined so powerful agents against the fever as he did that night. When he called, in the morning, the pulse was down and the pains gone. . . . I may say that I lived on belladonna, aconite, cold water, and a little soup with the inside of an orange, very sweet, occasionally. Several of my friends last evening and to-day have called on me, and acted as watchmen last night and night before. I shall not need watchers any more. The erysipelas would hardly make me sick at all, were it not that my doctor has decided to starve it out, or rather to keep the system as low as possible, so that his homœopathic poisons can do their work. . . . If you were here, or if I were at home, I should hardly have any actual advantages, except your sympathy, which I do not

have here. I repeat the thanks for which so many times your kindness furnishes the occasion.

The matron of the house comes in nearly every hour, and the servants are always within call. My friends, after to-morrow, will be too much with me. So don't have the slightest anxiety. All my other letters to-day I have had written by a friend—but shall write to you in my own hand daily. I could not go a mile in the cars, for no other reason than that I have eaten next to nothing for four or five days—but, as Mr. Nordhoff says, how much pleasure I shall take in my dinners when I get well. With kindest love.

JOURNALS.

1856.

Divinity Hall, Cambridge, Sept. 1, 1856.

I purpose, during my residence here, to keep a journal in which to record the more interesting parts of my experience, and a summary of my reflections upon various reading.

I have finished reading a "Life of Sir James Mackintosh," edited by his son. A man in whom was combined the largest speculation with great capacities of sentiment and great justness of thought on common topics. He was at once a successful student of German philosophies, an admirer and tasteful critic of poetry and romance and an active judge,—severely attentive to the little matters of a case. He has left excellent specimens of philosophical and critical composition, has sketched many eminent characters admirably, but nothing which seems adequately to represent his various and great powers. His contemplation was Oriental or German; his judgment was acute; but his character was rather indolent; hence he himself speaks of his life as "a life of projects." His legacy to the world is a valuable one, though but a small part of the wealth of his genius and learning.

Sept. 13.

I have to-day finished Schiller's "Maid of Orleans,"—a subject combining the interest of history with marvel equal to fiction,—a character which cannot be too attentively studied by the philosophical and religious. Her story chimes in only with spiritual theories. Schiller gives to her the affections of a woman as well as the spirit of a prophetess; and her regrets for her native pastures and flocks and family and her touch of earthly love for an enemy mingle

strangely with her inspired counsels. Yet the truth and unity of her character are retained, in that the earthly within her, though not overlooked and thereby dishonored as outlawed, is yet swayed and checked by the divine. She is consecrated only to her mission and the more so that she sees and regrets the simple life of love which is God's appointment to all,—to woman especially. Schiller violates history to make her die upon the field of battle, after a victory made, from defeat, by her arrival. Could not the real event be dramatized?

Sept. 16.

To-day I read my first essay of this term. Subject, the Philosophy of Style; rather superficially treated.

This essay finds an appropriate place here:

Style is a term applicable to all arts, referring to the execution rather than the conception of a work of art, and indicating the character of such execution. As applied to writing, which is its more frequent usage, it means the manner of any writing with reference to the choice of words, the formation of sentences and the whole finish and flow of the discourse. To show the philosophy of it is to show the principles which underlie it, the laws which it obeys.

The fundamental principle of all truthful art is that there must be an idea before there is an expression: the soul of things must precede the things themselves. Few principles have so extensive an application as this. It touches every act of human life, and reaches even into the secrecy of divine operations: for, as some one has said, "God is the perfect poet, who in creation acts his own conceptions." There is a correspondence between spirit and form, though what links the two together may be the eternal enigma of metaphysical philosophy. By this principle, the style of a writer will depend very much upon the character of his thought and emotion. If he be cultured to delicacy of feel-

ing, to breadth and refinement of thought and to the harmonies of sound, if he have deep enthusiasm of ideas, then by natural sequence his sentences will be animated and perspicuous and will fall agreeably upon the ear. The first condition of a good writer then is a good thinker.

The materials of the writer are ten parts of speech and six points of punctuation, as the materials of the painter are the seven primary colors. The latter may vary his colors by mixing, and the former may vary his words by etymology. The original bases of language were the noun and verb, and the simple-minded man who lived when these two made the sum of human speech, if indeed this golden age of literature ever existed out of the brain of theorizers, would incur little danger of getting his sentences involved. But the noun soon gave birth to one progeny and the verb to another, and modern times introduced punctuation, so that now whoever would write is in danger of being weighed down by his own armor and lost amid his own resources. It sometimes seems a solemn and hazardous thing to attempt to make a sentence out of the multitudinousness of human speech. So Milton's hero marvels at the architecture of the heavens:—

"How wield
The mighty frame: how build, unbuild, contrive:
How gird the sphere
With centric and excentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb."

Thus, as the first requisite of the writer is ideas, the second requisite is words. Good use of words constitutes a good style.

The prime quality of style, for the absence of which no other excellence can atone, is perspicuity. This is secured by precision and brevity of statement. What the rhetoricians term amplification seems to conceal the idea, at least quite as frequently as it reveals it. The necessity is not

that the thought should be expressed several times poorly but that it should be expressed once well. The time would be better spent in perfecting one statement than in adding to one imperfection several new imperfections. The Greek and Latin classics were written without points, so that the writer, to be understood, had to depend upon the scientific construction of his sentences, and as a result these have been the models of style to every succeeding age.

A quality closely connected with perspicuity is simplicity, which seems to mean the stating of but one idea at a time and that one with the smallest array of circumstance and of words. It is a curious fact that two of the simplest writers of the present time, Emerson and Robert Browning, are the most frequently deemed obscure. The minds of this age, having been educated to the religious and social ideas of the romantic dark ages, miss in these writers the trappings to which they are used, and find it difficult to catch meanings so purely expressed. Some of Mr. Emerson's poems would be very easily read correctly though the points were omitted.

Writing, like every thing else which is presented to the mind of man, will soon weary him, unless it have variety. A good style will therefore combine long and short sentences and long and short words in a sentence. The uniformly long sentences of Dr. Johnson and the uniformly short ones of Macaulay are equally tiresome.


A remaining characteristic of a good style is an easy flow of the sentences, a harmony of the sounds. Music is merely a succession of melodious sounds: thought is a succession of ideas: unite the two and it gives the ideal of a perfect use of language.

It should be added that all art is imperfect. It is an eternal proof of the supremacy of soul to all that it does, that no artist can ever adequately express the thought which lies deepest in him. The hand cannot execute the vision which the mind sees. Yet of all the arts that which has the largest capacity of expression is writing. Painting and

sculpture are limited to a single group and to a single point of time. Writing alone can call together remote personages and periods, and adorn each with illustrations from every other.

The writings of Washington Irving furnish an example of a fine style. Accuracy and elegance are its prominent characteristics. Accuracy, which is the principal requisite to perspicuity, though not that equality which especially distinguishes his style, is yet carried to so high perfection by him that it is a decided excellence. Every sentence contains a thought in itself, distinct from that which precedes and that which follows, yet having a relation to both. It forms, so to speak, a distinct equation in the demonstration. The thought too appears through the expression, just as a pebble upon the bottom is seen through the waters of a sparkling brook. Every secondary word gives an additional force and meaning to the sentence. As a river in its onward progress continually receives tributary streams which swell its power and increase its momentum, so a simple fact or idea, under the pen of Irving, receives its tributary accession of adjectives, adverbs and particles, all bearing directly upon the main thought, until at last it strikes with convincing weight upon the understanding of the reader. His style is never heavy or involved. It is accurate, but far from frigid or dull. It is full, but not verbose or prolix.

There is another quality of style which more especially distinguishes the writings of Irving. This is elegance. Combined with perspicuity, it comprehends all the qualities of a good style. It is that feature which gives to Irving's writings their peculiar charm and power. Every illustration is an embellishment; every ornament is chaste and beautiful. His sentences also are harmonious in their flow, equalling almost the melody of poetry. As the lover of Nature, on a summer day, sails along the smooth surface of a quiet stream, gazing upon the tall overhanging trees, and the sky beyond, and listening to the murmur of the winds



and the warbling of the birds, so does the lover of beauty and of art glide through some simple tale of the Sketch-Book, admiring the beauty of illustration, the grace of ornament, and carried almost unconsciously forward by the easy flow of the sentence.

Sept. 20.

Have been reading of *Didérot*. The most gigantic mind of the times in which he lived, though there is something, in all the characters of the age of Louis XV, resulting from a low philosophy, which forbids the highest moral admiration of them. The European institutions of morals, religion and society were just ship-wrecking, or rather making ready for it, when *Didérot* came to manhood. Church, government, and all life retained only the vicious excesses of their prior forms, and every one had faith in nothing. Now arose the spirit of frivolity in *Voltaire*, who lightly ridiculed each passing event, turning wickedness into a jest. Not so *Didérot*. He looked calmly about for certain landmarks. Perceiving that the heavens which men had formed over themselves were about falling, his object was to find veritable foundations and the sure results of time. His method was as rigid as the mathematics which he delighted to study. He conceived an encyclopædia of the arts and sciences which should be a complete inventory of the attainments of men, up to that time. When we consider that the age was corrupt in every department, that *Didérot's* philosophy was materialism and his faith little, we may easily infer the tone of his great undertaking. It was accurate as to the arts, cautious as to the sciences, negative as to all spiritual views and ideas. The falsities and absurdities of the established religion, the perversities of life which accompanied a high doctrine of the soul, prevented his giving a just attention to the whisperings of spirit. Yet he resolutely strove to make a chart of that outward universe which was to him the all in all. He seems to have been the most sturdy Roman of

the crowd of wits and thinkers who adorned the French Capital.

Sept. 22.

Louis XIV, the most splendid actor of monarchy; yet it was acting and not true to life. Hence, when misfortunes befell the latter part of his reign, there was no moral earnestness in the government, to make it respectable when it was no longer brilliant. Besides, by attempting to rule religious opinions by political power, and letting bad men dictate to good consciences, he had made even virtue and religion distrusted. It was in the midst of popular excesses,—the first distant wave of the maelstrom of the Revolution,—that his remains were laid in the tomb. Am reading De Tocqueville on the Reign of Louis XV.

Sept. 24.

Could an age be more corrupt than that of Louis XV? The government was hopelessly in debt, yet lavished money for the pleasures of the king. There was nothing heroic in the court or populace. There may have been other times when practical vice and high theories of goodness were as strongly contrasted; for instance, Mediaeval Italy under the Borgias; but Christianity has been the religion of no other age so *frivolously* wicked. The historic features of the reign are the fine countenance and the grace of the king, the succession of mistresses, the Parc-aux-Cerfs, the easy, ironical, superficial elegance which marked the conversation. The riddance from ennui was a court event; a new pleasure was the attainment of a new object of life. Yet the king attended Mass daily, and esteemed the virtue of the Dauphin, and was often penitent for several days together. So sentimental a religion and virtue had no nerve, reaching into and affecting the life. As the court so the people. From king to clown there was the same nerveless religion, the same heedlessness, and, to a degree, the same tastefulness of immorality, the same faithlessness to all things but

a selfish moment of pleasure; and even this latter, their sole motive, they had not energy enough to be earnest for. Who would not prefer the infernal splendor of a Borgia's crimes to such nonchalance of wickedness?

Sept. 26.

The philosophers were not so much the cause as the fruit of the degeneracy of the age of Louis XV. Government was contemptible by its weakness, the Church by its villainess, even before Voltaire threw the first shaft of ridicule at them. At a later period of the reign, when irreligion had organized itself, and, under the direction of Voltaire, the Encyclopædists were aiming to level to the dust the whole system of the old régime of Church and State, even then these were probably the most serious and devoted men in the kingdom. Voltaire, the eldest of them, had most of the light and trifling spirit of the day; but Didérot, D'Alembert and (perhaps) Helvetius were men of grave and earnest characters, who took not a high but a serious view of human destiny, who labored faithfully for science, and preferred honesty to hypocrisy.

Sept. 30.

D'Alembert the most moderate and proper of the philosophers. Without the enthusiasm of Didérot he was less daring and radical; without the wild, warm inspiration of Rousseau, he kept more strictly to practical duties. His success was as a geometer, as a material philosopher, and as an accurate writer. He was very young when he bore off the prize for an essay on the "general cause of winds," and his preliminary discourse to the Encyclopædia is boasted by the French as exhibiting their language to the greatest advantage. In it the philosophic standpoint of himself and fellows appears, but not boldly, and their religious principles are decently veiled. D'Alembert was worldly wise in touching the faiths of the day, and, unlike several of his fellow laborers, did not make an experience of prison life.

Oct. 2.

Am investigating the subject of Divine Providence, and marvel at the depths to which it opens.

Oct. 15.


My last reading has been Robert Browning's "Paracelsus," a book whose subjects are to know, to love and to live, the first being the aspiration of Paracelsus, the second of the poet Aprile, and the third the lesson which the hero would leave behind him, in his last conversation, as the result of his experience. Yet the in-earnest, hopeful, cheerful, downright and steady ahead tone of the hero, through all his various experiences and phases, is worth more as a lesson for right living than any possible precepts. The book is not obscure, and yet if Browning had a mind to make his writings more artistic in the modern and perverted use of the term, that is if he cared to check his hearty peculiarities and to smother his sentences till they would please ears that care more for the sentence than the sense, he would have more readers. Yet it is refreshing, at a time when there are so many little arts in literature, to meet with a writer who heeds them not the slightest, and who talks his own idea in his own way and does not coax the public to understand him. There is a merit in doing over and polishing your sentences till they shine like glittering scimeters, for example some of Tennyson's verses, but there is also a merit in letting them appear as specimens of the native ore, with their veinly richness running irregularly through them and their rugged corners all about them. In the development and management of his ideas Browning is superior to most and shows the spirit of the highest art in manifestly thinking more of these than of mere words. Yet I doubt not he has his own theory of artistic writing, and designedly chooses rough, rich English to soft Italian sounds, and natural expressiveness to the most approved artifices of rhetoric. In reading Browning you lose sight of the writings in the idea which he is so resolutely pursuing; like a young hunter on

the Alps,—the interest of the chase is absorbing; we mark particular forcibleness and felicities of expression, but it is only at a later review, and always difficult for us to regard it merely as a piece of composition; the composition seems to be the least part of it. This is a certain proof of royalty in the world of writers,—an irresistible power of symbolization,—and classes Browning in the family of Shakespeare.

Have read, before the class, two essays this week, one on Divine Providence and the other on Religious Conversation, the former one carefully considered. The old philosopher, who being asked what God is, required for preparing his answer first one day, then two, then four, then more than a lifetime, seems to me to have viewed the subject properly. Finite things we must believe are the shadows of infinite; we know nothing more about it than this belief.

Oct. 25.

Thackeray is fundamentally philosophical, as Dickens is fundamentally sentimental. No one can read "Pendennis" or "The Newcomes" without perceiving that the author has reflected profoundly upon the essence and the modes of individual and social life. The result of such reflection must be either the adoption of a disbelieving philosophy and of personal self-complacency,—e. g., the materialists of the last century,—or else a believing enthusiasm of reform. Thackeray seems to me a reformer, more than anything else. He does not, indeed, bring bills and plans for the improvement of human life; but he shows, first, the simple, natural elements and promptings of humanity, then how these elements are perverted, these promptings crossed, by the ideas and modes of the world; and, having given and illustrated these two lessons, he leaves it to the instincts of the race and to the attainments of political and psychological thought, what the steps of advance shall be. He is thus an earnest but most modest reformer. From his reflective and critical



habits of observation Thackeray is rather inclined to regard the weaknesses of his brethren, and presents to us not more than two good characters to a score of bad ones, and yet he does not seem to have overlooked any human excellence; he only finds infirmities more abundant. Little touches of tender appreciation, on every page, relieve him from the charge of being a Calvin-ian vilifier of human nature. The tone of his latest novel is to distinguish woman from man as weaker and dependent, and to raise momentous doubts on the prevailing system of match-making.

Oct. 31.

Have been reading in a translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*,—a poem of Christianity, as peculiarly as the *Iliad* or *The Eumenides* is a poem of Paganism. In it the future life is localized and partitioned; the shadows of spirit and of eternity are drawn out carefully for the eye of sense; the virtues are made living persons; dogmas are illustrated, and a universe of systems material and of systems spiritual hung about as the paraphernalia of human life. Dante wrote in an unhesitatingly religious age, when the Church, with its whole circle of artificialities, presided over the world. Those ideas, whose development begun by Paul was completed by Augustine and Hildebrand, were then accepted in the institutions and the consciousness of men. The full orb of Paganism and the full orb of Churchly Christianity grow from very different central principles, yet each may be the religion and so the light and spirit of an age, making, however, the differences of Greece from Italy and Dante-an from Homeric pictures. Compare, as conceptions of Deity, Jove nodding on Olympus to a circled assembly of Gods and making the mount tremble thereby, and that single, central, luminous point, before which every eye is bent, and every spirit awed, and all motion harmonious. Thus Dante had the fortune to live when the first fruit of Christianity (the Churchly) was ripe and mellow in the world, and the inspiration of his poem is from it. With thought and freedom

was ushered in another stage, under the name of Protestantism. This is by no means full orb as yet, and has made no age eminently religious. We are thinking and planning, and when at last we become religious in some new way, different from the pagan and the Churchly, then shall we have need for a new religious poet to interpret us.


Nov. 4.

Election of President of the Nation. It is now nearly seventy years since our federal republican government was established. It has always been regarded as an experiment; by many persons of sober culture and conservative character as a very doubtful one. The old theory has remained that men are not fit to govern themselves. To our nation the world has looked for a race who should do honor to free government. What are our prospects now? Doubtless the mis-called democratic candidate is elected President. There is not virtue enough in the Northern States to check the advancement of Slavery. Ideas on the part of the North are not so strong as interests on the part of the South. We shall then have our freedom based on a system of slavery, if the Union remains. If it does not, some Northern States, New England perhaps, may have an opportunity to vie with the glories of ancient Greece, and celebrate themselves as a Republic, though but a fragment of the first plan drawn by the fathers of the Revolution. Yet even this is not much to be hoped. It is rare to find heroic virtues either among our statesmen or citizens. Demosthenes could not save Greece, when the nerve of Grecian character had become unstrung, neither probably can Sumner save the North. The hand of destiny nowhere else seems so plain to me as in the changing scenes of history. A nation demoralized rushes to its fate, no matter for warnings and for show of fair ideals. My opinion is that the present race in America are not fit to be free citizens. Whether any other government would be better for them may be doubtful, but they

dishonor that mode of state which, perfected, shall be the last attainment of humanity. The United States have yet shed little light on the problem of government by their history. They have not illustrated and adorned the path which opened before them, because the men were not worthy to walk that path. Free government is undoubtedly the destiny of man. But to be hallowed by religion, to be inspired of great ideas, to be stern in duty, enthusiastic for right life, more generous admirers of humanity than of ourselves—this also is human destiny. When this last comes will be time enough for the free state, based upon and adorned by the virtues of individuals.

Nov. 10.

Have lately read the concluding volumes of "Clarissa Harlowe"—a work which I commenced in college. It is a higher order of literature than the novels of our time, with all their psychological descriptions of character, their boasted truth to men and things as they are, and their pretentiousness to being reformatory. It is not one of the disorderly works which we are accustomed and pained to see our best writers publish in monthly numbers,—a plan as false as it would be for an artist to make a colossal statue in divisions, sending off first the head, then the shoulders, then a piece of the trunk and so on—but it is a well-finished masterpiece, a development of ideals not less than a description of the times, and the story proceeds with the stateliness and order, though not with the rapidity, of a drama. I cannot conceive of such a character as Lovelace, even among devils. Of Clarissa you can say little because you feel so deeply. She is, in the last two volumes, a character of which paganism had no conception, exhibiting, amidst desperate grief, all the sublimity and tenderness of Christian victory and mastery over earthly life. The most contemptible personage of all is the young clergyman, Brand. Clergymen are not apt to appear well in fiction,—and the fault is their own, not that of the writers. There are many reasons which



make me regard our present literature and civilization as declining. In reading Byron's Letters I discover that he viewed the age as I do. Richardson was not the first writer of the time in which he lived, and yet we have no living author who can approach to the creation of such a character as *Clarissa Harlowe*, although the best minds of our time are engaged in novel-writing.

Nov. 14.

Have been reading *Life and Works of Lord Byron*—of whom the age has thus far refused to think kindly. He has been called all manner of names, but has any one, as yet, looked deeply, and attempted to give the philosophy, the rationale, of his eventful and sadly suggestive career? Of genius wasted and misapplied his works contain certain memorials, but was the fault all his own? Did "the comet" dash madly off into wicked eccentricity self-impelled without a reason, or was there a great evil force in English Society which must assist in accounting for the great anomalies of one of the most gifted and chivalric of Englishmen? Lord Byron was born into a highly artificial organization of society, religion and government. This organization was strict and pretentious, the "society," technically so called, doubting not that it realized all human excellence, the religion that it monopolized all virtue and truth, and the government (with most justness) proud of its wisdom and vigor, and not minding much its pressure upon the lower orders of its pyramid. Lord Byron, with Greek genius and instincts, was naturally inclined to prefer greater simplicity of system and a correspondingly greater spontaneity of soul. He too saw at once the hollowness of these high pretences, the falsity and evil of this social and religious narrowness. He had an enthusiasm for ideals, which made him depreciate, in some degree, the attainments of real life about him, and his quick instinct of liberty chafed beneath the abounding formalities and proprieties of convention. He, therefore, after a short experience of

England, in which England and himself were shown to be entirely incompatible, left it forever,—to revel in the freedom of continental life, to struggle ineffectually for Italian liberty, and at last to yield up his life in efforts for that nation in whose ancient history and literature he found characters and thought most congenial to him. Byron's was not the most heroic life, though it closed in an aspiration of heroism. Much as he did, he might have done vastly more and better. His was not that finished character which seeks more to benefit the world than to pursue thoughts and fancies to satisfy one's self without minding the world. He stood among men "in a shroud of thoughts which were not his thoughts," and therefore he did not condescend to adjust his splendid visions to men for their advantage, but rather exhibited them in compositions more nearly related to his just indignation against men than to the needs of the men themselves. Few of his poems are tempered kindly towards his race; not that Byron was misanthropic, which I think he was not, but that he did not like the age and institutions in which he found himself, and did not care to conceal his dislike. There is a magnificence in all his descriptions of natural scenery, a grandeur about his characters, which are adapted to a revived age of giants. Though I think that Byron was a more moral man than we are used to hearing him called, I yet think it shows a want of strict moral purpose of life that he did no more to make his great ideas and ideals influential upon his age. This purpose was forming and was begetting, or rather had begotten, in him enthusiasm for practical philanthropic efforts when his life failed him. The great soul had passed away, having done very much, but itself conscious and mournful that it had done but a tithe of what it had had the power to do. Virtuous and proper England meanwhile had looked calmly on; seen her noblest spirit fly in disgust from her borders; seen him wake from a dream of revelry on the continent, to lay down his life in behalf of that country where, in olden

time, liberty and the human spirit had produced their finest results on the earth; had reproached and maligned him, at every step; and had not once thought that one very cause of his estrangement and brief, broken fate lay within herself, in her own character. For myself, when I see one of the noblest spirits of an age rebelling against the age and cherishing strange ideas and a stranger's home, I hesitate, and question whether it be not the age that is wrong. I expect the time when Byron's hatred of England and determination never to see it more will be regarded as one of the shames of England. Byron's poems are but small fragments from the ore of his genius, which, to have found a home, should have appeared among the Greeks, something more than two thousand years ago, or among some hoped-for people of the future, whose time and place we dare not anticipate.

Nov. 21.

Have been reading Dr. Thomas Browne's "Urn-burial"—a fine piece of old English prose, full of quaint conceits and expressions, of careful learning and well tempered sentiment. The author is an interesting character;—his picture in the frontispiece makes you want to get acquainted with him.

1857.

Portland, January 19, 1857.

A long intermission—not however spent in idleness. After closing another term at Cambridge I am again in Portland during vacation. To-day I heard a sermon from Prof. Lord of Dartmouth College. It sounded like a blast fresh from the dark ages. Text, "I will teach thee the fear of the Lord." After attempting to show that fear was a much more general and potent motive in men than love, it went on to say that the tendency of this age was to remove fear from our social government, ethics and theology, and

to plant in its stead a sentimental love, a mock philanthropy and universalistic charity. It charged the age with being ignorant, thoughtless, frivolous, forming itself by atheistic speculations from France and Germany, which only the fires of the last day would be able to overthrow. The salvation which Dr. Lord would propose would be the old, strict, complicate positivity of theology, the old terrors of government, and the old, fixed, top-and-under social distinctions. He is one of those who find their ideals in the past;—he has no eye for the freedom of religious life and for new and more spiritual civilization, now claimed by the best thinkers of the age. He must, therefore, content himself with being run down by the advancing intelligence, temper, and institutions of humanity. From some peak of immortality he may, perhaps, look down upon a pure republic as earthly government, and an entire voluntariness and quiet sincerity as the condition of faithful, genuine religion.

Jan. 26.

Spinoza says:—"Joy is the transition from a less to a greater perfection."

Jan. 29.

There is an unsoundness in Wordsworth's theory of poetry. Given little things, to have great and high ideas about them—such is the problem by which to work out poetry, according to him. Hence he takes some ridiculously simple matter, and proposes to doctor it into a poem. The result is a failure generally, though some of Wordsworth's poems manage to be truly poems; as much so as if written by a man with a heart and eye, instead of such a theory. Some poets and sentimental characters force to themselves an enthusiasm for the sun, moon or stars, some tree, river, or dear thing or other: Wordsworth's sentiment takes a moral turn, and he props up an enthusiasm for virtues and graces and moral experiences of life. A man may be as artificial and superficial about an instinct of the soul or a

grace of human life as about the evening breeze or the moon; and Wordsworth might well be told that a forced enthusiasm was not good, any way. It is as easy to be unpoetical about idiot boys as about brighter ones, and the order of life is not that ideas rush to us from the four quarters, when we stop before and decide to think poetically about something, but, rather, that poetry lives in the fountains of our nature, experienced by us according to the culture we give ourselves, but never coming by volition or by merely being called by name. Wordsworth differed from one class of poets in that he moralized sentimentally,—not with the sentiment of instant and spontaneous heartiness but with the sentiment of will; that is a determination to be moral and sentimental;—while other poets were more spasmodic, and had a turn for trance views of descriptive objects. He differed from better poets in the universal comprehension of his volition; not one natural thing did ever Wordsworth do, after his character was formed. The process was this: he determined to think; then thought; then fell back to think about his thought, to see if it were poetical. The machine-shop of his mind was well divided and kept in order, and that machine which he called his mind turned just as it was directed by its owner and user, Wordsworth. He was simply the manager of a mind of his, that had some talent at poetry.

Feb. 8.

I purpose during the next two months to write two articles—one on the heroic and formative period of New England, and one on the books we read. He does well who resolutely executes a good purpose.

Feb. 19.

Have just finished the last page of "Jane Eyre"—one of the very few novels that I have read which were too profound for my passing criticism. It is a noble portrayal of life and character. The three main persons, Jane, Rochester, and St. Clair—what vigorous life in each of them! The

author has no favor for anything half-in-earnest, and makes even the mad-woman frantic and passionate, almost to sublimity. St. Clair is not sensual, nor insipid, nor a mere pedant either of religion or learning;—for that be praise! I am glad for one clergyman to have had a career of expansive, manly, and true energy allotted to him, even if he had to be sent to India for it. It is a deeply conceived novel, suggesting many thoughts upon the institutes of life.

Feb. 21.

"Be not afraid.
 'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
 A fever fit, and then a chill,
 And then an end of human ill,
 For thou art dead."
 — Sir Walter Scott in *"The Fair Maid of Perth."*

Feb. 23.

Timon is a thorough misanthrope. He hates not only Athenians but all men and abstract humanity and also himself for being a man. He makes no exceptions. His disgust of the race is perfect, so that, though he would have the earth filled with tigers, dragons, wolves and new monsters, he would yet let it no more bring out ungrateful man. The genius of misanthropy could no further go.

Feb. 26.

Nothing more clearly shows the essence of a man's thought and his estimation of life than the notion which he forms of out-of-the-way characters, of beings not subject to the same conditions as we. Thus Tennyson writes of the merman and mermaid, and makes them live a laughing, loving, elegant, almost coxcomby life under the sea. It is the ideal of refined, frolicsome, little thoughtful existence. Would Shakespeare have put beings in the palatial halls of the sea and not have given them more seriousness of imag-

ination, more depth of feeling and perception, in face of so boundless and solemn a Nature?

April 25.

Shall we have an establishment? Our nation must be religious,—with exercises and monuments of religion,—but the establishment which accords with our government and spirit is absolute voluntariness. Science is cultured without law; art influences and flourishes; commerce goes on; many institutions prevail,—all by free combinations. So let our religion be dropped from its old setting, the Church, and made one of our life's poems, sciences, institutions. Voluntary combinations shall carry it on; each man shall find somewhere his idea and passion; grand cathedrals shall rise, all over the land; under various auspices and association the highest thoughts and best arts, philosophy, poetry and music, shall be brought, under various banners, into the service, and we will be as religious as we are free, and our worship shall be as rich and splendid in its artistic appearance as it is simple and pure in its source in the heart. Two changes are necessary. First, our notions of religion must be more liberal; the associations must be kindly to each other, each standing for some phase of human tendency, and each having the most in common with every other. There must be no harder feeling between religionists than between poets, or the different schools of anything,—for everything has its different schools. Secondly, our notion of religion must be broadened, and it must be made to include the whole life in solution, though at times, as when sitting by an ancient cloister, in the twilight, or amid a solemn ceremony or thought, religion may rise to the top and overcrown the rest of life. Thus, 'mid the broadened views which we would have introduced, a man may be most religious who never spoke religion or manifested regard for a sanctuary; all diversities and caprices should be allowable; only the general current of the race would crown the earth with the best emotion, thoughts, mementoes, and acts

of religion, and fewer, far fewer than now would fail in the highest regions of their being. To this result,—this church and worship for America,—a lovelier view of our nature is essential, and I believe man is worthy thus to have religion left to himself; with science, art, poetry, music, all these cultivated. Neither of them has a church.

Cambridge, May 3.

The fatal destiny of clergymen! Why is clergymanic culture so penetrating and lasting that no amount of energy can withstand it and no length of time can change it? Bancroft and Everett were only in the slightest degree clergymen, yet Bancroft writes history and Everett oratory in the style of sermons. Sydney Smith's life was more a struggle than most readers recognize. He saw the tendency of a clergyman's life, and only a force of circumstances, joined, probably, with that eternal hope in young men, of avoiding all the faults which others had incurred, drove him into it. Once there how he strove? He made wit and happiness all about him; he clung closely and genially to whatever lot came to him; he wrote constantly for the great Review; he lectured on Moral Philosophy. Never did man labor harder to cherish his manhood in supremacy over the priesthood. And to his great praise it must be said that he labored with great success. He was one of the most human and manly of all the race. Perhaps the struggle which his choice of profession called out in him, to resist the fatal tendencies of that profession, made him more known and efficient than in any otherwise he would have been. Yet even in Sydney there is a touch of the evil influence. In reading his letters, you can but be struck with the sound sense and moral tone everywhere. On the most sacred subjects of life, the glimpses and foreshadowings of eternity, another clergyman would have been pedantic, and obtrusive, and to a gentle religious mind would have seemed profane; but Sydney strives ever to raise mountain-loads of

wit all around. He will not be clergymanic, so, in most serious moments, he will be witty. On a thousand solemn occasions, in his letters, there is no hint to make you think of him as having a religious nature; there is very rarely a sentiment rising above earthly, moral, and sensible. Had he not been a clergyman we must think there would more frequently have been little blossoms shooting forth in his letters, pointing and breathing eternity-ward. Sydney may be compared with Charles Lamb; both were most genial, witty, humane, but Lamb, poor sinner though he was, had a more delicate religious sense, manifested in his letters, than Sydney. If then Sydney Smith, who went into the ministry, seeing as plainly as anybody can now see, and struggled more valiantly and successfully than most can hope to struggle, yet had the finest blossoms of his nature clipped and dwarfed by clergymanic influences, who now shall hope to succeed? Who will do sacrilege upon the sacred ground of his own nature by following the footsteps of the priesthood? Surely no one who does not have a new meaning and propose a new form for the priesthood. If the talent and culture which yearly goes into that channel can be saved to genial humaneness, and divine heartedness, then no higher ambition can be proposed to a young man.

May 13.

Is there anything more terrible than the laugh of despair—the maniac ringing laugh with which the soul greets its misery? I have witnessed it on the stage. Where is it found in literature? This is the laugh with which Mrs. Siddons electrified the audience in the rôle of Southern's "Isabella," as she plunged the dagger into her bosom. This laugh is said by Mme. de Stael to be the most difficult and remarkable effect that dramatic art is capable of producing.

May 15.

Have finished the life of Charlotte Brontë. What a silent tragedy,—that stern old clergyman and his daughters! Had

it been in old Greek times it would have been one of the most affecting and instructive of legends. The finest minds and writers would have found in it their most touching and sublimest examples of character and conduct. The sorrows of Medea are terrible and vengeful. The lonely misery of Charlotte Brontë would be appalling but for the silent steadiness of a religious spirit which bears up against it. So resolute and so suffering. Then Emily, so strange a character, and Anne so good a girl!

Sept. 26, 1857.

A chapter of statistics. In May I was in Cambridge studying everything, restive, without particular purpose, vibrating between fierce and frivolous dissatisfaction, with a heaving but rather dispirited groundwork of resolution and hope. I put forth feelers, discovered a position to my mind in New York City, reached here the last of June, and am so well engaged that I purpose remaining. Long live the Cyclopædia, which has brought me into new seas and filled anew the sails of purpose and hope! No longer a pleasure-boat, nor a hulk becalmed, nor a brig straying and floundering, but a vessel strong, steady, and compass-guided to do its mission. Early in June I was appointed to deliver the Master's oration, and wrote it in the spirit of my old college life, forgetting the three years passed in theology and the world since then. Three weeks passed at home, and now boarding in a French house, writing articles from French and German more than English authorities, with a little of private study each day, my year or more in New York is well begun.

Oct. 11.

Thackeray's little poem "At the Church Gate," what spirit does it breathe? It is the revery of a sinner in seeing a maid go to church, but the revery closes rather in contempt of the girl's simplicity than in true admiration of her conduct: at least the sinner has no thought of penitence

suggested to him but proposes still to be an outcast spirit, to remain in outer darkness and only to indulge himself, æsthetically, in looking across Heaven's gate at the angels within. The plot is not a sound one. The man should imitate his lady, or at least feel a pang of conscience rather than sing a dilettante song about her. The tone of all the verses but the last is not deep enough, not sad and piercing enough, for the man to be past hope for himself, to be mourning himself as lost to all faith and salvation such as he saw the fair saint possess. It is rather the deliberate choice of a man to be bad, and his tenderness to the lady's religion comes vastly more from her being handsome, and gracefully and timidly conducting herself, no doubt displaying a fine costume all the while, than from any regard for the worship of God. I do not think he is entitled to much credit for it. Then the artistic execution of this most admired of Thackeray's poems is not faultless. "My lady comes at last, Timid and stepping fast, And hastening hither." "Stepping fast" and "hastening" is a pleonasm.

1859.

Feb. 2, 1859.

The three kinds of dogmatic indifference which Lamennais treats in his essay, and the indifference of listlessness and carelessness, would furnish the subjects for four sermons introductory to the pastorate of a Unitarian church, for the first thing needed, probably, would be to make religion as serious a matter as it was to the first Christians. They should be compared with Schleiermacher's discourses on religion, which had a similar object.

Feb. 9.

Middle Ages. Spiritual forces—with history of the establishment of Christianity—spiritual posture, supremacy of imagination and posture. Statistical statement of all the different countries. Pictures of the large cities, with the life in them. Then, in a long series, exhibition of the so-

ciety, poetry, art, ideas, habits, thoughts of mediæval persons. Scholasticism. To conclude with a history of the spiritual conflicts, perhaps in the two great councils of Trent and Dort, by which the initiative was taken in a new era and a new civilization—with a final chapter on what is to be expected from the development of these new principles as contrasted with the Middle Ages.

March 28.

Smoking deepens the shadows of life but somewhat diminishes the clearness of intellectual vision.

April 29, 1859.


I will lose no more time. Every moment shall be made to promote progress in some of the myriad directions of knowledge and morals. I will make diversity exterminate the necessity for idleness. Sleep only excepted.

1861, April 7. Boston.

Shelley, the idolater of nature, anti-moral; Keats, the idolater of beauty, unmoral; Byron, the idolater of passion, immoral.

"Kings disappear, and with them the poets also."—Heine.

The world will be sure not to let its interests be forgotten. Let us look more at the divine side of things; let us meditate on the mysteries of life, on the certainty of death, on the hope of immortality. We are known in the streets, in the week days, by our business, our professions, and vocations; but we are immortal beings. Let us view our daily lives in the light of eternity, doing what Plato thought the end of all philosophy. Behind equally the first and the last fact of science there stretches a sense and radiance of the Infinite. What a wheel-in-wheel universe, with its complex physicality and morality, with its social, political, and religious life, with its chemical and astronomical science, with



all its infinitude of natural history; and yet how simple a thing it is to each man who sees duties close about him, who follows lights in the heavens, without stopping to think that in a whirling universe the heavens are *nowhere*, and who goes through the troubles of life like an arrow whose course encounters and pierces through the reek of a marsh. Hard fares it for you and me who attempt to live by thinking. It is most unhappy work, but it is the only glory left to who would be greatest among men. Happiness, as a motive in life, is terrible folly. Happiness as a result, pure angelic happiness, would, probably, be unsound and deeply colored with vice; but happiness as a heroism caught from the mouth of the dragon, happiness which recognizes itself as separated only by ashes from the coals of hell, happiness such as demi-bedevelled men may enjoy, is great. Let the thinker begin by taking most things for granted, else he will soon lose motives and become idly wicked, or he will die.

Soul within me, stop and listen! Ah! Spirit of my childhood! unalloyed, unclogged, lightsome passion! Wilt thou return to me and be ever my attendant and my glory! Long years did I wander along green banks and through rich pastures and everything was to me as under enchantment. What beauties did seem to me in objects, what glories in persons! And in the pages of sage men what divineness! I lived, and looked, and loved. It was a harmony, a fullness and a richness of being. Alas that I ever approached to manhood! From my youth I sought only highest things. Therefore, in the study of the world and the things therein, religion appeared to me as the culminating point of human excellencies. More than this, ere long Christianity was pointed out to me as the pearl of great price. Ah! Soul within me, thou didst love all the divineness in things, therefore didst thou love Christianity! when thou heardst its name and mission thou didst love it! It seemed to thee

like an opening of the Heavens. But thou didst stumble in the introduction! Christianity, in thy ideal, was not like Christianity in the fact,—in history and among men. Thou didst listen to the mild and mighty voice of Christ, yet thou didst not find thyself in sympathy with Christians! Thou didst love man, but not his madness nor his badness! Christians claimed to themselves all the goodness that would ever have an upward destiny. Thou didst stop and think. Thou didst hear Christianity from rude, bad lips, and didst say divine truth was wretchedly mal-treated. It was spoiled on the passage. And now, turning thy eye over the ages of the Christian Era, thou didst see how often weakness and wickedness had caused misinterpretation, and thou didst shudder before the awful thought that Heaven's design might be thwarted; that the Fall might carry down with it all celestial gifts. Now thou didst swear to gird thyself and to battle for Heaven, and strike a more silvery note into the canticle of human worship.

Thought of a theological student, fresh from the classics and the philosophies, seated by a table covered with the "Fathers" and with "Church Histories:"

Heavens! what a spectacle! What a mesh of controversy! What a dearth of soul! What a death in life! Give me back Plato again. Let me soar with him, or chop knots with Aristotle, or tremble with Æschylus. Let me be a good heathen, and let there be no mediator between my soul and the elements, rather than I get caught in one of these cast-iron dogmas. If it be a truth, that the only fountain of eternal life is running somewhere through this mesh, it is a melancholy one.

Paul Pemberton was born in the south of Germany. His father was a rich but miserly citizen, who had seen little of

the world and whose ideas seldom extended beyond the computation of dollars and cents. A hereditary characteristic of the family was the perversion of good talents. Nature had bestowed upon Paul more than her usual allotment of mental capacity. He was endowed with a fine and clear perception, and the philosophic turn of his mind at once systematized and generalized the world about him. But his father had intended him for a far different occupation than the development of those talents. He was to be instructed in the arts of money-making. He was to exercise his abilities, as a long line of fathers had done before him, only in the narrow circle of self-interest. Paul, who was a dutiful and trustful child, never had any other thought than to follow his father's wishes; and before he reached the age of manhood his natural disposition had become so changed that time alone was wanting to make his character as sordid as that of his father. The generous thought, the buoyant hope of his childhood no longer remained to him. Those visions of universal love and sympathy which had once partially dawned upon his mind had left him. A dark idea of independent personality and of isolation took its place. Why, said he, should I regard my neighbor, since he is a person like myself, and has the same active power that I have? Why should I have any other object of care than myself, since everything in nature is endowed with the power of self-preservation, at least as much as I?

Thus, it will be seen, Paul Pemberton was fully perverted. He strove to justify the motives of his action upon philosophic principle, and his life's effort now was to be a selfish one. Yet we would not represent him as altogether satisfied with himself and his purposes. Sometimes his fine mind rose above the thralldom to which he had subjected it, and he would be reminded of the bright thoughts of his youth and almost doubt whether they were really the fancies which he had learned to consider them. One day he left his counter, more than usually displeased with himself, to take a walk in

the surrounding woods. Since his childhood he had not been wont to frequent these woods alone; not now as then did he enjoy silent communication with himself. He walked hastily through familiar paths deep into the forest, and at last, weary in body and troubled in mind, he sat down to rest upon a green plot. In this situation he fell asleep and dreamed; and, although he said that no other person could ever be made to understand this dream as he saw it, yet he gave the following as a dim representation. He had a full view of the universe. Stars and suns were rolling their eternal circles. The world and all that is therein appeared clearly before him. He was endowed with superhuman vision, for he saw not only the forms of matter, but also its spirit and essence. Matter moved in silent independence. Each sun, star, and atom was animated by its own exclusive spirit. The trees grew, the rivers rolled, the rain fell,—yet they all acted from an internal impulse which looked not beyond themselves. The world was a selfish world; its aggregate and its parts were all driven forward by self, and the labors of all were confined to self. He turned to man, and he saw him, like matter, impelled by a spirit of self, and regardful only of his single personality. The world seemed to him a cold world; matter was dull and heavy, and man appeared but as a withered branch. Every thing was discordant; unity and harmony gave place to their opposites. A chill crept over him as he viewed his own spirit of selfishness thus transferred to the skies. But, even as he looked, he perceived that spiritual Being whose power was over all and whose presence covered all. There was no love, nor pity, nor tenderness in that Divine countenance. Alas, said he, from the God above us to the dust beneath,—spirit, mind, matter,—every thing acts but from selfish motives. Every thing is cold, desolate, and unsympathizing: and Paul awoke from his dream. Paul immediately changed his mode of life, devoted himself to philosophy, lived thoughtfully, and at last died happily.

SELECTED WRITINGS
OF
WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS.

*He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
For worthier things than tears.* —LANDOR.

To Joseph W. Symonds.

Boston, February 26, 1862.— . . . There will be no objection on the part of the publishers of the Atlantic to your incorporating in your volume any papers of your brother's which have already appeared there, or which may be printed there in future.—JAMES RIPLEY OSGOOD.

New York, March 11, 1862.— . . . Mr. Appleton cheerfully consents, so far as their firm is concerned, to permit a selection to be published from your brother's contributions to the New American Cyclopædia. You already have the consent of the Editors.—GEORGE RIPLEY.

SELECTED WRITINGS
OF
WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS

THE ROMANTIC AND THE CLASSIC ERAS OF
CIVILIZATION AND LITERATURE.

Oration Delivered at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine,
August 5, 1857.

The relation between what is intellectual and what is passionate in man has given rise to many problems. Faith and reason, instinct and intelligence, feeling and knowledge, have been frequent polar opposites both in divine philosophy and in social policy. The result of much discussion has been to establish the pre-eminence of the passionate element—to settle that reason ranges well only under the guidance of faith, that knowledge is valuable only when held in solution of the heart, and that all the intellect, relatively considered, is but a means to serve the purposes and to guard the interests of the great passions of the soul. The final and essential element in man is love, which under some form of affection or aspiration initiates the movement of life. Then intellect follows; takes in the vision and the system of things, and hands to the tendrils of the heart the proper objects for them to clasp. Thus there are first longings of the heart, then attainments of the mind; first a wild life of preponderating passion, then an ordered life of reason and passion co-adjusted and co-operative,—and so first a romantic and then a classic phase of the soul.

Transferring this distinction from the life of the individual to the course of the world, we find that it makes also

the sequences of history. Thus it may be said in a general way that three eminent civilizations, the Oriental, the Greek, and the Christian, have existed successively upon the earth, making three long periods in which the energies of man have attained to some gentleness of feeling, some refinement of thought, some harmony of the complex institutes of life. In each of these civilizations, anterior to its consummation in established systems of thought and life, has been a period of indeterminate ideas and institutions, of heroic struggle with half-conscious purpose, and of grouping but abounding enthusiasm. The first tendencies were formed not by the forecast of reason but by the revelry of passion. Thus in the early romantic era of Oriental India the spirit expressed in its beginnings of literature was that of a child's trembling at finding itself within the bounds of time. It was a shivering and shrinking sense of personal existence, and a longing for absorption into the bosom of infinite being. This primitive feeling became the reigning idea in the later intellectual order of metaphysics and epics and government, in which the personality of man hardly appeared in relief out of the all-encircling ideas of universal spirit, universal fate and universal monarchy. What had been an instinct and a passion in the heroic era, became a theory and a science in the subsequent era of mature development and orderly repose.

Then followed the Greek civilization, based upon the idea of a statuesque human individuality and animated by a culture of the beautiful. Here too was the early heroic era of the Trojan war, an era of noble sentiments, martial exploits, and songs of beauty and of religion,—an era which was the home of rhapsodists and gave birth to mythologies. The æsthetic mind of the Greeks refused to keep in remembrance anything which did not approach to perfection of art, and the original productions of their romantic era are, with hardly an exception, lost from history. The Greek literature that remains is so chastened in its spirit, so symmetrical in

its form, that it has become the pre-eminent type of the classic.

It was from the fundamental idea of a free, joyous, and beautiful humanity that they built up their marvellous and living culture. The graceful sentiments and fanciful tendencies, the pride in physical beauty, which marked their heroic youth were interwoven with all their later traditions and fictions, their art, religion, and science of nature, their whole arrangement of life, their customs and political institutions. They attained to unrivalled intellectual refinement, but it was all founded upon their early Homeric poetry, a poetry which was the passionate expression of the aspirations and intuitions of the soul in their primitive romantic age. Thus in this second civilization of the world we find in the passions of early heroism the characteristic germs of all subsequent greatness.

The Greek culture, passing away with the decline of Rome, was succeeded by the modern or Christian. The origin of this in a wild revelry of passion, its growth toward intellectual order may more definitely be traced. The age of Augustus was, to the preceding civilization, the fair consumptive bloom which announces speedy dissolution; and a little later the faith and passion of men, no longer grasping their former objects in religion, philosophy, and the conduct of life, the whole spiritless body of the old social organization tottered, soon to fall. To these imperial remains Christianity was brought, to touch them with new life, to be the principle of a new civilization, and to rear the demoralized character of men to the new virtue of Christian thought and feeling. A fresh ingredient was added by the influx of the Northmen, and during several centuries Christianity wrought as a spell of powerful trouble in the caldron of the early European mind. A pale hue of night seems to hover over this beginning of the mediæval times. Till the eleventh century hardly a breath of poetry or any gentle flower of romance appeared either in north or south. The old civiliza-

tion was dying, but it sang no snatches of old tunes as it went beneath the flood. Only the vigorous theological warfare indicated the hot action out of which was coming a new spiritual and social product. At length the chaos of transition was passed. In the twelfth century Chivalry, fantastically crowned with a circle of Christian graces, rose as if from the face of the deep and certified the Christianization of Europe. Its romantic adventures and songs were the first signs of a new social system engendered beneath the brooding spirit of a new dispensation. The eye of man, waking under a bright fascination and looking around for proper objects, fixed itself upon the Church and upon feminine graces as alone worthy of homage, and devotion and love became the exceeding passions of the time. For his religion the true knight would march unhesitating to Jerusalem or would look fearless into the mouth of the dragon; and woman constituted to him a court of judgment and of beauty on the earth and a hierarchy of tenderness and of intercession in heaven. Here amid these later mediæval times, amid chivalry, the crusades and the all overshadowing Church, lies the early heroic period of modern civilization, the jubilant and exaggerated period of modern enthusiasm, the romantic period of modern literature. In the fourteenth century Europe had become alive in every part with the voices of romances, all celebrating now deep Dantesque shadows of religion, and now the lighter subject of ladies and cavaliers, courtesies and bold adventures, arms and loves. The character of this literature was what would be expected from a people just out of the fiery furnace of a transitional period. They were in no condition for Oriental contemplation or Greek repose. They waited for no reflection, had not the habit of order, could form no conception of scientific truth. The over-inspired soul could not fully and fairly express itself. It therefore ejaculated its meaning in fragments or hinted it in vast disproportions. The writer could not reduce the forms of his imagination to sculptural

simplicity; he therefore left them with uncertain outlines, and trailing shadows of infinity behind them. Yet in those wild mires, in those theological systems, as grotesque and weird as the cathedrals of the time, in those statelier and lighter poems of devotion and love and chivalrous deeds, are found the pure gold of all that is highest and peculiar in modern thought. Imperfect as they were, they were yet the early passion flowers of the Christian religion, with petals tinged as if from the blood of Christ, and shedding abroad the morning fragrance of a regenerate spirit.

Modern civilization, having thus been first heroic and passionate, began to advance towards the scientific order of the intellect. Protestantism removed the conditions of unhesitating and thoughtless faith, the foreshadowings of democracy took away unhesitating loyalty, and the progress of the sciences and the laws of society pruned and trained all the growths of the heart. Yet two misconceptions have disturbed a regular progress. The first of these was an opinion that the classic attainments of pagan times were to be the type also of classic Christian attainments. When the ancient literature was discovered and its repose and finished beauty seen in contrast with the broken utterances of the early Christian period, men would almost have thrown away the higher spiritualism of Christianity to attain the fairer forms of Paganism. France tried long and vainly to rewrite the Greek tragedy, forgetting that inward affinities must shape all the genuine thought and modes of any age, and that no imitation, not even of the ancients, can work the development of modern ideas. How far the highest Christian attainments will resemble and how far transcend any prior attainments in the world only the results of experience can show.

The second misconception is an opinion that a germ of chaos lies in the essence of the modern spirit; that in exploring the depths of our nature there opens upon us, at last, a region so wild that no laws of reason can compass it and no capacity of art fairly reproduce it, and that, therefore, no

orderly development, no classic era, is possible to Christian times. Hence the German Romantic school, with historic instincts, studies the songs of the Troubadours and Minnesingers and the institutions of King Arthur, and would pour all of modern thought and life into those shapeless moulds. Hence the French Romantic school, without historic instincts, proceeds, in an original way, to rival the mediæval disorders by a new and peculiar disorder. Hence, too, in English literature there is much more of intellectual activity than of intellectual fidelity. We cannot conceive of Phidias as sending off in sections from his studio at Athens the statue of the Olympian Jove. Our imagination refuses to conjure up the absurdity; and yet Charles Dickens publishes a novel in monthly numbers. Thus are the laws of high artistic effort violated, laws which are illustrated not only in all the examples of the masters, but also in a sphere higher than human art; for we are told that even the divine mind first made the chaos of creation and then reviewed and elaborated it into the beautiful order of the worlds.

In all time a few fundamental principles lie back of all the complexity of life and are the centres of order around which the ideas and institutions of ages revolve. To attain to these principles, to marshal the thousand banners of the brain and heart under their leaders, to recognize the marvellous simplicity of divine laws and the essential simplicity of human life,—this is the mission of every classic age and the perennial need of man. The age marked by the sad intensity of blind passion is past; romance should now cease to be dishevelled; society should neither rock nor rest on unthorough theories; and the abounding literature of the present time should be subjected to the military discipline of a rectified public taste. Let the carnival of the Romantic be ended, and let the Christian with his enlarged self-hood and purer ideals attain to as fair an outward development as the ancient artistic Greek.

THE SCHOLAR
MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN.

Oration delivered at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine,
July 21, 1858.

It has recently been maintained by an English scholar that the scientific intellect is the only agent in effecting the progress of society; that barbarism is changed into civilization not at all by the discipline of the conscience, or the taste, or the spirit of reverence, but only by the enlightened reason; that religion, poetry, music, painting, and all the lighter graces of literature are only symptoms of the character of an age, not elements in the formation of that character; that they are superficial effects, not substantial causes; that love and emotion, the imagination and the heart, are ornamental merely, and foreign to the main business and problem of life; but that positive knowledge is the only mover and the final test of the character either of an individual or an age. The excellence of man, according to this view, consists not in moral triumph, nor in æsthetic sensibility, nor in religious faith, but in severe justness of thought; the quality of virtue is transferred from the heart to the mind; and the intellect, and the intellect alone, fights the battle with destiny.

A theory like this, which exalts science into the highest and most influential human attainment and apotheosises the naked reason, is the tardy reaction of an extravagant mind of the nineteenth century against the tenth and eleventh centuries. Eight hundred years ago, of all the faculties of man the imagination and the heart seemed alone to be alive.

Had a thinker such as Mr. Buckle then lived he would have reversed his theory in every part. He would have affirmed that the intellect was the slowest and least useful of all the faculties; that it was designed for a very subordinate position in human nature, if indeed it were not an interloper altogether; that the mighty and alert agencies of man were passion and fancy; that scientific facts were as stupid as they were stubborn; that the seat of scholarship was the imagination and not the reason; that the true business of life was romantic thought and romantic action; and that the most advanced age was that which had the most of emotional exuberance. Instead of repeating the old and fatal promise "By knowledge ye shall live and shall become as gods," he would have declared more musically "By the flaming love in your hearts and the glowing fictions in your minds ye shall live."

To contrast the mediæval scholar, the type of an imaginative age, with the modern scholar, the type of a scientific age, to show the good and the bad features in a generation of students who mused but did not study, of scholars who speculated but did not think, and of learned men whose learning only added to their innate ignorance, is my purpose in the present address.

The human race, placed upon the earth by an unseen hand, marching successively from clime to clime and from age to age, ever working out the problem of a wonderful destiny, had a most troubled and painful experience in passing through the Middle Ages. We may liken the ancient Greeks, from their perennial joyousness and happy susceptibility, to a juvenile and heroic age of the world. Our own times have that predominance of practical thought and moral purpose which marks a manly age. But to no gradation of individual life can we compare those long centuries which separate antiquity from the modern world, intervening between the fall of the Roman empire and the rise of modern states. They were at once a period of youth and age, the decrepitude of the old world and the infancy of new times, and

while they lasted, childhood and second childhood seemed to play, tremble, and weep together. There were reminiscences of Roman culture and a great sorrow for its departed glory. There was the vigorous but rude humanity of the barbarian invaders, and a dim anticipation of the glory which was to come by and by. While Christianity was present more as a hope for the future than as a reality in the present, while despair pervaded alike the theology, philosophy, and poetry of men, while violence was the recognized public executive, the dark ages were ushered in. Shadows from behind and before played across the stage, over which a pale hue of night seemed to rest, and humanity, like a sorrowful child at evening twilight, began not exactly to think, but to muse, to hope and to sing. The reason was lulled and the night was left to wildness of fancy. The mediæval period produced nothing of mature wisdom, but abounded in elastic energy, adventurous exploits and contemplations, and religious and poetic fervor. All the habits and institutions in vogue were whimsical rather than rational, and romance was a constant element in everything, from the gravest to the simplest acts. Sometimes a person, swayed by a devout spirit, renounced all earthly affections and joys, gave up his life to solitude and to contemplation, and became the religious hero of the time,—a monk. Sometimes the religious sentiment was joined with the worldly sentiments of love and honor, mutually refining each other, and produced the highest worldly ideal of the time,—an accomplished knight. The feudal system, which was the nursery of loyalty, the institution of chivalry with its fantastic graces, the crusades by which Europe may be said to have boiled over into Asia, jousts and tournaments, where knights contended, minstrels sang, and ladies awarded prizes, knight-errantry, mistaking wind-mills for giants, the monasteries, the all o'er-shadowing church, pilgrimages to holy shrines, mendicant orders in white, black, and gray garbs, harpers and court-jesters, saints, heroes, and white processions of nuns, weird stories and

mystic eyes,—such is the motley procession which we meet on the highway of mediæval life. In all this company there was little learning and little notion or appreciation of objective truth. It might seem like a witches' procession in fairy land, but that the intense human feeling, which was a common quality in it, gives to it a human character and interest.

In our habits of education we have estimated the intellect so highly that we are at a loss to conceive how the world could have gone on for several centuries with so small a quantity of it. When almost every young person goes through a course of study we have no opportunity of seeing how charming ignorance may sometimes be made. But at a time when Europe contained neither books nor schoolmasters, when intellectual eclipse was as common as a little learning is now, it is surprising how very interesting characters sometimes were graduated from the school of ignorance. Let us suppose a young girl brought up in the twelfth century in her father's stone castle, on some mountain side of Germany, or some river side of Italy, or in some Arabic ruin of Spain. Implicit obedience, entire faith, unfeigned humility are the early domestic lessons inculcated by a severe discipline. Her life passes beneath the shadow of Gothic architecture, and all the poetry of her being is associated with the mysterious stories of religion. The atmosphere is filled with wild legends of heroism and wilder notions of life, and she has imbibed them all. She has learned from harpers their songs, and sings them herself to her family and friends. She has learned from romancers their tales and repeats them over to the younger children by night, beneath, as she believes, the listening stars. Perhaps she may have seen at her father's table some mailed Crusader, returned from the Holy Land, where he had fought the Saracen around her Lord's sepulchre, and she regards him with unspeakable admiration, at once as the type of chivalry and the soldier of the cross. She had rejoiced and

sorrowed at the tales which passed for history, and had a sympathetic familiarity with popular fancies. Without any habit of right thinking, her mind swarmed with fantastic ideas and her bosom heaved in the intensity of her contemplation of them. As a field that has run to waste sometimes bears a beautiful blossom, so a barbarous civilization sometimes produces an admirable character. The most illustrious example of a mediæval scholar, whose culture consisted not in intellectual development but in instinctive purity of character and in an o'ermastering faith in thick-growing fancies, was the peasant girl of Lorraine, Joan of Arc. Her career in history is so romantic that it seems to us almost superhuman and miraculous, yet it was but an eminent instance of the prevalent mediæval style of thought and action.

Though the young persons of the Middle Ages were educated in nothing, there were yet what may be termed three branches of ignorance in which they were chiefly proficient. The first of these was religion. The germ of Christianity was cherished at this time like a bud through the winter, but it was buried deep beneath fables and vain imaginings. There was the poetry with but little of the truth of religion. The New Testament was less common and less influential than the lives of half-crazed monks and nuns; the spirit of devotion was transformed into admiration of saints' relics; the duties of life were forgotten in retreats from it into monasteries. The Christian sentiment undoubtedly nestled at the bottom of much of the religion of the Middle Ages and gave to it a tenderness. There was doubtless much of the trembling of the soul in worship. Yet the phenomenon of Christianity growing up into the composite structure of the mediæval Roman church was as if the seed of a rose-bush should by some fatality grow up into a stark and stiff pine or hemlock. Pious legendary absurdities was the form in which religion was presented, and, while the whole system of life resembled a night procession through the fancy, the

department of religion was the most dreamy and weird of all.

The second and most excellent proficiency of mediæval persons was in popular music. Europe was alive with songs. It would almost seem that the ordinary conversation of life was carried on in chant. "Wherever a woman is," says the chronicle, "there is song. House and yard, mountain and valley, meadow and forest, garden and vineyard, she fills them all with the sounds of her voice." Melody could hardly have been more common if the old Greek fancy had been true, that the zodiac itself is a lyre. Of all the arts, music is said most adequately to express a profound and passionate experience. It flourished among the Hebrews, the intensest of races, and the Hebrew psalm is perhaps still unrivalled, as it was sung, triumphantly, within the walls of Jerusalem or plaintively, in captivity, on the banks of the Chebar. It flourished in the troubled times of the Middle Ages; and of modern nations it flourished best among the Italians, the most sensitive and sorrowful of peoples, who live in national weakness, ever looking back regretfully and self-reproachfully upon their Roman ancestors who were the sternest of conquerors. The musical voices of the mediæval romancers celebrated now deep Dantesque shadows of religion, and now the lighter subject of ladies and cavaliers, and bold adventures, arms and loves. Such transmitted from generation to generation, from minstrel to minstrel, from parents to children, supplied to some extent the want of books. Music dwelt not only in the household and by-ways but also in the church, and the later Middle Ages gave birth not only to the opera but to the oratorio. The love of it seemed a universal passion, and its enjoyment was spoken of as the maximum of happiness permitted to man on the earth. Probably in our present social culture music holds a less prominent place than in that of our mediæval ancestors.

The third proficiency of the Middle Ages was in story-telling. Some men have thought that all knowledge would

ultimately be reduced to the form of statistics. The mediæval learning, on the other hand, was all contained in romantic legends. The difference between a fancy and a fact was a question which was never raised. It was no objection at all to any account that it was untrue; it was a fine fancy nevertheless. The realities of life were so mixed up with semblances, falsehood and truth were blended so indissolubly together, that the mind gave up any attempt to separate them, and went on, jubilant, under the sway of great illusions. Stories of goblins, saints, miracles, adventures, heroisms, stories in which all sorts of mythological characters appeared and all sorts of impossible exploits were done, were told with the most extraordinary good faith, and were indeed about as real as real life itself, in an age when there were no canons of criticism and no conception of the sterling value of truth.

We have thus seen how mediæval ignorance was at once religious, musical, and romantic. Characters were not wanting which force our admiration for their sort of elfish sublimity, for their extravagant ideality and passion; but in general the mediæval characters are admirable, if at all, only in the setting of their own times, and are to be regarded by us less for imitation than for warning. If in a passionate and imaginative period the intellect was so unduly neglected it may admonish those who live in a highly intellectual period not in turn to trample too rudely upon the native instincts of the heart, and not to estimate too slightly the pictured realm of the imagination.

Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that there was absolutely no intellectual culture in the Middle Ages. Knowledge was indeed driven from the surface of the earth, but a little of it had taken lodgement a few feet below the surface in the convents and monasteries. Monasticism, which for centuries was admired and applauded as the highest expression of Christianity,—the convents, where many of the princely and noble children received what was esteemed an

education, and where alone the traditions of scholarship were preserved, are a prominent feature in mediæval life. When after the decline of Rome the times waxed worse and worse in violence, there were a few persons whose hearts were touched, inappropriately it would almost seem, with Christian tenderness. Despairing of an age in which only barbaric wickedness seemed wandering to and fro on the earth, impatient to realize the Gospel beatitudes, they took the view that this life is as transitory as it is bad, and that the only thing for Christians to do is to pray for a safe and quick retreat to Heaven. The journey to the goal beyond the tomb they would make without being distracted by any objects on the route. They would live as little as possible in the life of the age, and would anticipate here below that immortality which is to be but a contemplation and realization of perpetual graces. Harassed more than men by an uncouth and savage society, women fled with the greater eagerness to these sacred asylums. It was not uncommon for princesses of noble blood to bury in such retreats their burdens of broken hopes and remediless misfortunes. The persuasive voice of Saint Jerome called forth the noblest men and women of Rome, the descendants of Cicero and Cornelia, into the desert of Jerusalem. In the wilderness, in the depth of forests, or under the wing of cathedral churches, convents thickened and thickened as the darkness of the time deepened. Yet they were not at first, as they afterward became, places only of an austere life. Though the persons who withdrew thither had religious dispositions and desired free opportunity for prayer, they were yet also friends of culture and of beauty, who fled from the violence of the outward world, but not from the world within themselves,—their own best thoughts. They sought not only to fit themselves for Paradise but also to study the letters, arts, and sciences which give refinement and dignity to the present state. Thus they were, at first, not only the asylums of piety but the oases of civilization, and they combined the strictness of

religion with the elegancies of life. They were the last retreat of imperial culture, and from them dawned the first beams of the Renaissance. After the severe innovations of St. Benedict had banished from them all human graces they rapidly changed their character, and their inmates often had not even the merit of going through life without doing mischief. Learning then fled from them, to take up its refuge in the newly instituted universities.

By means of the convents a small thread of classical knowledge was perpetuated through the Middle Ages. Even in the tenth century there were a few ecclesiastics who could write Latin that was full of blunders. More important than their learning, however, was their care of the ancient classics, copies of which were thus preserved to become the treasures of an age which could appreciate them. The mediæval conventual scholarship was in general hardly less romantic than the mediæval outdoor life. Thus every city and almost every convent, had its history written by monkish chroniclers. It is remarkable that, according to their accounts, most of the cities of Europe were founded by Adam, or at least by Noah. One Austrian city only is mentioned which, with unparalleled modesty, did not claim for itself any greater antiquity than the time of the prophet Elisha. Numerous histories of the world were written, which, however, supposed the world to be composed only of Jews and Christians. Greece and Rome stood as if on the vacant page between the Old and New Testaments and filled but a paragraph. An item of information, generally known during the Middle Ages, but neither before nor since, was that the Trojans, discomfited at the siege of Troy, had sailed westward and taken up their residence in France and England. Thus the city of Paris was named after the veritable Paris who decided the contest of beauty between the three goddesses on Mount Ida, and Britain derived its name from Brutus, a renowned son of Æneas, to whose merits only the mediæval historians have done justice. Botany, too, was an

object of study and was a kind of popular witchcraft. As a science it consisted in a mass of erudition about the imaginary but marvellous virtues of plants. Every herb had its own peculiar charm. Near Luscignan in France grew a plant which no one could eat without losing his way and wandering about and about in a circle, without ever finding himself where he ought to be, so long as he was under its influence. Another herb is mentioned which would infallibly cure a chicken that had just had its head cut off. Demons, witches, and all manner of goblins were among the best certified facts of the time. When Dante published his "Inferno" it was popularly believed to be a veritable narrative of what had really taken place. There was a great deal of learning about lucky and unlucky days, about talismans and philters, and means of discovering treasures and rendering one's self invisible. The toothache was invariably cured by asking alms in the name of Saint Lorenzo. The marriage ring should always be put on to the fourth finger of the left hand, because there was a peculiar artery in that finger which connected immediately with the heart. Such are the specimens of the serious studies of the mediæval scholars. During one or two centuries they were the engrossing and almost the only studies. A man who avoided them and really looked at things in a sensible way was sure to be charged with holding communion with the devil. For a man to be wise when all the rest of the world was mad was only to get the reputation of being the maddest of all: and of such unfortunate wisdom the Middle Ages furnished very few examples.

There were two branches of study, pursued with enthusiasm by a few persons, which were at least as sublime as they were delusive. These were alchemy and astrology, respectively the mediæval chemistry and astronomy. To know the secret and the spring of life; how clay and water shoot up into green grass; why man lives and moves and has a being, while the granite rock lies dead; why matter takes its vari-

ous forms and qualities, being sometimes gold and sometimes lead, sometimes a leaf and sometimes a flower,—such were the splendid questions of alchemy, certainly the most fantastic science that the world has ever known. It was as if to seek to enter into God's own laboratory and to grasp the molds by which the universe was shaped. Gold and lead, said the alchemist, are made out of the same elements, but are made in a different way. If both could be resolved into their original atoms, the atoms of lead would be exactly like those of gold, and might be put together again in a way not to make lead but to make gold. To change the lead into gold there was only needed something that would dissolve the lead; and in like manner if there could be obtained a universal solvent, something that would reduce everything to its final elements, then man would have command of the elements, and all the vile metals might be transmuted into all the precious metals. This universal solvent was the illusive ideal of the alchemist, and to it he ascribed the most wonderful properties. He called it the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, the universal panacea, and it was linked with all the mysteries of existence. It would heal every disease, expel from the body every baneful principle, and rejuvenate and prolong life, if it did not indeed make man immortal on the earth. It would have power to make a tree come to maturity, produce fruit, and fade away within a few hours. Applied to an infant, it should so accelerate the pulse of life that he should swell at once from childhood to manhood, drive at a lightning pace through the experiences of his career, and go to his grave an old man, within a day. Nay more, there was a dim expectation that the miracle of the Garden of Eden might be repeated, and that, applied to a molded form of earth, the clay should leap into human life. Surely the alchemists, as they were in most respects the highest, so they were the most romantic type of mediæval thought. By their indefatigable labors, in solitary laboratories, over smouldering forges, now distilling

and now pulverizing, now analyzing and now compounding, they made many discoveries to help modern chemists, though they failed in their main purpose. Yet with a patience that was admirable they were never discouraged by ill success. The alchemist passed his days, perhaps from beardless boyhood to grey old age, pursuing an experiment which he always seemed about to finish and which he doubtless thought almost happily concluded as death beckoned him away. He sometimes left the unfinished experiment as an heirloom to his son, stating in his will, with pious care, all the steps which had been taken in the process and the few more which were needed to bring it to perfection. And the son, having wasted a patient life over it, left it to his son, and so the delusive hope was perpetuated from generation to generation.


Even in a less imaginative age an object so long and diligently pursued by eminent persons would have given rise to stories of success; and such stories were not wanting in the Middle Ages. There were several accounts of persons who lived in lonely retreats, without ever growing old, without ever being seen to do a useful thing, yet who always paid for all their purchases in gold. If they could be surprised unawares into conversation they would speak of events which happened centuries back as if they had been eye-witnesses of them. A German monk is said to have invited the King to a banquet in his cloister in the depth of winter, and to have astonished his guests by presenting on every side the smiling verdure of spring. Roger Bacon, an English monk, is said by some means to have manufactured out of wood and metals a man that knew enough to take a very intellectual part in conversation. The science of alchemy is not interesting only as one of the most remarkable curiosities of history. It would have been magnificent if it had not been absurd, and would have been the noblest human pursuit if it had not been absolutely vain and impracticable.

The other mediæval study which had a character of sublimity about it was astrology. In various ages and countries there has been an inclination to believe that the life of a man is in some way corded into the chorded heavens, that the stars in their courses decide the destiny of men. The Middle Ages nurtured a faith so much in accordance with their own spirit. Wars were made, treaties signed, and all the important steps of life taken in accordance with astrologic predictions; and, as alchemy produced some valuable results for chemistry, so astrology contributed something to the progress of astronomy. It is a curious evidence of the predominance of imagination in those times that no number of failures, no quantity of manifest blunders, was sufficient to weaken the faith in astrology. A man believed it in spite of his eyes. Cardan, the most famous astrologist of his time, had the imprudence to predict that he should die at forty-five years of age. He made all his arrangements accordingly, but when the time came and to his disappointment he had perfect health he re-examined his horoscope, discovered a mistake, and again had the imprudence to announce that at farthest he should not survive his sixty-fifth year. Nature, however, seemed bent on defeating astrology, and when the appointed time came Cardan found himself never better. Yet he must die, or the vanity of his art would be proclaimed. An enthusiast in his faith, he hesitated but a moment, and then sacrificed himself to the glory of the stars by committing suicide.

The age which we have thus hastily reviewed was an age when the imagination almost alone traversed the immense realm of the unknown. The course of history is marked by vibrations from one extreme point to another and progress seems to have been developed only out of a series of excesses. In the Middle Ages imagination was in excess; in our own age the reason is predominant and perhaps tends to excess. To reconcile the two, and to unite them in perfect harmony and intensity of character is the hard problem of

intellectual life. The faculties are antagonistic, but are designed not only to balance but to refine and strengthen each other. It requires both to save the character at once from coldness and from waywardness, to give a spiritual charm to the plainest realities, and to link the duties of daily life with all that is fairest in the future and the unseen. It is said that if every bud of a tree came to maturity every tree would have perfect symmetry. The germs destined for leaves, branches, and flowers start with perfect uniformity, and if not a shoot was wasted there would not be a branch without its fellow, not a leaf without its mate, not a flower on one side without its rival on the other side. The tree would stand as well balanced and as harmonious as a piece of Greek architecture. Yet this ideal symmetry is never realized. There is the violence of winds and storms, of the saws of men and the jack-knives of boys, which makes havoc of leaves, buds, twigs, and boughs. The tree is unable to reach that perfection which in its own nature seems predestined to it. So it is with human character. Many of the buds of our being run to waste; perhaps none of them attains to a complete development. At one period the blasts sweep from the north, and the buds of the reason are nipped and fall withered to the ground. The storm comes at another time from the south, and the blossoms of the imagination roll themselves shrinkingly together, and refuse to open again. Thus humanity assumes various aspects and seems to play various parts in different periods of history; yet the general movement we can but believe is onward, with the order and stateliness of a divine drama.

Could a scholar from the Middle Ages look upon our own age, he might at first charge us with being an unimaginative, unelastic, and plodding people; might affirm that, with a severe love of science, we do not frequent the more brilliant spheres of thought; that, searching ever for hard truth, we do not play with images, do not hang with garlands the barriers of mystery which fence us in on every side; that our



habits are so practical that we do not know how to enjoy fictions, and do not hope, fear, love, rejoice, or smile except for a consideration; and that our mental operations are comparatively so slow that, while we are satisfying ourselves as to whether a thing were really *so* a mediæval man would have gone through all the possible suppositions about it and derived all the moral advantages from each supposition.

While, in answer to such a charge, the present age will admit and will boast that what it values most highly is reality, it may yet deny that the culture of the imagination is inconsistent with the strictest study of facts. The imagination does not flourish alone in deserts and darkness, does not associate only with monsters and phantoms, but always forms the vanguard of the mind in all new investigations. It was a bold imagination which projected, not less than a clear reason which developed, the steam engine. It is not only true in the adventures of life but also in the highest departments of thought that truth is stranger than fiction. Neither the living monsters which the ancients saw in the stars nor the human fortunes which the astrologists sought to read there are so marvellous as the conceptions of immensity which open upon the scientific student of astronomy. Puck, a sort of mediæval sprite, would put a girdle round the earth in forty seconds, but when the Atlantic telegraph shall be completed, men will freight electric sparks with human thoughts and send them round the earth in about the same time. Forty years ago Thomas Hood wrote the "Song of the Shirt," which sent through England and America a thrill for the unhappy needlewoman who

"Sits in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread"—
"Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt"—

“Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons she falls asleep
And sews them on in her dream.”

The Middle Ages would have had curious but useless legends about such tragedy; but in modern times, the imagination did not act in this case alone, but was supported by the resources and efforts of the logical intellect; and, as the result, the sewing machine has been invented, which is to female fingers what the steam engine is to the hand of man. Rightly viewed, the age becomes all the more imaginative in becoming practical, as the pilot on the ocean scans the stars more carefully than a listless passenger. Our age makes no boast of fervid saints or stalwart knights, but it has attained a glory beyond that of any general in the Crimean war, and the latter of whom contended in a scene and against real perils more magnificent and terrible than mediæval fancy was able to depict. To the scholar of the present time there is hardly a limit to the regions of thought and action which open upon every side. Problems of national character and development, of religious life and destiny, questions in philosophy and literature, in commerce and agriculture, in every department of thought and of labor, are demanding at once clear conceptions and sound judgments on the part of the present generation. The age is in some sort a battle, and every person is called upon to take part in it.

It cannot be too well remembered by young scholars that a course of study is only preparatory to something else; it is almost like learning a trade, and its design is only to make persons more skilful and efficient in performing human duties. If it does not bear upon the character, does not make the scholar better, more humane, and more faithful, if it does not ennoble all his sentiments, then it fails of its highest end. If the scholarship has not disciplined the heart as well as the mind, then it has done but the poorest half of its work. I have read somewhere of a young maiden who

was stolen away by the fairies and lived for a time in fairy-land. When she returned to her friends they knew that she had been in some higher sphere, because there was a brightness in her eye, a fairness in her countenance, a sweetness in her voice, a gentleness in her manner, which could not have been learned upon earth ;

“And oh the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder and words of truth ;
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spoke of the lovely forms she had seen.”*

So should the scholar show, not only by the intelligence of his mind but by the beauty of his manners, the kindness of his disposition, the depth of his feeling, and the fidelity of his life, that he has dwelt in the land of thought, that he has held communion with those lovely forms, those “high and mighty thoughts which wander through eternity.”

*This, apparently, is a misremembrance of lines in Hogg's “Kilmeny,” in “The Queen's Wake,”

“But it seemit as the herpe of the Skye had run,
And the ayries of heaven playit runde her tung,
Queen sche spak on the luvlye formes sche hadseine,
And ane land quhair synn had nevir beine.”—Ed.

CHARLES LAMB AND SYDNEY SMITH.*

There were in Great Britain, soon after the commencement of the present century, three remarkable groups of young men. Distinct schools of thought, like the philosophic schools of Greece, each of the groups was marked by peculiar ideas, tastes, and sympathies. The French Revolution, with its menace of fundamental changes, clashing with sentiments and convictions which ages had rendered habitual and dear, called for an inquiry into great principles and the grounds of things. The Napoleonic age had the terrific formlessness of chaos. Did it premonish the passing away of old things, and herald the birth of a new order and a new social state? or did the trouble spring from innate madness in the "younger strengths" which were trying to overthrow the world's kingdoms? Should venerable Royalty, after howling in the wilderness and storm, be again enthroned? or should men attempt to realize the fair ideals which the word Republic suggested? Should religion be supplanted? should Protestantism be confirmed? or should, perchance, the crosier of the Old Church be again waved over Europe? These were the questions that were mooted, and they aroused unwonted activity and vigor of thought as well in literature as in politics.

The old century left in England few celebrated names to take part in the literature of the new. The men who made the poems, romances, dramas, reviews, and criticisms for the first quarter of our century had almost all been in youth contemporaries of the Reign of Terror, and had been tried in that unparalleled period as by a fiery furnace, while their opinions were in a formative state. Crabbe and Rogers

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were traditions of the time of Goldsmith and Johnson; Gifford wrote with a virulence and ability which he might have learned in boyhood from Junius; but with these exceptions, English literature fifty years ago was represented by young men.

We mention, as the first group of young thinkers, the founders of the "Edinburgh Review,"—Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, Francis Horner, and Henry Brougham,—whose united ages, when the first number of that review appeared, in 1802, made one hundred and seven years. Members of the Whig party, possessing much learning and more vivacity and earnestness, and having among them, if not severally, abundance both of daring and prudence, they startled conservative people, evoked the best efforts of authors by their brilliant castigations, and inaugurated the discussion of measures of reform which it took thirty years to get through Parliament. The critic of the company was Francis Jeffrey, whose happiness it was to live just when he was needed. Without capacity to excel either in the realm of ideas or of facts, he was unrivalled in the power of discovering the relations between the two. He was neither a statesman, philosopher, nor poet; but while the heavens and the earth threatened to rush in confusion together, he was an admirable *cicerone* to the troubled and wandering wits of men. He had no inherent qualities, and, if other people had not existed, would not have been alive himself; his faculty was simply an eye for relations, and his mental life began when some one threw a series of thoughts across his line of vision. He could tell all about those thoughts,—how large each was, what complexion they had, how they stood in order with each other, and how they compared with other thoughts which he remembered having seen before. Such a mind might have achieved success among the technicalities of the law, but nowhere else, had not the "Edinburgh Review" been created. Jeffrey's critical articles have little value when regarded according to their aim and as in-

tegral compositions; the arguments which they contain are often insufficient, and the literary judgments wrong. But they are full of the scattered elements of thought. Many of the best ideas of the books and men of which they treat are stated in them with admirable clearness and piquancy, and they are, therefore, pleasant secondary sources of information.

Francis Horner died of consumption in Italy before he was forty years of age, and there is nothing of surpassing brilliancy or power in any of his writings. Yet he made a most extraordinary impression upon his contemporaries. His name is never mentioned by his associates except with unusual respect. Brougham, when he alludes to him, even in a letter, seems to check his pen into soberness, and to be as cautious as if he were speaking on a religious subject. Search through the published correspondence of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Mackintosh,—and Horner is found uniformly mentioned, not with peculiar affection or kindness, not with any intention of doing him honor, but as a man whose qualities were quite superior to those of other men, and whose destiny it was to be the first statesman of his country. Lord Cockburn, who was a schoolmate of Horner, relates that the latter was at one time selected by his class to present a book to the master, and adds: "As he stepped forward at the close of a recitation, and delivered the short Latin presentation address, I thought him to be a god." This fascination is hard to be explained. The great seriousness of Horner's character may in part account for it. He could not bear trifling on important subjects, and could not help frowning on all jests which were not more wise than witty. The calm determination, the unvarying earnestness of his character, may aid in explaining it. From a boy, he never swerved from great purposes, pursued the most useful though difficult knowledge, and cultivated with equal zeal the ornaments of taste and those recondite historical and statistical studies which are the roots of political science.

He was as far from being flighty as Immanuel Kant. Everything that he did was marked both by temperance and sagacity. Philosophically speaking, a personality, any personal being, is undoubtedly the most mysterious thing in the universe. How abstract ideas come together to grow and bloom in a young bosom is wholly past the comprehension of philosophy. As personality in the abstract fascinates a philosopher by its mystery, so a personality of uncommon purity, intensity, and completeness fascinates all men, and thus, perhaps, is explained the high estimation in which Horner was held. He was regarded by those who knew him, as Pythagoras was by his disciples, with the deference commanded by a superior person.

The indefatigable character of Lord Brougham, the only survivor of this group, cannot yet be sketched in a paragraph. To Sydney Smith we shall presently return.

The second group of young men was formed fifteen years later. They were the antagonists of the Edinburgh reviewers, the authors of the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," the main support of "*Blackwood's Magazine*," almost from its beginning. Their names were John Wilson, J. G. Lockhart, James Hogg, and, for a time, William Maginn. These were very high, as well as, excepting Hogg, very young Tories. It would be an apotheosis of loyalty to say that they were also eminently religious, though they drank many bumpers to their religion. When they meet in the third of the "*Noctes*" and have taken their places at the table, North proposes: "A bumper! The King! God bless him!" and three times three are given. Then Tickler proposes: "A bumper! The Kirk of Scotland!" and the rounds of cheers are repeated. These indispensable ceremonies being over, the Blackwood council proceeds to discuss men and things over nectar and ambrosia.

Wilson was the centre and best representative of this group. At Oxford he had been so democratic that he blacked his own boots, on principle. On leaving Oxford, he

had roamed for a time as a wild man in a band of gypsies. He next took a cottage in the Lake District in the North of England, where he associated with Wordsworth, and occupied himself alternately with desperate gymnastic exercises and composing slight descriptive poems. Even after connecting himself with the magazine and becoming the symposiarch of the "Noctes" and perhaps the greatest Tory in all broad Scotland, he did not renounce his home among the Lakes. He was a lover of scenery, and an enthusiast and master in manly sports. He is said to have fished in every trout brook north of the Clyde, and he wandered every season over the Highlands. In his sportsman's accomplishments he took a truly English pride, and made fun of the Edinburgh Whigs by representing a company of them as getting by chance into the same room with himself and his associates, and then, pipes and tobacco being brought, as being fairly smoked out, sickened, and obliged to retreat by the superior smoking capacities of the Tories. He ridiculed Leigh Hunt for fancying in one of his poems that he should like a splendid life on a great estate, when (as Wilson says) he couldn't even ride without being thrown. Yet, of all the men of this time, there was probably no one who had wider sympathies or more delightful prejudices than Professor Wilson, or who made more sagacious reflections. The centre of a literary clique, he loved to associate with all the other cliques, and was one of the first to recognize and proclaim the great merits of Wordsworth.

The third group was larger than either of the preceding, retained its *esprit de corps* longer, and may be most conveniently defined as the associates of Charles Lamb. Besides Lamb, there were Coleridge, Southey, Lovel, Dyer, Lloyd, and Wordsworth, among the earlier members of it,—and Hazlitt, Talfourd, Godwin, De Quincey, Bernard Barton, Procter, Leigh Hunt, Cary, and Hood, among the later. This group, unlike the others, did not make politics, but literature, its leading object. It was composed of literary

men,—a title of doubtful import, but which certainly in civilized society will always designate a class. Political life has more of outward importance, religious life is holier, but literary life is the most humane of all the vocations. It is to the professions what pastoral occupations are to the trades. Politics and religion both have something to do with institutions. A mechanical man can play a part in them not very well, but passably well. But the literary man is sheer humanity, with nothing to help him but his thoughtfulness and sensibility. He is the unfelled tree, not the timber framed into the ship of state or carved into ecclesiastic grace. He lives as Nature lives, putting on the splendor of green when the air is sunny, and of crystal when the blasts sweep by; and while his roots reach down into the earth, there rises nothing above him but the heavens. Past experience shows that he may be harsh, prejudiced, and unhappy; but it shows also that the richest human juices are within him, and that not only the most peculiar and most sensitive, but also the most highly endowed characters are named in the list of authors. The central and most admirable figure in this particular group of literary men is Charles Lamb; and as each of the other groups clustered around an organ, so at a later period Lamb and his associates supported the "London Magazine," in which the "Essays of Elia" first appeared.

If it be asked what gave that strong coherence to these associates which constituted them groups, a wise man would answer,—congeniality of character. A wiser man, however, would not overlook the element of *suppers*. The "Edinburgh Review" seems to have been first suggested over a quiet bottle of wine; and at a later day the Edinburgh reviewers, increased in number by the accession of Mackintosh and one or two others, formed an honored clique by themselves in the splendid society of Holland House. The "Noctes Ambrosianæ" is the enduring monument of the way in which the Blackwood men passed their nights, and

not the less so from the fact that they were for the most part written out by Wilson in sober solitude. Charles Lamb began his career of suppers with Coleridge, as the latter came up to London from the University to visit him, and the famous Wednesday evening parties given by him and his sister Mary would occupy a large space in the literary history of this epoch. It is a true proverb, that people are but distant acquaintances till they have eaten salt together.

The sketches which we have thus given will indicate the leading tendencies that were operating in English literature, though the groups themselves did not include all the eminent literary men. Campbell, Shelley, and Byron were single lights, and did not form constellations,—unless, perhaps, Shelley and Byron may be regarded as a wayward and quickly-disappearing Gemini. Sir Walter Scott, and, in their later years, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, were of a cosmopolitan character, and served as links between different parties. And it may be added, that diplomatic relations and frequent intercommunication existed between all the groups.

Passing from the general schedule to the characters and careers of Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith, it will be our aim to show how these two most witty men were also intensely serious and dutiful,—how they were both disciplined by a great sorrow, and obedient to a noble purpose,—and thus to relieve wit from the charge of having any natural alliance with frivolity.

A thorn, it needs not a sage to say, vexes the side of every human being. Poetry laments the inadequacy of men to their ideals, philosophy declares an error in the figures which sum up life, religion reveals the fall of the race. The thorn is known which pierced the matchless joyousness of Charles Lamb. His family, highly gifted with wit, tenderness of feeling, and mutual love, had a tinge of madness in the blood. At twenty years of age he was himself shut up six weeks in a madhouse, his imagination in a vagary. He

was not again affected; but the poison had sunk deeper into the veins of his sister. The shadow of a deed done in the dark ever pursued her. Charles devoted his life to her whose life was an intermittent madness, yet who, in her months of sanity, was a worthy sister of such a brother. His kindness to her knew no bounds. It was strange that she had premonition of the recurring fits of her disorder; and when the ghost of unreason beckoned, Charles took her by the hand and led her to the appointed home. Charles Lloyd relates, that, at dusk one evening, he met them crossing the field together on their melancholy way toward the asylum, both of them in tears. In the smiles of Charles Lamb, and they were many, his friends always remarked a prevailing expression of sadness. The "fair-haired maid," who had been the theme of his first poetizing, appears not again in his verses or in his life. He and Mary lived together, received evening visitors together, went to the theatre and picture-gallery together, visited the Lakes and the poets together; and if he was ever seen in public without her, his friends knew there could be but one reason for it, and did not ask. When he left the India House, he had reserved from his income a considerable sum for her support; though the liberality of his employers, as it proved, rendered this precaution unnecessary. She was his partner in writing the Shakespearian tales, but he always affirmed that hers were better done than his own. To her he dedicated the first poems that he published; and she, too, was a poet, excellent in her simple way. Thus was Charles Lamb's life saddened by a great affliction ever impending over it, and sanctified by a great duty which he never for a moment forgot.

It was his good fortune, while at school at Christ's Hospital, to become acquainted with Samuel Taylor Coleridge. A timid boy, creeping around among his boisterous companions like a little monk, it was that soaring spirit which first taught him to look up. Two men whose intellects


more strongly contrasted could not be found. Coleridge suffered throughout life from over-much speculation. Could he have had his eye less upon the heavens and more upon the earth, could he have been concentrated upon some human duty, he would have been a much wiser and better man. Even in his youth he was the rhapsodist of old philosophies, had resolved social life into its elements, and dreamed of putting it together again to suit himself on the banks of the Susquehanna. Though Lamb wondered at the speculations of Coleridge, and, loving him, loved the metaphysics which were a part of him, yet it was without changing his own essentially opposite disposition. Lamb clung to the earth. He cultivated the excellency of this life. He was concrete, and hugged the world as he did his sister. He reverently followed the discourses of Coleridge, admiring, perhaps, "the beauty of the words, but not the words themselves"; but when the Opium-Eater also began to take speculative flights before Lamb, the latter stopped him at once by jangling his metaphysics into jokes. It was in conversation with Coleridge, begun at school and continued afterward at frequent meetings, that Lamb first ventured to try his own powers and was prompted to literary activity. But for a slight defect in his speech he would probably have followed Coleridge to the University with the intention of going into the Church. A delightful clergyman he would have been, if he had duly undertaken the office, and one would have walked far to see him in the priestly robe, to hear him chant the service, to receive pastoral advice from him; yet we fear the "Essays of Elia" would have been less admirable than now. He was roused by Coleridge; and though he could not put the aureole of the latter about his own head, he began to do the best he could in his own way.

Life is a play between accident and purpose. Why was it, that, of all the books in the world, Charles Lamb should have fixed his affections chiefly on the old English dramatists? He might have turned to old Greece, admired the

fruits of the classic ages, and become one of those sparkling artistic Hellenists that are occasionally seen in modern times. He might have turned to the mediæval period. He had an eye for cloisters and nuns. His fancy would have been struck with the grotesqueness of many of the ideas and institutions of those times. He would have got on finely with Gurth the swineherd and Burgundy the tusk-toothed, and one of his masterly witticisms would have upset Duns Scotus. Perhaps, of all the mediæval characters, he would have been most smitten with the court fool, and, if he could have been seated at a princely table of the twelfth century, the bowl surely would not have been round many times before he and the fool would have had a few passes at each other. There was enough in the Middle Ages to have fascinated him; and could he, like some romantic Novalis, have once penetrated thither, and tasted the fruit, he would have found it a lotus, and would have wished never to depart. His soul would have clung to church architecture,—under which term may be included all the religious, political, poetical, moral, and practical life of the Middle Ages. The accident in the case, however, was, that his uncle's library did not contain the Greeks, nor the Middle Ages, but did contain the old English authors. These he mastered; and out of these he created his ideals. In the affluent vigor of the Elizabethan age, in the buoyant *négligé* of the times of merry Charles, he found people that he liked. To every reflective and slightly scholastic mind there is a charm in looking at things in the distance. The perspective fits the eye. This may have helped the enthusiasm with which he looked upon the writers and heroes of the old English literature; but its principal cause was their open-heartedness, their informality, their stout and free humanity underneath laces and uniform.

Having thus found his place in literature, he began also to be rich in friends, and his life was devoted every moment to thought and affection. The time that he passed at the

desk of the India House was time in which he did not live; or perhaps, while he autographed the mercantile books, there was a higher half-conscious life of the fancy which lightly flitted round and round the steady course of his pen. He thus exults, after his emancipation from his clerkship upon a pension:—"I came home FOREVER on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three; that is, to have three times as much time that is real time—time that is my own—in it. I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But the tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift." For this one-third of his waking time, to have and to hold unhampered by any dependence, he had most willingly consigned the rest to drudgery. The value which he set upon it appears from the following answer which he made to Bernard Barton, who thought of abandoning his place in a bank and of relying upon literary labor for support:—"Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you! Throw yourself, rather, my dear Sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash, headlong, upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them,—come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread,—some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a counting-house, all agreeing that they would rather have been tailors, weavers,—what not?—rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a madhouse. Oh! you know not—may you never know!—the miseries of subsistence by authorship." Thus he esteemed of priceless worth honestly earned independent time for the pursuits that were dearest to him.



His literary and social vocations were so intimately blended that they seem to have been almost the same. He was as thoughtful in his evening parties as he was in the act of composition, and as gentle and kindly in writing as he was to his friends. He gathered about him not many of the most famous, but many of the most original and peculiar men of his time. His Wednesday evening parties were assemblies of thinkers. They were composed in large part of men who were not balanced by a profession, who were devoted only to wit, fancy, or speculation, who cultivated each a peculiar field and cherished each peculiar tastes and opinions, who were interested in different quarters of the heavens, and yet who came together, prompted by the spirit of sociality and kindness, to lay perhaps the backs of their heads together, and to talk sincerely and wisely, but in the form of sense or nonsense, as the case might be. Lamb and his sister were always ready to appreciate every variety of goodness, and doubtless their guests received an order something like that which was addressed to the dwellers in Thomson's enchanting castle:—

“Ye sons of Indolence! do what you will,
And wander where you list, through hall or glade;
Be no man's pleasure for another stayed;
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
And cursed be he who minds his neighbor's trade!”

To these parties sometimes came Coleridge, who in conversation seems to have been a happy mixture of a German philosopher and an Italian *improvisatore*. Here Hazlitt learned to utter the philosophic criticisms which he most passionately believed in; and Lloyd, whose intellect was one of peculiar refinement, discoursed modestly of metaphysical problems, analyzing to an extent that Talfourd says was positively painful. Here the social reformer Leigh Hunt came, and for the moment forgot that social reforms were needed. Here the Opium-Eater came, and his cloudy ab-

strait loves and hates and visions were exploded by the sparks of Elia's wit. Here the philosopher Godwin developed philosophy out of whist. Here the pensive face of the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, shed a mild light upon the scene; and here the lawyer Thomas Noon Talfourd came, to admire the finest characters that he knew of.

Having thus noticed the painful experience and unfaltering devotion to noble aims which marked the career of Charles Lamb, we leave him with his friends, and pass to notice the same elements in the life of his brother wit.

Sydney Smith preferred the legal profession, and esteemed himself a victim in entering the Church. His practical wisdom informed him that, from the beginning even until then, qualities like his had not found a happy sphere of action in the pulpit, but, on the contrary, had rusted or grown ugly in it. He had as much sentiment as Sterne, and perhaps as much political sagacity as Swift, yet the finest instincts within him recoiled from following in the path of either the one or the other. With a subtle and exuberant wit,—he knew that wit touches not sacred things. With great practical prudence and a brilliant speculative capacity,—in a clergyman, prudence is less than faith, and brilliancy of thought than the glow of the heart. In his rich composite character he had, indeed, the qualities which make the clergyman; his disposition was religious, his heart was tender and Christian, he could give the best advice to the people; and though his appearance was not quite saint-like, it was at least suggestive of a good man who was walking in the way which he pointed out to others. But these qualities were not those with which he was most highly endowed. Energy and sterling common sense, which he had inherited from his father, an elastic, mercurial, and passionate nature, which had come to him from his Huguenot mother,—these were the strong points in his character, and it belongs to neither of them to take the lead in the Church. Sydney had scanned the whole field. Having questioned well his de-

sires, examined well his blood, derived what wisdom he could from history and observation, he deliberately chose the law. Why, then, did he take to theology? We read that his father had incurred so much expense in educating his eldest son for the legal profession, and in fitting out two others for India, that he could not well furnish the means for Sydney's education, and strongly recommended him to go into the Church; and that the son sacrificed his own to his father's inclination.

We may imagine Sydney Smith's reflections. With his versatile talent, honorable ambition, and consciousness that he could have made a shining name in political life, his object now was to find a sufficient sphere for the exercise of all his powers in the Church. It was no fault of his that he was unwilling to settle as curate and have no aim beyond his parish except to go to heaven at last. With his superfluity of human nature, for him to become a saint was out of the question. What then? Should he enter the realm of dogmatics, and become a learned and redoubted champion of the faith, passing his life amid exegesis? Should he renounce thorough thinking, and become a polished and popular pastor, an ornament of the pulpit and of society? Should he signalize himself for gravity, orthodoxy, and ability, seek the earthly prizes of his profession, and perhaps become Archbishop of Canterbury? Should he become a jolly, vinous, and Friar-Tuck sort of clergyman? God forbid! he said to each of these queries, and rushed forward into his profession. Regarding himself as a lamb for the slaughter, yet tremendously in earnest not to be sacrificed, he went into the Church groping and fearing, but resolute. Trembling lest he should not do his duty both to himself and to his sacred office, he yet determined to try. Thus the thorn which troubled Sydney Smith was not an affliction, but was what he regarded as a danger; and, though less patent and pointed than that in the life of Charles Lamb, probably had not less influence in the discipline of character.


Behold, then, the long and venerable line of the clergy opening to receive him, and behold him entering it! The clergy, the priesthood, the holy fathers, the strong bishops, the monks, the ghostly race, the retired enthusiasts, now melancholy, now rapt, now merry-making, the consolers of sorrow, the divine heroes in an earthly life,—even one of this family does Sydney propose to be. At the age of twenty-four he becomes curate in the little hamlet of Salisbury Plain,—the young graduate of Oxford sent into the country to be pastor to the inmates of half-a-dozen hovels! Then he writes his description of a curate:—"The poor working man of God,—a learned man in a hovel, good and patient,—a comforter and a teacher,—the first and purest pauper of the hamlet; yet showing that in the midst of worldly misery he has the heart of a gentleman, the spirit of a Christian, and the kindness of a pastor." He regards himself as almost excluded from his kind, and quotes (or originates) the proverb, that there are three sexes, men, women, and clergymen. He took long solitary walks over the plains of Salisbury, reflecting upon the manifold activities of the world, in which he had no part. The only society that he had was during the occasional visits of the squire to the neighborhood, who, surprised to find the curate so interesting a person, gave him frequent invitations to dinner. Thus passed two years, when the squire consigned his son to the curate to be educated, and Sydney Smith, starting with the young man for the Continent, was driven by stress of war to Edinburgh. There he met Horner, Jeffrey, Brougham, and others, young thinkers and full of matter,—Horner the philosopher, Jeffrey the critic, Brougham the statesman, and Sydney Smith the divine,—and the divine was unsurpassed by any of the others in wit, energy, or decision of character. While the events with which the times were rife were striking fire in all their brains, it was the divine who first turned their thoughts to account by suggesting that they should start a review. The suggestion was acted upon, and under

his editorial care the first numbers of the "Edinburgh Review" appeared. His prudence and remonstrances saved it from manifold excesses; for Jeffrey was not a man to be moderate in times like those. The brilliant critic received not a few such lectures as the following:—"I certainly, my dear Jeffrey, in conjunction with the Knight of the Shaggy Eyebrows [Horner], do protest against your increasing and unprofitable skepticism. I exhort you to restrain the violent tendency of your nature for analysis, and to cultivate synthetical propensities. What is virtue? What's the use of truth? What's the use of honor? What's a guinea but a d—d yellow circle? The whole effort of your mind is to destroy. Because others build slightly and eagerly, you employ yourself in kicking down their houses, and contract a sort of aversion for the more honorable, useful, and difficult task of building well yourself." It was the boast of Sydney Smith in old age that he had very little to change in the opinions which he had at various times advanced,—that he had seen every important measure which he had advocated passed and become recognized as beneficent. The variety of the review suited the versatility of his talent; the problem, What worthy thing shall I employ myself in doing? was solved; and an ample public career was opened to him. When, after five years, he passes from Edinburgh to London, he is not only a poor clergyman but a famous Edinburgh reviewer. He becomes popular in society and as a preacher, and delivers lectures on Moral Philosophy to crowded houses of the *élite* of the metropolis.

When he is again called as a curate, his solitude is not unbroken, but he receives and returns the visits of the most eminent people. His neighbors ran to him one day, shortly after his arrival, exclaiming,—“Please your honor, a coach! a coach! a coach!” Sydney saw in the distance the equipage of Lord Holland, and challenged the admiration of his parishioners by boldly answering,—“Well, my good friends, *stand firm*; never mind, even if there should be a coach; it

will do us no harm;—let us see.” A simple pastor and an eminent man, with flashing energy he approves himself a good man. Sunday he preached, Monday he doctored the sick, Tuesday Sir James Mackintosh visited him for a week, Wednesday he read Ariosto, Thursday he began an article, Friday he reviewed his patients, Saturday he repaired his barn. Now he is laying down a rule that no day shall pass in which he will not make somebody happy; now he is fixing a bar whereon it shall be convenient for his cows to scrape their backs; now he is watching by the side of his sleeping baby, with a rattle in hand to wake the young spirit into joyousness the moment its sleep breaks. He goes through the parish as doctor, wit, and priest, guide, philosopher, and friend, studying the temper and needs of the simple congregation to which he preaches on Sunday, while his brain is racking with great thoughts. With these higher thoughts he has to do as he sits at his desk and writes an article for the larger parish of the United Kingdom. With a wild play of wit and fancy and laughter he graces the sturdy column of his virtue and fidelity. He lived in what was said to be the ugliest and most comfortable house in England, admired by every visitor for his independence, manliness, refinement, and liveliness. When he visited London, as he often did, and when in later years he lived there and was *lionné*, his simplicity of character remained. To the last he was one of the sincerest and most active of clergymen and of men.

It is probable that there were not living at the time two more serious men than the two wits whose careers we have outlined. Indeed, it is quite a mistake to suppose that wit has anything to do with temper or sentiment at all. A man may be perpetually sulky, and yet habitually witty,—may smile, and smile, and smile, and yet be a most melancholy individual. Wit is simply a form of thought, and is as intellectual as scientific study. It differs from other thought only in being a little *outré*,—a little in excess; it overdoes



the thing only because it has so much energy in it. It is what Charles Lamb said a pun was,—“a sole digest of wisdom.” All great thoughts are at first witty, and afterward come to be common and flat. When Pythagoras discovered the theorem of the squares erected on the sides of a right-angled triangle, it had the effect on him of a most preposterous joke. The apple dropping on the head of Newton struck him like a very far-fetched pun. Show a child the picture of a wild Tartar, and his first notion will be to laugh at it. We have seen a man while reading Kant, the driest of metaphysicians, slap his knee, leap upon his feet, and swear, in exuberance of mirth, that Kant had said a good thing. If it were discovered to-morrow to be a scientific truth that this world is wrong side out, and if inventive genius should discover a way to put the other side out, we should all of us think it a funny thing, but our transversed descendants would regard the matter as a commonplace. New proposals in the arts, and new discoveries in the sciences are always at first laughed at. Thus wit is only thought that is beyond the present capacity of the listeners, thought of whose meaning they can catch only a glimpse; it is the forerunner of what our very stupid race, which is always a little behind the times, is wont to call wisdom. If the race should ever become completely sage, nothing less than a joke would ever be uttered.

The likenesses of Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith make them both very severe-looking men. Like marble, which in costume takes the appearance of the finest lace, so that it seems as if it would yield to the touch of a finger, their delicate fancies and sentiments were but the surface of a solid and thorough character.

They lived in different spheres, corresponding to the difference in their genius. Sydney Smith had the more versatile and fruitful mind. With restless energy he supported various characters, being equally famous as a wit, Whig, Edinburgh reviewer, eloquent preacher, brilliant man of so-

ciety, and canon of Saint Paul's. His biographer well describes him as a rough rider of subjects, and with surpassing good sense he overran every problem with which the public mind was occupied. He was a reformer, but it was after the English and not the French fashion. He had unbounded respect for existing human blessings, believed in things substantially as they were, and couldn't have been persuaded to try an experiment that had much of hazard in it. A Frenchman is always at home amid earthquakes and volcanoes and hurricanes, and the immediate prospect of an end to everything that is and a beginning of something the like of which never has been. The spirit of the great French Revolution was to exterminate all the results of time up to that point, and, having made a clear field, to begin over again. Hence heads went off, religion was proscribed, thrones were burned, the calendar was changed; even the heavenly bodies should no longer bear down their freight of old associations, and Orion received the name of Napoleon. Could the earth have in any way been transformed, could grass possibly have been made blue and the heavens green, or could man have been done over into any other sort of animal, there is not the slightest doubt that those Frenchmen would have undertaken it. In comparison with such men, Sydney Smith sank into insignificance as a reformer. He lived under a religion, government, and system of manners, all of which he was desirous to retain. He did not wish for his children any institutions very much more comfortable than England offered at the moment. He regarded the advantages of life with great complacency, thinking, doubtless, that men had better opportunities than they availed themselves of; and the chief intensity of his purpose was not to make better opportunities but to improve them better. He probably did not approve of all the men and customs that he saw, was decidedly opposed both to wickedness and stupidity; but he did not propose, like a Frenchman, at the first fault, to blot out the heavens and the

earth. He demonstrated in his life how genial, under existing institutions, a clergyman could be, how discreet a young enthusiast could be, how widely active a curate could be, how acceptable in society an honest man could be, how brilliant a plain Englishman could be. A great reformer he was,—but the spirit of his reform consisted chiefly, not in changing, but in making better use of the blessings which we already possess. Compared with this prevailing spirit of personal reform, the reformatory public measures which he was prominent in advocating were of slight consequence. Merry on the surface, with an iron core of stubborn resolution within, he equally delighted his most homely and his most elegant friends, and while he sympathized with humble life, he had a profound respect for the technically best society.

Charles Lamb lived within a narrower and peculiar range. With more of concentration he had a less abounding energy than Sydney Smith. His character was an odd and elegant miniature, while that of Sydney Smith was voluminous. He loved a particular sort of men, and that sort was honest men; while the merry divine could deal with politicians and even with Talleyrand himself. Sydney was playing a part in the Whig party, among the advocates of reforms; the sympathies of Elia went for the reform of the United Kingdom, and of the universe, too, if possible,—but he was more interested in a profound thought brought forth from the struggling breast of Hazlitt than in any bill introduced into Parliament. He was occupied with his old books, his sincere friends, his beloved sister. He cared little for the *beau monde* and would rather not look upon a duke or a duchess without a grating between; but, turning from the current into an eddy, content with the many thoughtful and original persons whom he had about him, he delighted to fish for the shyest tenants of the stream and to dive for strange pearls. He loved remote thoughts, quaint expressions, fantastic ideas. He especially attached himself to

any violent symptoms of human nature. Being in a picture gallery, he observed a stout sailor in towering disgust at one of the old masters, spit his tobacco juice at it, and swear, with an expletive, that he could do better himself. The honest opinion honestly expressed, the truth and vigor of the man, delighted Lamb, and he rushed up to him to shake hands. Whenever the sailor, after that, wrote to his friends in London, he wished to be particularly remembered to Mr. Charles Lamb, who wouldn't be humbugged about that old painting.

It was this strong sympathy with human character which made Elia rather a contemner of the worship of Nature. He liked things that were as definite as the works of men, and found great difficulty in sympathizing with a landscape. There was nothing in Fleet Street for which he did not feel a personal attachment; all the hurry and majestic order of a great city, all the little by-ways and hedges of city life, the wealth, the poverty, the splendor, the rags, the men and women, all acting under the stern discipline of an immense society, the boys, the beggars, the chimney-sweeps, the hilarious and the sorrowful, the fine ladies and noble lords, were all duly appreciated by him. If he had been taken up to the pinnacle of a mountain, instead of entertaining one of Wordsworth's sublime contemplations, he would have been very likely to flap his arms and crow like chanticleer. Indeed, in middle age he was accustomed to boast that he had never seen a mountain. Born in London, and always residing in London till the last years of his life, esteeming man the crown and purpose of the universe, he was much inclined to regard the love of Nature, which figures so largely in modern literature, as a popular delusion. He would have sympathized with the French philosopher who, after accompanying a young lady to the Highlands of Scotland, surprised her raptures by saying to her,—"*Aimezvous les beautés de la nature? Pour moi, je les abhorre.*"

The diverse religious character of these two men may be

illustrated by an allusion to their different habits with respect to Art. Sydney Smith, visiting Paris, satisfied himself by a fifteen-minutes' observation in the galleries of the Louvre. His mind, almost orbicular in its various capacity, took in the scene at a glance. There were pictures from almost every country, statues from almost every age, representations of the finest imaginations of the mind and of the noblest labors of history. He was not a barbarian with respect to the Louvre, but understood all about it, and knew its excellence and value; yet he mingled his sentiment and common-sense well together, and took a rapid walk from chamber to chamber. He probably entertained large views of Art during his impetuous progress through the ages, from battle-field to battle-field, from saint to saint, from philosopher, poet, and hero, to landscape, shepherdess, and domestic scene. He took in thought with lightning swiftness, and lived for fifteen minutes amid statues and paintings which collected scenes from all the universe. He went forth, satisfied that the Louvre was a fine gallery of Art, that Art was a very fine thing, that painters and sculptors ought to be encouraged, and that he had been looking at many things which were worthy a man's consideration. If he had been called upon at once to preach a sermon, there is no doubt that he would have made very judicious reflections upon the spectacle which he had beheld.

Charles Lamb, too, visited Paris, and though it is not recorded that he went into the Louvre, yet we can hardly be mistaken in conjecturing that he did, and the thoughts with which he went. He would have entered those galleries with timid ecstasy. He would at first have shrunk away from the full splendor, and made acquaintance with some modest painting in a corner. Happy would some friend near him be to hear the half-tender, half-witty, yet most appreciative conceit which should first come stammering from his lips. He would have advanced slowly, and only after much delay would have ventured to stand before the great masters, and

to look up eye to eye at the spirit of the Louvre. After taking his departure, he would never have thought familiarly of the scene, but it would have remained in his mind as terrible and sacred an episode as was the descent into Hades to Virgil's hero.

Not only in the Louvre, but in the world, Charles Lamb was the more timid worshipper. The whole character of his mind, the intensity of his thought within a narrow sphere, made him reverent of the Infinite. The thought of departure from the life which he now lived was to him a very solemn one. Religious ideas were so sacred to him that he never referred to them lightly, and seldom at all. When he did mention them, it was with peculiar impressiveness. No one can read the account of his share in a conversation on "persons one would like to have seen," without admiring the energy and pathos with which he alluded to one Person, whose name, however, he did not utter. Discussions on religious subjects he never tolerated in anybody but Coleridge. One evening, after he and Leigh Hunt had returned from a visit to Coleridge, Hunt began to express his surprise that a man of so much genius as the Highgate sage should entertain such religious opinions as he did, and mentioned one of his doctrines for especial reprobation. Lamb, who was preparing the second bowl of punch, answered, hesitatingly, with a gentle smile,—“Never mind what Coleridge believes; he is full of fun.” He was an humble, sinful worshipper, and while he bowed his head tremblingly before heaven, he poured out the stream of his affections to his sister and his friends.

The religious character of Sydney Smith was less peculiar than that of Elia. An earnest Christian, with a will too resolute to allow the aid of the punchbowl in vanquishing trouble, professionally wielding the religious and moral ideas, and habitually obeying them, he stood erect and looked at the life to come with a firm eye. “The beauty of the Christian religion,” he says, “is that it carries the order

and discipline of heaven into our very fancies and conceptions, and, by hallowing the first shadowy notions of our minds, from which actions spring, makes our actions themselves good and holy." This central and vital beauty he had cultivated in a very diversified life, and he looked with confidence for the prize which is laid up for the welldoer.

Probably, if any successful life were examined, it would be found to consist of a series of hairbreadth escapes. Every movement would be the crossing of the Rubicon. That man is of little account who at every step that he has taken has not been weighing matters as nicely as if he were matching diamonds. How narrowly did Coleridge escape being the greatest preacher, philosopher, poet, or author of his time! Almost everything was possible to him; and one can but marvel how he went through life avoiding in turn each of his highest possibilities. It is the glory of Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith, that, as far as it can be said of any men, they did the best that was possible with their circumstances and endowments. The old fancy which says of every person, that there is an ideal character which he can attain, in which he shall be peculiar and unsurpassed, was in their cases realized.

Their characters were projected into literature, where they remain as permanent blessings. The style of writing of both of them approaches to the simplest way of saying things. Elia employed the choicest language of the seventeenth century, and the divine used the plainest English of the day. The perpetual danger of literature is of becoming rhetorical; and hardly fares vigor of thought when long words and periods are preferred to short ones, and when the native shape and properties of ideas are less cared for than the abundant drapery. The style of the "Essays of Elia" is as admirable as their fancy. The author hated a formal sentence as much as he disliked stately and insipid society. Unlike Thomas Carlyle, in avoiding the faults of rhetorical culture, he did not become a literary barbarian.

In refusing to comb his hair like a prig, he did not go to the extreme of making himself horribly uncomely. His sentences are unsurpassed for neatness, are as graceful as they are quaint and clear. The writings of Sydney Smith rarely attain the perfect grace which uniformly distinguishes Elia; yet he never attempts magnificence, and he so unites brilliancy and plainness as to make his statements seem equally felicitous to the rude and the scholarly ear. His Peter Plymley letters are remarkable examples of the way in which one yeoman speaks to another. His literary bequest, however, is neither so valuable nor so charming as that of Charles Lamb. His powers were too various, and he engaged in too many fields of labor, to attain supreme success in any direction. The best result of his life is his own exuberant and unresting character, which harmonized all the diversities in his career; and adequately to behold this there is needed a fuller and more philosophical biography of him than has yet been written.

THE CARNIVAL OF THE ROMANTIC.¹

Whither went the nine old Muses, daughters of Jupiter and the Goddess of Memory, after their seats on Helicon, Parnassus, and Olympus were barbarized? Not far away. They hovered like witches around the seething caldron of early Christian Europe, in which, "with bubble, bubble, toil and trouble," a new civilization was forming, mindful of the brilliant lineage of their worshippers, from Homer to Boethius, looking upon the vexed and beclouded Nature, and expecting the time when Humanity should gird itself anew with the beauty of ideas and institutions. They were sorrowful, but not in despair; for they knew that the children of men were strong with recuperative power.

The ear of Fancy, not long since, heard the hoofs of winged Pegasus striking the clouds. The long-idle Muses, it seemed, had become again interested in human efforts, and were paying a flying visit to the haunts of modern genius from the Hellespont to the Mississippi. They lingered in sunny Provence, and in the dark forest-land of the Minnesingers. In the great capitals, as Rome, Berlin, Paris, London,—in smaller capitals, as Florence, Weimar, and Boston,—in many a village which had a charm for them, as Stratford-on-Avon, Ferney, and Concord in Massachusetts,—in the homes of wonderful suffering, as Ferrara and Haworth,—on many enchanted waters, as the Guadalquivir, the Rhine, the Tweed, the Hudson, Windermere, and Leman,—in many

¹This essay was published in the "Atlantic Monthly," August, 1860. James Russell Lowell, then the editor of that magazine, writing to Robert Carter, June 18, 1860, mentioned it as follows: "I read last night the proof sheets of an essay in the 'Atlantic' by your friend, Mr. Symonds. I wish you would tell him how very much I was impressed with its ability. Taken altogether, I think it is the best essay ever printed in the 'Atlantic,' though I can't agree with all his conclusions. Will you tell him that whenever he sends another, even half so good, it shall go into the next number of the magazine, no matter who has to wait?"

a monastic nook whence had issued a chronicle or history, in many a wild birthplace of a poem or romance, around many an old castle and stately ruin, in many a decayed seat of revelry and joyous repartee,—through the long list of the nurseries of genius and the laboratories of art, they wandered pensive and strangely affected. At length they rested from their journey to hold a council on modern literature. The long results of Christian time were enrolled before them as in a chart. They beheld the dawn of a new historic day, marked by songs of fantastic tenderness, and unwieldy, long, and jointless romances and poems, like the monsters which played in the unfinished universe before the creation of man. The Muses smiled with a look more of complaisance than approval, as they reviewed the army of Troubadours and Minnesingers and the crowd of romancers who followed in their train. They decided that the joyous array of early mediæval literature was full of promise, though something of its tone and temper was past the comprehension of pagan goddesses. The legends of saints and pictures of martyrdoms were especially mysterious to them, and they regarded them raptly, not smilingly, and bowed their heads. Anon their eyes rested on an Italian city, where uprose as if in interstellar space, an erect figure, with a piercing eye, pleasant as Plato's voice. His countenance was fixed upon the empyrean, and a more than Minerva-like form hovered above him, interpreting the Christian universe; and as he wrote what she dictated, the verses of his poem were musical even to the Muses. Dante, Beatrice, and the "Divine Comedy," with a Gothic church as a make-weight, were balanced in Muses' minds in comparison with the "Iliad" and the age of Pericles; and again they put on the rapt look of mystery, but a smile also, and their admiration and applause were more and more. To England they soon turned, and contemplated the round, many-colored globe of Shakspeare's works. As playful swallows sometimes dart round and round a lithe and wondering wingless animal, so they, admiringly and

timidly, attracted, yet hesitating, delighting in his alertness, but not quite understanding it, flitted like a troubled and beautiful flock around the great magician of modern civilization. Their glance became lighter and less intent, as if they were nearer to knowledge, the pain of perplexity disappeared like a shadow from their countenance, their plaudits were more unreserved, and it seemed likely that the high desert of Shakespeare would win for our new literature a favorable recognition from the aristocratic goddesses of antiquity. Knowing that Jove had made perfection unattainable by mortals, they yet found in the chart before them epics, dramas, lyrics, histories, and philosophies that were no unworthy companions to the creations of classical genius, and they were jubilant in the triumphs of a period in which they had been rather ignorantly and ironically worshipped. Their sitting was long, and their review thorough, yet they found but one department of modern literature which was regarded with a distrust that grew to an aversion. The romances, the tales, the stories, the novels were contemned more and more, from the first of them to the last. Nothing like them had been known among the glories of Hellenic literary art, and no Muse now stood forth to be their defender and patron. Calliope declared that they were not epical, Euterpe and Erato that they were not lyrical, Melpomene and Thalia that they were neither tragical nor comical, Clio that they were not historical, Urania that they were not sublime in conception, Polymnia that they had no stately or simple charm in execution, and Terpsichore, who had joined with Melpomene in admiring the opera, found nothing in the novel which she could own and bless. Fleeting passages, remote and slight fragments, were pleasing to them all, like the oases of a Sahara, or the sites of high civilization on the earth; but the whole world of novels seemed to them a chaos undisciplined by art and unformed to beauty. The gates of the halls where the classics live in immortal youth were beginning to close against the voluminous prose ro-

mances that have sprung from modern thought, when the deliberations of the Muses were suddenly interrupted. They had disturbed the divine elements of modern society. Forth from all the recesses of the air came troops of Gothic elves, trolls, fairies, sprites, and all other romantic beings which had inspired the modern mind to novel writing,—marching or gambolling, pride in their port, defiance in their eye, mischief in their purpose,—and began so vigorous an attack upon their classic visitors and critics, that the latter were glad to betake themselves to the mighty-winged Pegasus, who rapidly bore them in retreat to the present home of the *Dii Majores*, that point of the empyrean directly above Olympus.

And well, indeed, might the Muses wonder at the rise of the novel and its vast developments, for the classic literature presents no similar works. One of Plato's dialogues or Æsop's fables is as near an approach to a prose romance as antiquity in its golden eras can offer. The few productions of the kind which appeared during the decline of literature in the early Christian centuries, as the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius and the "Æthiopica" of Heliodorus, were freaks of Nature, an odd growth rather than a distinct species, and are also to be contrasted rather than compared with the later novel. Such as they are, moreover, they were produced under Christian as much as classic influences. The æsthetic Hellenes admitted into their literature nothing so composite, so likely to be crude, as the romance. Their styles of art were all pure, their taste delighted in simplicity and unity, and they strictly forbade a medley, alike in architecture, sculpture, and letters. The history of their development opens with an epic yet unsurpassed, and their literary creations have been adapted to be the humanities of Christian universities. A writer has recently proposed to account for their success in the arts from the circumstance that the features of Nature around them were small,—that their hornet-shaped peninsula was cut by mountains and inlets of the sea into minute portions, which the mind could easily compass,

the foot measure, and the hand improve,—that therefore every hillock and fountain, every forest and by-way, was peopled with mythological characters and made significant with traditions, and the cities were adorned with architectural and sculptured masterpieces. Greece thus, like England in our own time, presented the character of a highly wrought piece of ground,—England being the more completely developed for material uses, and Greece being the more heavily freighted with legends of ideal meaning. Small-featured and large-minded Greece is thus set in contrast with Asia, where the mind and body were equally palsied in the effort to overcome immense plains and interminable mountain-chains. But whatever the reason, whether geographical or ethnological, it is certain that the people of Greece were endowed with a transcendent genius for art, which embraced all departments of life as by an instinct. Every divinity was made a plain figure to the mind, every mystery was symbolized in some positive beautiful myth, and every conception of whatever object became statuesque and clear. This artistic character was possible to them from the comparatively limited range of pagan imagination; their thought rarely dwelt in those regions where reason loves to ask the aid of mysticism, and all remote ideas, like all remote nations, were indiscriminately regarded by them as barbarous. But guarded by the bounds of their civilization, as by the circumfluent ocean-stream of their olden tradition, they were prompted in all their movements by the spirit of beauty, and philosophers have accounted them the very people whose ideas were adequately and harmoniously represented in sensible forms,—unlike the nations of the Orient, where mind is overawed by preponderating matter, and unlike the nations of Christendom, where the current spiritual meanings reach far into the shadowy realm of mystery and transcend the power of material expression.

Thus art was the main category of the Greeks, the absolute form which embraced all their finite forms. It moulded

their literature, as it did their sculpture, architecture, and the action of their gymnasts and orators. They therefore delighted only in the highest orders and purest specimens of literature, refused to retain in remembrance any of the unsuccessful attempts at poetry which may be supposed to have preceded Homer, and gave their homage only to masterpieces in the dignified styles of the epic, the drama, the lyric, the history, or the philosophical discussion. Equal to the highest creations, they refused to tolerate anything lower; and they knew not the novel, because their poetical notions were never left in a nebulous, prosaic state, but were always developed into poetry.

Another reason, doubtless, was the wonderful activity of the Greek mind, finding its amusement and relaxation in the forum, theatre, gymnasium, or even the barber's shop, in constant mutual contact, in learning wisdom and news by word of mouth. The long stories which they may have told to each other, as an outlet for their natural vitality, as extemporaneous exercises of curiosity and wit and fancy, did not creep into their literature, which included only more mature and elaborate attempts.

The modern novel was born of Christianity and feudalism. It is the child of contemplation,—of that sort of luxurious intellectual mood which has always distinguished the Oriental character, and was first Europeanized in the twilight of the mediæval period. The fallen Roman Empire was broken into countless fragments, which became feudal baronies. The heads of the newly organized society were lordly occupants of castles, who in time of peace had little to do. They were isolated from their neighbors by acres, forests, and a stately etiquette, if not actual hostility. There was no open-air theatre in the vicinity, no forum alive with gossip and harangues, no public games, not even a loquacious barber's shop. During the intervals between public or private wars,—when the Turks were unmolested, the crescent and the dragon left in harmless composure, and no Chris-

tians were in mortal turmoil with each other,—it is little wonder that restless knights went forth from their loneliness errant in quest of adventures. What was there to occupy life in those barricaded stone towers?

It was then that the domestic passion, love, rose into dignity. Homage to woman assumed the potency of an idea, chivalry arose, and its truth, honor and obeisance were the first social responses from mankind to Christianity. The castle was the emblem and central figure of the time: it was the seat of power, the arena of manners, the nursery of love, and the goal of gallantry; and around it hovered the shadows of religion, loyalty, heroism. Domestic events, the private castellar life, were thus exalted; but they could hardly suffice to engross and satisfy the spirit of a warrior and crusader. A new diversion and excitement were demanded, and soon, in response to the call, minstrels began to roam from castle to castle, from court to court, telling long stories of heroism and singing light songs of love. A spark from the Saracenic schools and poets of Spain may have flitted into Provence to kindle the elements of modern literature into its first development, the songs of the Troubadours. Almost contemporary were the lays of the Minnesingers in Germany and the romances of the Trouvères in Northern France. Beneath the brooding spirit of a new civilization signs of life had at length appeared, and Europe became vocal in every part with fantastic poems, lyrical in the South, epical in the North. They were wildly exuberant products, because severe art was unknown, but simple, *naïve*, and gay, and suited to the taste of a time when the classics were regarded as superstitiously as the heavens. Love and heroism, which somehow are the leading themes of literature in all ages, now assumed the chivalric type in the light hands of the earliest modern poets.

Yet these songs and metrical romances were most inadequate representatives of the undeveloped principles which lay at the root of Christian civilization. Even Hellenic

genius might here have been at fault, for it was a far harder task to give harmonious and complete expression to the tendencies of a new religion and the germs of new systems than to frame into beauty the pagan clear-cut conceptions. The Christian mind awoke under a fascination, and, for a time, could only ejaculate its meanings in fragments, or hint them in vast disproportions, could only sing snatches of new tunes. Its first signs were gasps, rather than clear-toned notes, after the long perturbations and preparations of history. The North and the South, the East and the West, had been mingled together; the heated and heaving mass had been tempered by the leaven of Christianity:—and had all this been done only to produce an octo-syllabic metre in praise of fantastic and semi-barbaric sentiments and exploits? Had there been such commotions of the universe only for a song? Surely these first creations of art, these first attempts at literature, these first carvings of a rude spiritual intensity, were only such as the Greeks may have forgotten any quantity of before Homer came, their first glory and their oldest reminiscence.

One reason, perhaps, why mediæval literature assumed so light and unartistic a form was, that by necessity it could not be full-orbed. Religion could not enter into it as a plastic element, but was fixed, a veiled, external figure, radiating indeed color and fragrance, but not making one of the struggling, independent vitals of the heart. Literature could play about this figure, but could not grasp it and take it in among the materials to be fashioned. The Church, through its clergy, held jealous command of divine knowledge, beneath divine guidance, and left no developments of it possible to the lay mind, which culminated in minstrels and romancers. The Greeks, on the contrary, whose religion was an apotheosis of the earth, framed upwards and only by fiction of fancy handed downwards, derived all their theology from the poets. Prophecy and taste were combined in Homer,—Isaiah and the king's jester in Pindar. The care

of the highest, not less than the lowest departments of thought, fell upon the creative author, and a happy suggestion became a new article in the Hellenic creed. His composition thus bore the burden and was hallowed by the sanctity of piety, the key to every human perfect thing. But the Provençal celebrators of love and chivalry had no such dignity in their task. The solemnities of thought and life were cared for and hedged about by the Church as its own peculiar treasure, and to them there remained only the lighter office of amusing. The age was eminently religious, but the poet could not aid in erecting and adorning its temples. Every fair work of art must have a central idea; but the proper principle of unity for all grand artistic efforts not being within the reach of authors, it followed that their productions were not symmetrical, did not have an even outline nor cosmical meaning, did not consist of balanced parts, were poorly framed and articulated, and were charming only by their flavor, and not by their form. The cultured intellect will not seriously work short of a final principle; and if a materialized religion, an ecclesiastical structure, be firmly planted on the earth by the same hand that established the universe and tapestried it with morning and evening, and if its gates and archways, its altar, columns, and courts be given in trust to chosen stewards as a divine priesthood, then the highest problem of being is not a human problem, and the mind of the laity has nothing more important to do than to play with the flowers of gallant love and heroism. Such was the feeling, perhaps the unconscious reasoning, of the founders of modern literature, as they began their labors in the alcoves of that church architecture which covered Christendom, embracing and symbolically expressing all its ideas and institutes. Therefore some vice of imperfection, a character of frivolity, or an artificially serious treatment of light-some subjects marked all the literature of the time, which resembled that grotesque and unaccountable mathematical figure that has its centre outside of itself.

Modern literature thus had its origin in romantic metrical pieces, which, in the next stage, were transformed into prose novels. Two circumstances contributed to this change,—a change which could not have been anticipated; for the Trouvère *fabliaux* and *romans* promised only epics, and the Troubadour *chansons* and *tensons* promised only lyrics and dramas. But the mind was now obliged to traverse the unbeaten paths of the Christian universe; it was overwhelmed by the extent of its range, the richness and delicacy of its materials; it could with difficulty poise itself amid the indefinite heights and depths which encompassed it, and with greater difficulty could wield the magician's rod which should sway the driving elements into artistic reconstruction. This mental inadequacy alone would not have created the novel, but would only have made lyrics and epics rare, the works of superior minds. The second and coöperating circumstance was the prevalence of the Christian and feudal habit of contemplation, which made constant literature a necessity. Nothing less than eternal new romances could save the lords, the ladies, and the dependents from *ennui*. But to supply these in a style of proper and antique dignity was beyond the power of the poets. In the wild forests of the mind they could rarely capture a mature idea, and they were as yet unpractised artists. Yet contemplative leisure called eagerly for constant titbits of romance to tickle the palate and furnish a diversion, while the genius of Christian poetry was yet in infantile weakness. The dilemma lasted but a moment, and was solved by an heroic effort of the poets to do, not what they would, but what they could. Yielding to practical necessities, they renounced the traditions of the classical past, which now seemed to belong to another hemisphere, abandoned the attempt to realize pure forms, postponed high art; melody gave way to prose, the romance degenerated into the novel, and prose fiction, which erst had flitted only between the tongue and ear, entered, a straggling and reeling constellation, into the firmament of litera-

ture. Hence the novel is the child of human impotency and despair. The race thereby, with merriment and jubilee, confessed its inability to fulfil at once its Christian destiny as completely as the Greeks had fulfilled their pagan possibilities. Purity of art was left to the future, to Providence, or to great geniuses, but the novel became popular.

Thus the modern novel had its genesis not merely in a contemplative mood, but in contemplation which was forced by the impetuous temper of the times to fail of ever reaching the dignity of thoughtfulness. It was the immature product of an immature mental state; and richly as sometimes it was endowed by every human faculty, by imagination, wit, taste, or even profound thought, it yet never reached the goal of thought, never solved a problem, and, in its highest examples, professed only to reveal, but not to guide, the reigning manners and customs. Rarely did its materials pass through the fiery furnace whence art issues; it was a work of unfaithful intellect, prompted by ideas which never culminated and were never realized; and it did not rise much above the "stuffs" of life, as distinguished from the organic creations of the mind. A many-limbed and shambling creature, which was not made a spirit by the power of an idea, it fluttered amid all the culture of a people,—amid the ideas and modes of the state, the church, the family, the world of society,—like a bungler among paint-pots; but the paints still remained paints on the canvas, instead of being blended and transfigured into a thing of beauty. It was the organ of society, but not of the essential truths which vitalize society, and its incidents did not rise much above the significance of accidents.

What the novel was in knightly days, that it has continued to be. There is a mysterious practical potency in precedent. All ideas and institutes seem to grow in the direction of their first steps, as if from germs. Thus, the doctrines of the Church fathers are still peculiarly authoritative in theology, and the immemorial traditions of the common law are still

binding in civil life. Man seems to be an experimental far more than a freely rational animal; for a fact in the past exerts a greater influence in determining future action than any new idea. A revolution must strike deep to eradicate the presumption in favor of ages. Learned men are now trying to read the hieroglyphics of the East, the records of an unknown history. Perhaps the result of their labors will temper the next period in the course of the world more than all our thinkers. Destiny seems to travel in the harness of precedents.

Thus, in obedience to the law of precedent, the mild gambols, the *naïve* superficiality, the childlike irresponsibility for thinking, which were the characteristics of the first European novels, have generally distinguished the unnumbered and unclassified broods of them which have abounded in subsequent literature. Designed chiefly to amuse, to divert for a moment rather than to present an admirable work of art, to interest rather than to instruct and elevate, the modern romance has in general excused itself from thorough elaboration. Instead of being a chastened and symmetrical product of the whole organic mind, it has mainly been inspired by the imagination, which has been called the fool in the family of the faculties, and wrought out by the assistance of memory, which mechanically links the mad suggestions of its partner with temporal events. It is in literature something like what a feast presided over by the king's jester and steward would have been in mediæval social life. Let any novel be finished, let all the resources of the mind be conscientiously expended on it, let it become a thorough intellectual creation, and, instead of remaining a novel, it would assume the dignity of an epic, lyric, drama, philosophy, or history. Its *nebulæ* would be resolved into stars.

Has, then, the mild and favorite blossom, the *fabula romanensis*, which was so abundant in the Middle Ages, which has grown so luxuriantly and given so general delight in modern times,—has it no place in the natural history of lit-

erature? Shall it be mentioned only as an uncompleted something else,—as an abortive effort of thought,—as a crude *mélange* of elements that have not been purified and fused together in the focus of the mind? And were the Muses right in refusing to admit it into their sacred realm of art?

An affirmative answer can hardly be true; for an absurdity appears in the reduction that it would cause in the quantity of our veritable literature, and in the condemnation that it would pass on the tastes of many most intelligent writers and readers. Yet a comparison of the novel with the classical and pure forms of literature will show its unlikeness to them in design, dignity, and essential quality.

It was a favorite thesis of Fielding, often repeated by his successors, that the novel is a sort of comic epopee. Yet the romantic and the epic styles have nothing in common, except that both are narrative. The epic, the rare and lofty cypress of literature, is the story of a nation and a civilization; the novel, of a neighborhood and generation. A thousand years culminate in the former; it sums up the burden and purpose of a long historical period; and its characters are prominent types in universal history and in highest thought. But the novel is the child of a day; it is the organ of manners and phases, not of principles and passions; it does not see the phenomena of earth in heavenly or logical relations, does not transform life into art, and is a panorama, but not a picture. So long as man and heroism and strife endure, shall Achilles, Godfrey, Satan, and Mephistopheles be types; for they are artistic expressions of essential and historical realities. But though the beck of curiosity lead us through the labyrinthine plot of a novel, long as Gibbon's way through the Dark Ages, yet, when we have finished it, the bubble collapses, the little heavens which had been framed about us roll away, and most rarely does a character remain poetically significant in the mind.

A contrast of any page of an epic with one of a romance

will show their essential unlikeness. Note, for instance, the beginning of the "Gerusalemme Liberata." The first stanza presents "the illustrious captain who warred for Heaven and saved the sepulchre of Christ,—the many deeds which he wrought by arms and by wisdom,—his great toil, and his glorious achievement. Hell opposed him, the mingled populations of Asia and Africa leagued against him,—but all in vain, for Heaven smiled, and guided the wandering bands beneath his sacred ensigns." Such are the splendid elements of the poem, outlining in a stanza the finest type, objects and scenery of mediæval heroism. The second stanza invokes the Muse,—“Not thou whose brow was wreathed with the unenduring bays of Helicon, but thou who in angelic choirs hast a golden crown set with immortal stars,—do thou breathe celestial ardor into the poet's heart!” Then follows an allusion to a profound matter of temper and experience. He prays that “the Muse will pardon, if sometimes he adorn his page with other charms than her own; for thus, perhaps, he may win the world to his higher meanings, shrouding severe truths in soft verses. As the rim of the bitter cup is sweetened which is extended to the sick child, so may he, by beauties not quite Christian, attract mankind to read his whole poem to their health.” Such is the stately soaring of the epical Muse, the Muse of ideal history. Scholars find Greece completely prefigured in Homer, and the time may come when Dante and Tasso shall be the leading authorities for the history of the Middle Ages, and Milton for that of the ages of Protestantism.

In such comparison novels are insignificant and imbecile. Though, like "Contarini Fleming," they may begin with a magnificent paragraph, and fine passages be scattered through the volumes, they are yet rarely stories of ideas as well as persons, rarely succeed in involving events of more than temporary interest, and rarely, perhaps, should be called great mental products.

Not less strikingly does the difference between the epic



and the novel appear in their different uses. The one is the inspiration of great historical action, the other of listless repose. The statesman, in the moment of debate, and in the dignity of conscious power, finds sympathy and encouragement in a passage of his favorite epic. Its grand types are ever in fellowship with high thoughts. The novel is for the lighter moment after the deed is done, when he is no longer brunting Fate, but reclining idly, and reflecting humorously or malignly on this life. The epic is closely and strongly framed, like the gladiator about to strike a blow: the novel is relaxed and at careless ease, like the clubman after lighting his pipe. The latter does not bear the burden of severe responsibility, but is a thing of holidays and reactions. Still, as of old, it answers to the contemplative castellar cry,—“Hail, romancer! come and divert me,—make me merry! I wish to be occupied, but not employed,—to muse passively, not actively. Therefore, hail! tell me a story,—sing me a song! If I were now in the van of an army and civilization, higher thoughts would engross me. But I am unstrung, and wish to be fanned, not helmeted.”

It has sometimes been claimed that the romantic style is essentially lyrical. But though the idea from which many novels start was perhaps the proper germ for one or more lyrics, it never attains in romance a pure and unincumbered development. We may illustrate the different intellectual creations founded on a common conception by imagining how one of Wordsworth's lyrical fancies might have been developed in three volumes of romance instead of three stanzas of poetry.

“She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.”

The first line, romantically treated, would include description, soliloquy, and narrative, to show that in solitude the

maiden had habits, duties, something to think about and be interested in. The accidental approach of some cosmopolitan visitor would give occasion to illustrate dramatically the contrast between life in retirement and in society. Some novelists also would inflict, either by direct lecture or by conversation of the actors, very admirable reflections on the comparative advantages of the two conditions. The second line would perhaps suggest only geographical lore and descriptions of scenery, though historical episodes might be added. The third line would involve a minute description of dress, complexion, stature, and wild gracefulness. In a psychological investigation it would come out what strange and simple notions she entertained of the great world, and what charming qualities of unsophisticated character belonged to her as she merrily or pensively went through her accustomed tasks. The fourth line, in which love is the text, would swell into mammoth proportions. New characters would be especially necessary in this culminating part of the story; and though they should be "very few," they would long occupy the novelist with their diverse excellencies or villainies, their rivalries and strategies. It is probable that the complete development of the stanza *à la romance* would give a circumstantial history of the maiden from her birth, with glimpses more or less clear of all the remarkable people who dwelt near or occasionally visited the springs of Dove. Thus the same conception would become a stanza or a volume, according as its treatment were lyrical or romantic.

It need hardly be shown that the novel is not a drama, not a history, nor fable, nor any sort of philosophical treatise. It may have sentences, paragraphs, or perhaps chapters, in every style and of the highest excellence, as a shapeless architectural pile may rejoice in some exquisite features or ornaments; but combined passages, though they were the collected charms of literature, do not make a work of art. The styles are mixed,—a certain sign, according to Lessing, of corruption of taste. Novels present the anomaly of be-

ing fiction, but not poetry,—of being fruits of imagination, but of imagination improvising its creations from local and temporal things, instead of speaking from a sublime standpoint and linking series of facts with processions of ideas. Sources of history, guides of philosophical retrospection, they may come some time to be ; yet one cannot check a feeling of pity for the future historian who, in searching the “Pickwick Papers” for antiquities, finds himself bothered and confused by all the undisciplined witches of Mr. Dickens’s imagination.

If the novel be thus excluded from all the classical orders of literature, a trembling question is suggested, whether it may not be nevertheless a legitimate work of art. Though it be a *mélange* of styles, a story told, in literature what the story-teller is in society, yet why should it not have the honor among readers which the story-teller in all ages has had among listeners? Though by its escutcheon it assume a place among the amusing rather than the instructive class of books, why should not its nobility be recognized?

The answer is found in the essential nature of art, in the almost eternal distinction between life and thought, between actual and ideal realities. Unity amid diversity is the type of intellectual beauty and the law of the universe ; to comprehend it is the goal of science, and to reproduce it in human works is the aim of art. Yet how hard it is to find the central and essential idea in a world of apparent accidents and delusions ! to chase the real and divine thing as it plays among cheats and semblances ! Hence the difficulty of thorough thought, of faithful intellectual performance, of artistic creation. To the thoughtless man life is merely the rough and monotonous exterior of the cameo-stone ; but the artist sees through its strata, discerns its layers of many colors, and from its surface to its vital centre works them all together into varied beauty. To live is common ; but art belongs only to the finest minds and the best moments. Life is a burden of present multitudinous phenomena ; but art has

the simple unity of perfect science, and is a goal and aspiration. Life comes by birth, art by thought, and the travail that produces art is oftentimes the severer. The fashions of life are bubbles on the surface, and pass away with the season; but the creations of art belong to the depths of the spiritual world, where they shine like stars and systems in the physical universe.

Story-telling is the most charming of occupations, and, whatever its relation to literary art, it is one of the graces of the art of life. Old as the race, it has always been in fashion on the earth, the delight of every clime from the Orient to the Occident, and of every age from childhood to second childhood. We live in such a concatenation of things,—our hopes, fears, loves, hates, struggles, sympathies, defeats, and triumphs make such a medley, with a sort of divine fascination about it,—that we are always interested to hear how anybody has borne himself through whatever varieties of fortune. At the basis of every other character which can be assumed by man lie the conceiver and the teller of stories; story-telling is the *prima facie* quality of an intelligent and sociable being leading a life full of events in a universe full of phenomena. The child believes the wonders of romance by a right instinct; narratives of love and peril and achievement come home to the spirit of the youth; and the mystical wonder-expecting eye of childhood returns to old age. The humor, wit, piety and pathos of every age abound in the written stories of its people and children.

Yet between the vocal story and the story in literature there is an immense difference, like that between talking and writing, between life and art. The qualities which in the story-teller make even frivolity weighty and dulness significant—the play of the eye, the lips, the countenance, the voice, the whole sympathetic expression of the person—are wanting to the novel; it has passed from the realm of life to that of art; it loses the charm which personal relations

give even to trifles; it must have the charm which the mind can lend only to its cherished offspring.

Considered as a thing of literature, no other sort of book admits of such variety of topics, style, and treatment as the novel. As diverse in talent and quality as the story-teller himself,—now harlequin, now gossip, now threnodist,—with weird ghostliness, moping melancholy, uncouth laughter, or gentle serious smile,—now relating the story, with childlike interest in it, now with a good heart and now with a bad heart ridiculing mankind, now allegorical with rich meanings, now freighting the little story-cricket that creeps along from page to page with immense loads of science, history, politics, ethics, religion, criticism, and prophecy,—always regarded with kindness, always welcomed in idleness, always presenting in a simple way some spectacle of merriment or grief, as changeful as the seasons or the fashions,—with all its odd characteristics, the novel is remarkably popular, and not lightly to be esteemed as an element in our social and mental culture.

There is probably no other class of books, with literary pretensions, that contain so little thinking, in proportion to their quantity of matter, as novels. They can scarcely be called organic productions, for they may be written and published in sections, like one of the lowest classes of animals, which have no organization, but live equally well in parts, and run off in opposite directions when cut in halves. Thoughts and books, like living creatures, have their grades, and it is only those which stand lowest in respect of intellectuality that admit of fractional existence. A finished work of the mind is so delicately adjusted and closely related, part to part, that a fracture would be fatal. Conceive of Phidias sending off from his studio at Athens his statue of Jupiter Olympus in monthly numbers,—despatching now the feet, now the legs, now the trunk, in successive pieces, now the shoulders, and at last crowning the whole with a head!

The composition of novels must be reckoned, in design at least, one of the fine arts, but in fact they belong rather to periodical than to immortal literature. They do not submit to severity of treatment, abide by no critical laws, but are the gypsies and Bohemians of literature, bringing all the savagery of wild genius into the *salons* of taste. Though tolerated, admired, and found to be interesting, they do not belong to the system of things, play no substantial part in the serious business of life, but, as the world moves on, give place to their successors, not having developed any principle, presented any picture, or stated any fact, in a way to suggest ideas more than social phenomena. They are not permanent, therefore, because finally only ideas, and not facts, are generally remembered; the past is known to us more, and exclusively as it becomes remote, by the conceptions of poets and philosophic historians, the myriads of events which occupied a generation being forgotten, and all the pith and meaning of them being transmitted in a stanza or a chapter. Poetry never grows old, and whatsoever masterpieces of thought always win the admiration of the enlightened; but many a novel that has been the lion of a season passes at once away, never to be heard of more. With few exceptions, the splendid popularity that greets the best novels fades away in time slowly or rapidly. A half-century is a fatal trial for the majority; few are revived, and almost none are read, after a century; will anybody but the most curious antiquary be interested in them after one or two thousand years? Without delaying to give the full rationale of exceptions which vex this like every other general remark, it may be added briefly that fairy stories are in their nature fantastic mythological poems, most proper to the heroic age of childhood, that historical romances may be in essence and dignity fantastic histories or epics, and that, from whatever point of view, Cervantes remains hardly less admirable than Ariosto, or the "Bride of Lammermoor" than the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

In the mental as in the physical world, diamonds and gems come by long elaboration. A thoughtless man may write perennially, while the result of silent meditation and a long tortured soul may be expressed in a minute. The work of the former is akin to conversation, one of the fugitive pleasures of a day; that of the latter will, perchance, be a star in the firmament of the mind. Eugène Sue and Béranger both wished to communicate their reflections on society. The former dissipated his energies in the *salons*, was wise and amusing over wine, exchanged learning and jests, studied the drawing-room as if it were the macrocosm, returned to his chamber, put on kid gloves, and from the odds and ends of his dishevelled wits wrote at a gallop, without ever looking back, his "Mystères de Paris." The latter lived in an attic year after year, contemplated with cheerful anxiety the volatile world of France and the perplexed life of man, and elaborated word by word, with innumerable revisions, his short songs, which are gems of poetry, charming at once the ear and the heart. Novels are perhaps too easily written to be of lasting value. An unpremeditated word, in which the thoughts of years are exploded, may be one of the most admirable of intellectual phenomena, but an unpremeditated volume can only be a demonstration of human weakness.

The argument thus far has been in favor of the Muses. Hellenic taste and the principles of high art ratify the condemnation passed on the novel by the æsthetic goddesses. A wider view, however, will annul the sentence, giving in its stead a warning and a lesson. If the prose romance be not Hellenic, it is nevertheless humane, and has been in honor almost universally throughout the Orient and the Occident. Its absence from the classical literature was a marvel and exception, a phenomenon of the clearest-minded and most active of races, who thought, but did not contemplate,—whose ideal world consisted only of simple but stately legends of bright-limbed gods and heroes. A felici-

tous production of high art, also, is among the rarest of exceptions, and will be till the Millennium. Myriads of comparative failures follow in the suite of a masterpiece. We have, therefore, judged the novel by an impracticable standard, by a comparison with the highest aims rather than the usual attainments of other branches of literary art. Human weakness makes poetry, philosophy, and history imperfect in execution, though they aspire to absolute beauty and truth; human weakness suggested the novel, which is imperfect in design, written as an amusement and relief, in despair of sounding the universe. A novel is in its nature and as a matter of necessity an artistic failure; it pretends to nothing higher; but under the slack laws which govern its composition, multitudes of fine and suggestive characters, incidents, and sayings may be smuggled into it, contrary to all the usages and rules of civilized literature. Hence the secret of its popularity, that it is the organ of average as distinguished from highest thought. Science and art are the goals of destiny, but rarely is there a thinker or writer who has an eye single to them. It is an heroic, self-sacrificing, and small platoon which in every age brunts Fate, and, fighting on the shadowy frontier, makes conquests from the realm of darkness. Their ideas are passed back from hand to hand, and become known in fragments and potent as tendencies among the mass of the race, who live in the circle of the attained and travel in the routine of ages. The novelist is one of the number who half comprehend them, and borrows them from all quarters to introduce into the rich *mélange* of his work. To solve a social problem, to reproduce an historical age or character, or to develop the truth and poetry latent in any event, is difficult, and not many will either lead or follow a severe attempt; but the novelist will merrily chronicle his story and link with it in a thousand ways some salient reminiscence of life and thought.

What, then, is the highest excellence that the novel can attain? It is the carnival of literary art. It deals sympathet-

ically and humorously, not philosophically and strictly, with the panorama and the principles of life. A transcript, but not a transfiguration of Nature, it assumes a thousand forms, surpassing all other books in the immense latitude left to the writer, in the wild variety of things which it may touch, but need not grasp. Its elements are the forests, the cities, and the seven ages of man,—characters and fortunes how diversified! All species of thinkers and actors, of ideas and passions, all the labyrinthine complications and scenery of existence, may be illustrated in persons or introduced by-the-by; into whatever colors make up the phantasmagoria of collective humanity the novelist may dip his brush, in painting his moving picture. Yet problems need not be fully appreciated, nor characters or actions profoundly understood. It must be an engrossing story, but the theme and treatment are lawless as the conversation of an evening party. The mind plays through all the realm of its knowledge and experience, and sheds sparks from all the torches of thought, as scenes and topics succeed each other. The pure forms of literature may be reminiscences present to the imagination, the germs of new truths and social arrangements may occupy the reason; but the novelist is neither practical, nor philosophical, nor artistic; he is simply in a dream; and pictures of the world and fragments of old ideas pass before him, as the sacred meanings of religion flitted about the populace in a grotesque mediæval festival of the Church. Conceive the stars dropped from their place in the apparent heavens, and playing at shuttlecock with each other and with boys, and having a heyday of careless joyousness here below, instead of remaining in sublime dignity to guide and inspire men who look up to them by night! Even such are the epic, the lyric, the drama, the history, and the philosophy, as collected together in the revelries of the novel. To state the degree of excellence possible to a style as perverse as it is entertaining, to measure the wisdom of essential folly, is difficult; and yet it may be said that the strength of the novel

is its *arbitrariness*, which leaves the author of *romans* free to introduce his creations just as they occur to him, and the author of talent free to range through all times and all times and reproduce brilliant sayings and odd characters which, with no other connecting thread than a story, forms like a *serpent* through every shade of feeling and region of thought, from the domestic search to the ultimate borders of speculative nature; and which, by its daring and careless combinations of incongruous elements, exhibits a free sublimation in sense of the peculiar genius of the romantic.

And some philosophers have styled romance the *special glory of Christianity*. It is certainly the characteristic of a *critical* as distinguished from organic period,—of the mind acting typically in a savage and unknown universe rather than of the mind that has reduced the heavens and earth to its arts and sciences. The novel, therefore, is the wildest organ of romance, is most appropriate in a time of great intellectual agitation, when intellectual men are but half-conscious of the tendencies that are setting about them, and consequently cease to propose to themselves final goals, to not attempt *seriously* art, but play *subtly* with current facts. Hence, perhaps, its popularity since the first conflicts of the Protestant Reformation, and especially since the great French Revolution, when amid new inventions and new ideas mankind has *contemplatively* looked for the coming events, the new historical eras, which were casting their shadows before.

When, some time, Christian art shall become classical, and Christian ideas be developed by superior men as fairly as the Hellenic conceptions were, the novel may either assume to itself some peculiar excellency, or may cease to hold the comparative rank in literature which it enjoys at present. Then the numberless prose romances which occupy the present generation of readers will, perhaps, be collected in some immense *corpus*, like the Byzantine historians, will be reckoned among the curiosities of literature, and will at least

have the merit of making the study of antiquities easy and interesting.

There is an old couplet,—

“Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature’s chief masterpiece is writing well.”

At a time when extemporaneous composition and thoughtless reading are much in fashion, it will not be amiss to invoke profounder studies, and slower, but more useful and permanent results. Let it be remembered that even the Divine Mind first called into being the chaos of creation, and then in seven days reviewed and elaborated it into a beautiful order.

THE CADMEAN MADNESS.¹

An old English divine fancied that all the world might go mad and nobody know it. The conception suggests a query whether the standard of sanity, as of fashions and prices, be not a purely artificial one, an accident of convention, a law of society, an arbitrary institute, and therefore a possible mistake. A sage and a maniac each thinks the other mad. The decision is a matter of majorities. Should a whole community become insane, it would nevertheless vote itself wise; if the craze of Bedlam were uniform, its inmates could not distinguish it from a Pantheon; and though all human history seemed to the gods only as a continuous series of mediæval processions *des sots et des ânes*, yet the topsyturvy intellect of the world would ever worship folly in the name of wisdom. Arts and sciences, ideas and institutions, laws and learning would still abound, transmogrified to suit the reigning madness. And as statistics reveal the late gradual and general increase of insanity, it becomes a provident people to consider what may be the ultimate results, if this increase should happen never to be checked. And if sanity be, indeed, a glory which we might all lose unawares, we may well betake ourselves to very solemn reflection as to whether we are, at the present moment, in our wits and senses, or not.

The peculiar proficiencies of great epochs are as astonishing as the exploits of individual frenzy. The era of the Greek rhapsodists, when a body of matchless epical literature was handed down by memory from generation to gen-

Campton Village, June 16, 1864.—"Cadmean Madness" is in the printer's hands for the September number of the Atlantic, and I hope nothing will prevent its appearance in that number. With many other excellent things it has been put forward from time to time to make way for articles that pertain more especially to the hour.—James T. Fields.

Published in the Atlantic Monthly, September, 1864.

eration, and a recitation of the whole "Odyssey" was not too much for a dinner-party; the era of Periclean culture, when the Athenian populace was wont to pass whole days in the theatre, attending with unfaltering intellectual keenness and æsthetic delight to three or four long dramas, either of which would exhaust a modern audience; the wild and vast systems of imaginary abstractions, which the Neo-Platonists, as also the German transcendentalists, so strangely devised and become enamored of; the grotesque views of men and things, the funny universe altogether, which made up both the popular and the learned thought of the Middle Ages; the Buddhistic Orient, with its subtle metaphysical illusions, its unreal astronomical heavens, its habits of repose and its tornadoes of passion,—such are instances of great diversities of character, which would be hardly accountable to each other on the supposition of mutual sanity. They suggest a difference of ideas, moods, habits, and capacities, which in contemporaries and associates would amply justify either party that happened to be the majority in turning all the rest into insane asylums. It is the demoniac element, the raving of some particular demon, that creates greatness either in men or nations. Power is maniacal. A mysterious fury, a heavenly inspiration, an incomprehensible and irresistible impulse, goads humanity on to achievements. Every age, every person, and every art obeys the wand of the enchanter. History moves by indirections. The first historic tendency is likely to be slightly askew; there follows then an historic triumph, then an historic eccentricity, then an historic folly, then an explosion; and then the series begins again. In the grade of folly, hard upon an explosion, lies modern literature.

The characteristic mania of the last two centuries is reading and writing. Solomon discovered that much study is a weariness of the flesh; Aristophanes complained of the multitude and indignity of authors in his time; and the famed preacher, Geyler von Kaisersberg, in the age of prevalent

monkery and Benedictine plodding, mentioned erudition and madness, on equal footing, as the twin results of books: "*Libri quosdam ad scientiam, quosdam ad insaniam deduxere.*" These were successive symptoms of the growing malady. But where there was one writer in the time of Geyler there are a million now. He saw both health and disease, and could distinguish between them. We see only the latter. Skill in letters, half a decade of centuries ago, was a miraculous attainment, and placed its possessor in the rank of divines and diviners; now, inability to read and write is accounted, with pauperism and crime, a ground for civil disfranchisement. The old feudal merry and hearty ignorance has been everywhere corrupted by books and newspapers, learning and intelligence, the cabalistic words of modern life. Popular poetry and music, ballads and legends, wit and originality have disappeared before the barbaric intellectuality of our Cadmean idolatry. Even the arts of conversation and oratory are waning, and may soon be lost; we live only in second and silent thoughts; for who will waste fame and fortune by giving to his friends the gems which will delight mankind? and how can a statesman grapple eloquently with Fate, when the contest is not to be determined on the spot, but by quiet and remote people coolly reading his speech several hours or days later? Even if we were vagarying into imbecility, like the wildest Neo-Platonic hierophants, like the monkish chroniclers of the Middle Ages, like other romantic and fantastic theorists who have leaped out of human nature into a purely artificial realm, we should not know it, because we are all doing it uniformly.

The universe is a veiled Isis. The human mind from immemorial antiquity has ceased to regard it. A small cohort of alphabets has enrobed it with a wavy texture of letters, beyond which we cannot penetrate. The glamour is upon us, and when we would see the facts of Nature, we behold only tracts of print. The God of the heavens and earth has hidden Himself from us since we gave ourselves up to the

worship of the false divinities of Phœnicia. No longer can we admire the *cosmos*; for the *cosmos* lies beyond a long perspective of theorems and propositions that cross our eyes, like countless bees, from the alcoves of philosophies and sciences. No longer do we bask in the beauty of things, as in the sunlight; for when we would melt in feeling we hear nothing but the rattling of gems of verse. No longer does the mind, as sympathetic priest and interpreter, hover amid the phenomena of time and space; for the forms of Nature have given place to volumes, there are no objects but pages, and passions have been supplanted by paragraphs. We no longer see the whirling universe, or feel the pulsing of life. Thought itself has ceased to be a sprite, and flows through the mind only in the leaden shape of printed sentences. The symbolism of letters is over us all. An all-pervading nominalism has completely masked whatsoever there is that is real. More and more it is not the soul and Nature, but the eye and print, whose resultant is thought. Nature disappears and the mind withers. No other faculty has been developed in man but that of the reader, no other possibility but that of the writer. The old-fashioned arts which used to imply human nature, which used to blossom instinctively, which have given joy and beauty to society, are fading from the face of the earth. Where are the ancient and mediæval popular games, those charming vital symptoms? The people now read Dickens and Longfellow. Where are the old-fashioned instincts of worship and love, consolation and mourning? The people have since found an antidote for these experiences in Blair and Tupper, and other authors of renown. Where are those weird voices of the air and forest and stream, those symptoms of an enchanted Nature, which used to thrill and bless the soul of man? The duller ear of men has failed to hear them in this age of popular science.

Literature, using the word with a benevolent breadth of meaning which excludes no pretenders, is the result of the invasion of letters. It is the fort which they occupy, which

with too hasty consideration has usually been regarded as friendly to the human race. Religions, laws, sciences, arts, theories, and histories, instead of passing Ariel-like into the elements when their task is done, are made perpetual prisoners in the alcoves of dreary libraries. They have a fossil immortality, surviving themselves in covers, as poems have survived minstrels. The memory of man is made omniscapacious; its burden increases with every generation; not even the ignorance and stolidity of the past are allowed the final grace of being forgotten; and omniscience is becoming at once more and more impossible and more and more fashionable. Whoever reads only the books of his own time is superficial in proportion to the thickness of the ages. But neither the genius of man, nor his length of days, has had an increase corresponding to that of the realm of knowledge, the requirements of reading, and the conditions of intelligence. The multiplied attractions only crowd and obstruct the necessarily narrow line of duty, possibility, and destiny. Life threatens to be extinguished by its own shadow, by the *débris* kept in the current by countless tenacious records. Its essence escapes to heaven or into new forms, but its ghosts still walk the earth in print. Like that mythical serpent which advanced only as it grew in length, so knowledge spans the whole length of the ages. Some philosopher conceived of history as the migration and growth of reason throughout time, culminating in successive historical ideas. He, however, supposed that the idea of every age had nothing to do with any preceding age; it had passed through whatsoever previous stages, had been somewhat modified by them, contained in itself all that was best in them, was improved and elevated at every new epoch; but it had no memory, never looked backward, and was an ever rolling sphere, complete in itself, leaving no trail behind. Human life, under the discipline of letters and common schools, is not thus Hegelian, but advances under the boundless retrospection of literature. And yet this is probably divine philosophy. It

is probable that the faculty of memory belongs to man only in an immature state of development, and that in some future and happier epoch the past will be known to us only as it lives in the present; and then for the first time will Realism in life take the place of Nominalism.

The largest library in the world, the Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris (it has been successively, like the adventurous and versatile throne of France, Royale, Nationale, and Impériale,) contains very nearly one million of books, the collected fruits of all time. Consider an average book in that collection: how much human labor does it stand for? How much capital was invested originally in its production, and how much tribute of time and toil does it receive per annum? Regarding books as intellectual estate, how much does it cost mankind to procure and keep up an average specimen? What quantity of human resources has been originally and consecutively sunk in the Parisian library? How much of human time, which is but a span, and of human emotion and thought, which are sacred and not to be carelessly thrown away, lie latent therein?

The estimate must be highly speculative. Some books have cost a lifetime and a heartbreak; others have been written at leisure in a week, and without an emotion. Some are born from the martyrdom of a thinker to fire the genius of a populace; others are the coruscations of joy, and have a smile for their immortal heir. Some have made but the slightest momentary ripple in human affairs; others, first gathering eddies about themselves, have swept forward in grand currents, engrossing for centuries whole departments of human energy. Thousands publish and are forgotten before they die. Spinoza published after his death and is not yet understood.

We will begin with the destined bibliomacher at the time of his assumption of short clothes. The alphabet is his first professional torture, and that only ushers him upon the gigantic task of learning to read and write his own language.

Experience shows that this miracle of memory and associative reason may be in the main accomplished by the time he is eight years old. Thus far in his progress towards book-making he has simply got his fingers hold of the pen. He has next to run the gantlet of the languages, sciences, and arts, to pass through the epoch of the scholar, with satchel under his arm, with pale cheek, an eremite and ascetic in the religion of Cadmus. At length, at about twenty years of age, he leaves the university, not a master, but a bachelor of liberal studies. But thus far he has laid only the foundation, has acquired only rudiments and generalities, has only served his apprenticeship to letters. God gave mind and nature, but art has furnished him a new capacity and a new world,—the capacity to read and the world of books. He has simply acquired a new nature, a psychological texture of letters, but the artificial *tabula rasa* has yet to be filled. Twenty obstetrical years have at last made him a literary animal, have furnished him the abstract conditions of authorship; but he has yet his life to save, and his fortune to make in literature. He is born into the mystic fraternity of readers and writers, but the special studies and experiences which fit him for anything, which make a book possible, are still in the future. He will be fortunate, if he gets through with them, and gets his first volume off his hands by the age of thirty. Authors are the shortest-lived of men. Their average years are less than fifty. Our bibliomacher has therefore twenty years left to him. Taking all time together, since formerly authors wrote less abundantly than now, he will not produce more than one work in five years, that is, five works in his lifetime of fifty years. The conclusion to which this rather precarious investigation thus brings us is, that the original cost of an average book is ten years of a human life. And yet these ten years make but the mere suggestion of the book. The suggestion must be developed by an army of printers, sellers, and librarians. What other institution in the world is there but the Bibliothèque Im-

périale, to the mere suggestion of which ten millions of laborious years have been devoted?

Startling considerations present themselves. If there were no other *argumentum ad absurdum* to demonstrate some fundamental perversity and absurdity in literature, it might be suspected from the fact that Nature herself gives so little encouragement to it. Nobody is born an author. The art of writing, common as it is, is not indigenous in man, but is acquired by a nearly universal martyrdom of youth. If it had been providentially designed that the function of any considerable portion of mankind should have been to write books, we cannot suppose that an economical Deity would have failed to create them with innate skill in language, general knowledge, and penmanship. These accomplishments have to be learned by every writer, yet writers are numberless. They are mysteries which must be painfully encountered by every one at the vestibule of the temple of literature, which nevertheless is thronged. Surely, had this importance and prevalence been attached to them in the Divine scheme, they would have been born in us like the senses, or would blossom spontaneously in us, like the corollal growths of Faith and Conscience. We should have been created in a condition of literary capacity, and thus have been spared the alphabetical torture of childhood, and the academic depths of philological despair. Twenty-five years of preliminaries might have been avoided by changing the peg in the scale of creation, and the studies of the boy might have begun where now they end. Twenty-five years in the span of life would thus have been saved, had what must be a universal acquirement been incorporated into the original programme of human nature.

Or had the Deity appreciated literature as we do, He would probably have written out the universe in some snug little volume, some miniature series, or some boundless Bodleian, instead of unfolding it through infinite space and time, as an actual, concrete, unwritten reality. Be creation

a single act or an eternal process, it would have been **all a thing of books**. The Divine Mind would have revealed itself in a library, instead of in the universe. As for men, they would have existed only in treatises on the **mammalia**. There are some specimens which we hardly think are according to any anticipation of heavenly reason, and therefore they would not have existed at all. Nothing would have been but God and literature. Possibly a responsible creation like ours might have been formed, nevertheless, by making each letter a living, thinking, moral agent; and the alphabet might thus have written out the Divine ideas, as men now work them out. If the conception seem to any one chilly, if it have a dreary look, if it appear to leave only a frosty metallic base, instead of the grand oceanic effervescence of life, let him remember how often earthly authors have renounced living realities, all personal sympathies and pleasures, communing only with books, their minds dwelling apart from men. Remember Tasso and Southey; ay, if you have yourself written a book that commands admiration, remember what it cost you. Why hesitate to transfer to the skies a type of life which we admire here below? But God having wrought out instead of written out His thoughts, does it not appear that He designed for men to do likewise?

And thus a new consideration is presented. The exhibit of the original cost of the Bibliothèque Impériale was the smallest item in our budget. Mark the history of a book. How variously it engrosses the efforts of the world, from the time when it first rushes into the arena of life! The industry of printing embodies it, the energy of commerce disperses it, the army of critics announce it, the world of readers give their days and nights to it generation after generation, and its echoes uninterruptedly repeat themselves along the infinite procession of writers. The process reverts with every new edition, and eddies mingle with eddies in the motley march of history. Its story may be traced in martyrdoms of the flesh, in weary hours, strange experiences,

unhappy tempers, restless struggles, unrequited triumphs,—in the glare of midnight lamps, and of wild, haggard eyes,—in sorrow, want, desolation, despair, and madness. Born in sorrow, the book trails a pathway of sorrow through the ages. And each book in the Parisian library stands for all this,—some that were produced with tears having been always read for jest,—some that were lightly written being now severe tasks for historians, antiquaries, and source-mongers.

Suppose an old Egyptian, who in primæval Hierapolis incased his thought in papyrus, to be able now to take a stroll into the Bibliothèque, and to see what has become of his thought so far as there represented. He would find that it had haunted mankind ever since. An alcove would be filled with commentaries on it, and discussions as to where it came from and what it meant. He would find it modifying and modified by the Greeks, and reproduced by them with divers variations,—extinguished by Christianity,—revived, with a new face, among the theurgies and cabala of Alexandria; he would catch the merest glimpse of it amid the Christian legends and credulities of the Middle Ages,—but the Arabs would have kept a stronger hold on it; he would see it in the background after the revival of learning, till, gradually, as modern commerce opened the East, scholars, also, discovered that there were wonders behind the classic nations; and finally he would see how modern research, rushing back through comparison of language-roots, through geological data, through ethnological indications, through antiquarian discoveries, has rooted out of the layers of ages all the history attendant upon its original production. He would find the records of this long history in the library around him. In every age, the thought, born of pain, has been reproduced with travail. It did not do its mission at once, penetrate like a ray of light into the heart of the race and leave a chemical effect which should last forever. No, the blood of man's spirit was not purified,—only an external

application was made, and that application must be repeated with torture upon every generation. Was this designed to be the function of thought, the mission of heavenly ideas?

This is the history of his thought in books. But let us conceive what might have been its history but for the books;—how it might have been written in the fibres of the soul, and lived in eternal reason, instead of having been written on papyrus and involved in the realm of dead matter. His idea, thrilling his own soul, would have revealed itself in every particle and movement of his body; for “soul is form, and doth the body make.” Its first produce would have been his own quivering, animated, and animating personality. He would have impressed every one of his associates, every one of whom would in turn have impressed a new crowd, and thus the immortal array of influences would have gone on. Not impressions on parchment, but impressions on the soul, not letters, but thrills, would have been its result. Thus the magic of personal influence of all kinds would have radiated from it in omnipresent and colliding circlets forever, as the mighty imponderable agents are believed to radiate from some hidden focal force. He would trace his idea in the massive architecture and groping science of Egypt,—in the elegant forms of worship, thought, institutes, and life among the Greeks,—in the martial and systematizing genius of Rome,—and so on through the ecclesiastical life of the Middle Ages, and the political and scientific ambitions of modern times. Its operations have everywhere been chemical, not mechanical. It has lived, not in the letter, but in the spirit. Never dropping to the earth, it has been maintained as a shuttlecock in spiritual regions by the dynamics of the soul. It has wrought itself into the soul, the only living and immortal thing, and so the proper place for ideas. Its mode of transmission has been by the suffusion of the eye, the cheek, the lip, the manner, not by dead and unsymbolical letters. It has had life, and not merely dura-

tion. It has been perpetuated in cordate, not in dactylate characters. Its history must not be sought away from the circle of life, but may be seen in the current generation of men. The man who you should meet in the street would be the product of all the ideas and influences from the foundation of the world, and his slightest act would reveal them all vital within him. The libraries, which form dead recesses in the river of life, would thus be swept into and dissolved in the current, and the waters would have been deepened and colored by their dissolution. Libraries are a sort of *débris* of the world, but the spiritual substance of them would thus enter into the organism of history. All the last results of time would come to us, not through books, but through the impressions of daily life. Whatsoever was unworthy to be woven into the fibres of the soul would be overwhelmed by that oblivion which chases humanity; all the time wasted in the wrong-headedness of archæology would be saved; for there would be nothing of the past except its influence on the immedate present, and nothing but the pure human ingot would finally be left of the long whirlings in the crucible of history. Some one has said that all recent literature is one gigantic plagiarism from the past. Why plagiarize with toil the toils of the past, when all that is good in them lives, necessarily and of its own tendency, in the winged and growing spirit of man? The stream flows in a channel, and is colored by all the ores of its banks, but it would be absurd for it to attempt to take the channel up and carry it along with itself out into the sea. Why should the tinted water of life attempt to carry along with it not only the tint, but also the bank, ages back, from which the tint proceeds?

As the world goes on the multitude of books increases. They grow as grows the human race,—but, unlike the human race, they have a material immortality here below. Fossil books, unlike fossil rocks, have a power of reproduction. Every new year leaves not only a new inheritance, but generally a larger one than ever before. What is to be the re-

sult? The ultimate prospect is portentous. If England has produced ten thousand volumes of fiction (about three thousand new novels) during the last forty years, how many books of all kinds has Christendom to answer for in the same period? If the British Museum makes it a point to preserve a copy of everything that is published, how long will it be before the whole world will not be sufficient to contain the multitude thereof? At present all the collections of the Museum, books, etc., occupy only forty acres on the soil, and an average of two hundred feet towards the sky. But even these outlines indicate a block of space which under geometrical increase would in the shortest of geological periods make a more complete conquest of the earth than has ever been made by fire or water. To say nothing of the sorrows of the composition of these new literary stores, how is man, whose years are threescore-and-ten, going to read them? Surely the green earth will be transformed into a wilderness of books, and man, reduced from the priest and interpreter of Nature to a bookworm, will be like the beasts which perish.


The eye of fancy lately witnessed in a dream the vision of an age far in the future. The surface of the earth was covered with lofty rectangles, built up coral-like from small rectangles. There was neither tree nor herb nor living creature. Walled paths, excavated ruts, alone broke the desert-like prospect, as the burrows of life. Penetrating into these, the eye saw men walking beneath the striated piles, with heads bent forward and nervous fingering of brow. There the whole world, such as we have known it, was buried beneath volumes past all enumeration. There was neither fauna nor flora, neither wilderness, tempest, nor any familiar look of Nature, but only one boundless contiguity of books. There was only man and space and one unceasing library, and the men neither ate nor slept nor spoke. Nature was transformed into the processes and products of writing, and man was now no longer lover, friend, peasant, merchant,

naturalist, traveller, gourmet, mechanic, warrior, worshipper, but only an author. All other faculties had been lost to him, and all resources for anything else had fled from his universe. Anon some wrinkled, fidgety, cogitative being in human form would add a new volume to some slope or tower of the monstrous omnipotent mass, or some sharp-glancing youth, with teeth set unevenly on edge, would pull out a volume, look greedily and half-believingly for a few moments, return it, and slink away. "What is this world, and what means this life?" cried I, addressing an old man, who had just tossed a volume aloft. "Where are we, and what about this? Tell me, for I have not before seen and do not know." He glanced a moment, then spoke, like a shade in hell, as follows:—"This is the world, and here is human life. Man long enjoyed it, with wonderful fulness and freshness of being. But a madness seized him; everybody wrote books; the evil grew more and more; nought else was an object of pursuit; till at last the earth was covered with tomes, and for long ages now it has been buried beyond the reach of mortal. All forms of life were exterminated. Man himself survives only as a literary shadow. Each one writes a book, or a few books, and dies, vanishing into thin air. Such is life,—a hecatomb!"

But even if it be supposed that mind could survive the toil, and the earth the quantity of our accumulating books, there are other difficulties. There are other imperative limitations, beyond which the art of writing cannot go. Letters themselves limit the possibilities of literature. For there is only a certain number of letters. These letters are capable of only a certain number of combinations into words. This limited number of possible words is capable only of a certain number of arrangements. Conceive the effect when all these capabilities shall be exhausted! It will no longer be possible for a new thing to be said or written. We shall have only to select and repeat from the past. Writing shall be reduced to the making of extracts, and speaking to the making

of quotations. Yet the conditions of things would certainly be improved. As there is now a great deal of writing without thinking, so then thinking could go on without writing. A man would be obliged to think out and up to his result, as we do now; but whether his processes and conclusions were wise or foolish, he would find them written out for him in advance. The process of selection would be all. The immense amount of writing would cease. Authors would be extinct. Thinkers could find their ideas stated in the best possible way, and the most effective arguments in their favor. If this event seems at all unlikely to any one, let him only reflect on the long geological ages, and on the innumerable writings, short and long, now published daily,—from Mr. Buckle to the newspapers. Estimate everything in type daily throughout Christendom. If so much is done in a day, how much in a few decades of centuries? Surely, at our present rate, in a very conceivable length of time, the resources of two alphabets would be exhausted. And this may be the reason and providence in the amount of writing now going on,—to get human language written up. The earth is as yet not half explored, and its cultivation and development, in comparison with what shall some time be, have scarcely begun. Will not the race be blessed, when its two mortal foes, Nature and the alphabet, have been finally and forever subdued?

This necessary finiteness of literature may be illustrated in another way. An English mathematician of the seventeenth century applied the resources of his art to an enumeration of human ideas. He believed that he could calculate with rigorous exactness the number of ideas of which the human mind is susceptible. This number, according to him, (and he has never been disputed,) was 3,155,760,000. Even if we allowed a million of words to one idea, according to our present practice,—instead of a single word to an idea, which would seem reasonable,—still, all the possible combinations of words and ideas would finally be exhausted. The




ideas would give out, to be sure, a million times before the words; but the latter would meet their doom at last. All possible ideas would then be served up in all possible ways for all men, who could order them according to their appetites, and we could dispense with cooks ever after. The written word would be the finished record of all possible words, in gross and in detail.

But the problem whose solution has thus been attempted by desperate suggestions has, by changing its elements, nullified our calculation. We have been plotting to cast out the demon of books; and, lo! three other kindred demons of quarterlies, monthlies, and newspapers have joined fellowship with it, and our latter estate is worse than our first. Indeed, we may anticipate the speedy fossilization and extinction of books, while these younger broods alone shall occupy the earth. Our libraries are already hardly more than museums, they will soon be *mausoleums*, while all our reading is of the winged words of the hurried contributor. Some of the most intelligent and influential men in large cities do not read a book once a year. The Cadmean magic has passed from the hands of hierophants into those of the people. Literature has fallen from the domain of immortal thought to that of ephemeral speech, from the conditions of a fine to those of a mechanical art. The order of genius has been abolished by an all-prevailing popular opinion. The elegance and taste of patient culture have been vulgarized by forced contact with the unpresentable facts thrust upon us by the ready writer. Everybody now sighs for the new periodical, while nobody has read the literature of any single age in any single country.

How like mountain-billows of barbarism do the morning journals, reeking with unkempt facts, roll in upon the peaceful thought of the soul! How like savage hordes from some remote star, some nebulous chaos, that has never yet been recognized in the cosmical world, do they trample upon the organic and divine growths of culture, laying waste the well-

ordered and fairly adorned fields of the mind, demolishing the intellectual highways which great engineering thinkers have constructed within us, and reducing a domain in which poetry and philosophy, with their sacred broods, dwelt gloriously together, to an undistinguishable level of ruin! How helpless are we before a newspaper! We sit down to it a highly developed and highly civilized being; we leave it a barbarian. Step by step, blow by blow, has everything that was nobly formed within us been knocked down, and we are made illustrations of the atomic theory of the soul, every atom being a separate savage, after the social theory of Hobbes. We are crazed by a multitudinousness of details, till the eye sees no picture, the ear hears no music, the taste finds no beauty, and the reason grasps no system. The only wonder is that the diabolical invention of Faust or Gutenberg has not already transformed the growths of the mind into a fauna and flora of perdition.

It was a sad barbarism when men ran wild with their own impulses, unable to control the fierceness of instinct. It is a sadder barbarism when men yield to every impulse from without, with no imperial dignity in the soul, which closes the apartments against the violence of the world and frowns away unseemly intruders. We have no spontaneous enthusiasm, no spiritual independence, no inner being, obedient only to its own law. We do not plough the billows of time with true beak and steady weight, but float, a tossed cork, now one side up and now the other. We live the life of an insect accidentally caught within a drum. Every steamer that comes hits the drum a beat; every telegram taps it; it echoes with every representative's speech, reverberates with every senator's more portly effort, screams at every accident. Everything that is done in the universe seems to be done only to make a noise upon it. Every morning, whatsoever thing has been changed, and whatsoever thing has been unchanged, during the night, comes up to batter its report on the omni-audient tympanum of the universe, the drum-head



of the press. And then we are inside of it. It may be music to the gods who dwell beyond the blue ether, but it is terrible confusion to us.

Virgil exhausted the resources of his genius in his portraiture of Fame:—

"Fama, malum, quo non aliud velocius ullum:
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo;
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.

Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.
Nocte volat cœli medio terræque per umbram
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno."

What would he have done, had he known our modern monster, the alphabet-tongued, steel-sinewed, kettle-lunged Rumor? It is a sevenfold horror. The Virgilian Fame was not a mechanical but a living thing; it grew as it ran; it at least gave a poetical impression. Its story grew as legends grow, full to the brim of the instincts of the popular genius. It left its traces as it passed, and the minds of all who saw and heard rested in delightful wonder till something new happened. But the fact which printed Rumor throws through the atmosphere is coupled not with the beauty of poetry, but with the madness of dissertation. Everybody is not only informed that the Jackats defeated the Magnats on the banks of the Kaiger on the last day of last week, but this news is conveyed to them in connection with a series of revelations about the relations of said fact to the universe. The primordial germ is not poetical, but dissertational. It tends to no organic creation, but to any abnormal and multitudinous display of suggestions, hypotheses, and prophecies. The item is shaped as it passes, not by the hopes and fears of the soul, but grows by accumulation of the dull details of prose. We have neither the splendid bewilderments of the twelfth, nor the cold illumination of the eighteenth century,

but bewilderments without splendor, and coldness without illumination. The world is too wide-awake for thought,—the atmosphere is too bright for intellectual achievements. We have the wonders and sensations of a day; but where are the fathomless profundities, the long contemplations, and the silent solemnities of life? The newspapers are marvels of mental industry. They show how much work can be done in a day. But they never last more than a day. Sad will it be when the genius of ephemerality has invaded all departments of human actions and human motives! Farewell then to deep thoughts, to sublime self-sacrifice, to heroic labors for lasting results! Time is turned into a day, the mind knows only momentary impressions, the weary way of art is made as short as a turnpike, and the products of genius last only about as long as any mood of the weather. Bleak and changeable March will rule the year in the intellectual heavens.

What symbol could represent this matchless embodiment of all the activities, this tremendous success, this frenzied public interest? A monster so large, and yet so quick,—so much bulk combined with so much readiness,—reaching so far, and yet striking so often! Who can conceive that productive state of mind in which some current fact is all the time whirling the universe about it? Who can understand the mania of the leader-writer, who never thinks of a subject without discovering the possibility of a column concerning it,—who never looks upon his plate of soup without mentally reviewing in elaborate periods the whole vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms?

But what is the advantage of newspapers? Forsooth, popular intelligence. The newspaper is, in the first place, the legitimate and improved successor of the fiery cross, beacon-light, signal-smoking summit, hieroglyphic mark, and bulletin board. It is, in addition to this, a popular daily edition and application of the works of Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, Lord Bacon, Vattel, and Thomas Jefferson. On

one page it records items, on the other it shows the relations between those items and the highest thought. Yet the whole circle is accomplished daily. The journal is thus the synopticated, personified, incarnate madness of the day,—for to-day is always mad, and becomes a thing of reason only when it becomes yesterday. A proper historical fact is one of the rarest shots in the journalist's bag, as time is sure to prove. If we had newspaper accounts of the age of Augustus, the chances are that no other epoch in history would be so absolutely problematical, and Augustus himself would be lucky if he were not resolved into a myth, and the journal into sibylline oracles. The dissertational department is equally faulty; for to first impressions everything on earth is chameleon-like. The Scandinavian Divinities, the Past, the Present, and the Future, could look upon each other, but neither of them upon herself. But in the journal the Present is trying to behold itself; the same priestess utters and explains the oracle. Thus the journal is the immortal reproduction of the *jour des dupes*. The editors are like the newsboys, shouting the news which they do not understand.

The public mind has given itself up to it. It claims the right to pronounce all the newspapers very bad, but has renounced the privilege of not reading them. Every one is made *particeps criminis* in the course of events. Nothing takes place in any quarter of the globe without our assistance. We have to connive at *omne scibile*. About everything natural and human, infernal and divine, there is a general consultation of mankind, and we are all made responsible for the result. Yet this constant interruption of our private intellectual habits and interests is both an impertinence and a nuisance. Why send us all the crudities? Why call upon us till you know what you want? Why speak till you have got your brain and your mouth clear? Why may we not take the universe for granted when we get up in the morning, instead of proceeding directly to measure it over again? Once a year is often enough for

anybody but the government to hear anything about India, China, Patagonia, and the other flaps and coat-tails of the world. Let the North Pole never be mentioned again till we can melt the icebergs by a burning mirror before we start. Don't report another asteroid till the number reaches a thousand; that will be time enough for us to change our peg. Let us hear nothing of the small speeches, but Congress may publish once a week a bulletin of what it has done. The President and Cabinet may publish a bulletin, not to exceed five lines, twice a week, or on rare occasions and in a public emergency once a day. The right, however shall be reserved to the people to prohibit the Cabinet from saying anything more aloud on a particular public question till they have settled it. Let no mail-steamer pass between here and Europe oftener than once a month,—let all other steamers be forbidden to bring news, and the utterances of news by passengers be treated either as a public libel or nuisance, or as high treason. Leave the awful accidents to the parties whom they concern, and don't trouble us, unless they have the merit of novelty as well as of horror. Tell us only the highest facts, the boldest strokes, the critical moments of daily chaos, and save us from multitudinous nonsense.

There are some things which we like to keep out of the newspapers,—whose dignity is rather increased by being saved from them. There are certain momentary and local interests which have become shy of the horn of the reporter. The leading movements in politics, the advanced guard of scientific and artistic achievement, the most interesting social phenomena rather increase than diminish their importance by currency in certain circles instead of in the press. The prestige of some events in metropolitan cities, a marriage or a party, depends on their social repute, and they are ambitiously kept out of the journalist's range. Moreover, in politics, a few leading men meet together for consultation, and—— but the mysteries of political strategy

are unknown here. Certainly the journalist has great influence in them, but the clubs are centres of information and discussions of a character and interest to which all that newspapers do is second-rate. Science has never been popularized directly by the newspapers, but the erudition of a *savant* reaches to the people by creating an atmospheric change, in which task the journals may have their influence. Rightly or wrongly, the administration in civil affairs at Washington has not listened to the press much, but it may be different when a new election approaches. The social, political, scientific, and military *Dii Majores* all depend on the journal for a part of their daily breakfast, but all soar above it.

A well-known and rather startling story describes a being, which seems to have been neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, which a man made out of the elements, by the use of his hands, and by the processes of chemistry, and which at the last galvanic touch rushed forth from the laboratory, and from the horrified eyes of its creator, an independent, scoffing, remorseless, and inevitable enemy of him to whose rash ingenuity it owed its origin.

Such a creature symbolizes some of our human arts and institutions. Once organized by genius and consecrated by precedent, they become mighty elements in history, revelling amid the wealthy energy of life, exhausting the forces of the intellect, clipping the tendrils of affection, becoming colossal in the architecture of society and dorsal in its traditions, and tyrannizing with the heedless power of an element, to the horror of the pious soul which called it into existence, over all departments of human activity. Such an art, having passed a period of tameless and extravagant dominance, at length becomes a fossil, and is regarded only as an evidence of social upheaving in a remote and unaccountable age.

To charge such a creature with monstrosity during the period of its power is simply to expose one's self to popular

jeers. Having immense respect for majorities in this country, we only venture obscurely to hint, that, of all arts, none before has ever been so threatening, curious, and fascinating a monster as that of printing. We merely suggest the hypothesis, novel since some centuries, that old Faustus and Gutenberg were as much inspired by the Evil One as they have been fabled to be, when they carved out of a mountain of ore the instrument yclept type, to completely exhaust the possibilities of which is of late announced as the sum of human destiny. They lived under the hallucination of dawning literature, when printed books implied sacred and classical perfection; and they could by no means have foreseen the royal folios of the New York Herald and Tribune, or the marvellous inanities about the past, present, and future, which figure in an indescribable list of duodecimo fiction, theology, and popular science.

But there is nothing so useless as to protest against a universal fashion. Every epoch must work out its own problem in its own way; and it may be that it is appointed unto mankind to work through all possible mistakes as the condition of finally attaining the truth. The only way is, to encourage the spirit of every age, to hurry on the climax. The practical *reductio ad absurdum* and consequent explosion will soon accomplish themselves.

But a more palpable reason against protesting is that literature in its different branches, now as ever, commands the services of the finest minds. It is the literary character, of which the elder Disraeli has written the natural history, which now as ever creates the books, the magazines, the newspapers. That sanctified bookworm was the first to codify the laws, customs, habits, and idiosyncrasies of literary men. He was the Justinian of the life of genius. He wandered in abstraction through the deserted alcoves of libraries, studying and creating the political economy of thought. What long diversities of character, what mysterious realms of experience, what wild waywardness of

heavenly endowments, what heroism of inward struggle, what shyness toward society, what devotion to the beckoning ideal of art, what defeats and what triumphs, what sufferings and joys, both in excess, were revealed by him, the great political economist of genius! In his apostolic view, genius alone consecrated literature and made a literary life sacred. Genius was to him that peculiar and spontaneous devotion to letters which made its possessor indifferent to everything else. For a man without this heavenly stamp to engage in literature was simply for him to rush upon his fate and become a public nuisance. Literature in its very nature is precarious, and must be plucked from the brink of fate, from the mouth of the dragon. The literary man runs the risk of being destroyed in a thousand ways. He has no track laid, no instituted aids, no specified course of action. The machineries of life are not for him. He enters into no one of the departments of human routine. He has no relations with the course of the dull world; he is not quite a man, as the world goes, and not at all an angel, as the celestials see. He must be his own motive, path, and guide, his own priest, king, and law. The world may be his footstool, and may be his slough of despond, but is never his final end. His aims are transcendental, his realm is art, his interests ideal, his life divine, his destiny immortal. All the old theories of saintship are revived in him. He is in the world, but not of it. Shadows of infinitude are his realities. He sees only the starry universe, and the radiant depths of the soul. Martyrdom may desolate, but cannot terrify him. If he be a genius, if his soul crave only his idea, and his body fare unconsciously well on bread and water, then his lot is happy, and fortune can present no ills which will not shrink before his burning eye. But if he be less than this, he is lost, the sport of devouring elements. As he fights fate on the border of ruin, so much the more should he be animated by courage, ambition, pride, purpose, and faith. To him literature is a high adventure, and impossible as a

profession. A profession is an instituted department of action, resting upon universal and constant needs, and paying regular dividends. But the fine arts must in their nature be lawless. Appointments cannot be made for them any more than for the thunder-storms which sweep the sky. They die when they cease to be wild. Literary life, at its best, is a desperate play, but it is with guineas, and not with coppers, to all who truly play it. Its elements would not be finer were they the golden and potent stars of alchemistic and astrological dreams.

Such was genius, and such was literature, in the representation of their first great lawgiver. But the world has changed. The sad story of the calamities of authors need not be repeated. We live in the age of authors triumphant. By swiftly succeeding and countless publications they occupy the eye of the world and achieve happiness before their death. The strategems of literature mark no longer a struggle between genius and the bailiffs. What was once a desperate venture is now a lucrative business. What was once a martyrdom is now its own reward. What once had saintly unearthliness is now a powerful motor among worldly interests. What was once the fatality of genius is now the aspiration of fools. The people have turned to reading, and have become a more liberal patron than even the Athenian State, monastic order, or noble lord. No longer does the literary class wander about the streets, gingerbread in its coat-pockets, and rhymes written on scraps of paper from the gutter in its waistcoat-pockets. No longer does it unequally compete with clowns and jockeys for lordly recognition. No longer are the poet and the fool court-rivals. No longer does it look forward to the jail as an occasional natural resting-place and paradise. No longer must the author renounce the rank and robe of a gentleman to fall from airy regions far below the mechanical artists to the level of clodhoppers, even whose leaden existence was a less precarious matter. The order of scholars has ceased to be

mendicant, vagabond, and eremite. It no longer cultivates blossoms of the soul, but manufactures objects of barter. Now is the happy literary epoch, when to be intellectual and omniscient is the public and private duty of every man. To read newspapers by the billion and books by the million is now the common law. We can conceive of Disraeli moaning that the Titan interests of the earth have overthrown the celestial hierarchy,—that the realm of genius has been stormed by worldly workers,—that literature, like the angels, has fallen from its first estate,—and that authors, no longer the disinterested and suffering apostles of art, have chosen rather to bear the wand of power and luxury than to be inspired. We can imagine his horror at the sacrilegious vulgarization of print, that people without taste rush into angelic metre, that dunces and sages thrive together on the public indiscrimination. How would he marvel to see literary reputations born, grow old, and die within a season, the owners thereof content to be damned or forgotten eternally for a moment's incense or an equally fugitive shilling. Nectar and ambrosia mean to them only meanness, larceny, sacrilege, and bread and butter.

And yet, notwithstanding the imaginary reproaches of our great literary church-father, the most precious endowed minds are still toiling in letters. The sad and tortured devotion of genius still works itself out in them. Writing is now a marvellous craft and industry. The books which last, the books of a season, the quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies, dailies, and even the hourlies, are among the institutions of its fostering. Nor should that vehicle, partly of intelligence, but chiefly of sentiment, the postal system, be unmentioned, which men and women both patronize, each after their kind. Altogether, perhaps, in some way or other, seven-eighths of the life of man is taken up by the Cadmean Art. The whole fair domain of learning belongs to it; for nowhere now, in garden, grove, or Stoical Porch, with only the living voices of man and Nature, do students acquaint

themselves with the joyous solemnities, the mysterious certainties of thought. The mind lives in a universe of type. There is no other art in which so desperate adventures are made. Indeed, the normal mental state of the abundant writer is a marvellous phenomenon. The literary faculty is born of the marriage of chronic desperation with chronic trust. This may account in part for that peculiar condition of mind which is both engendered and required by abundant writing. A bold abandon, a desperate guidance, a thoughtless ratiocination, a mechanical swaying of rhetoric, are the grounds of dissertation. A pause for a few days, a visit to the country, anything that would seem designed to restore the mind to its normal state, destroys the faculty. The weary penman, who wishes his chaotic head could be relieved by being transformed even as by Puck, knows that very whirling chaos is the condition of his multitudinous periods. It seems as if some special sluices of the soul must be opened to force the pen. One man, on returning to his desk from a four weeks' vacation, took up an unfinished article which he had left, and marvelled that such writing should ever have proceeded from him. He could hardly understand it, still less could he conceive of the mental process by which he had once created it. That process was a sort of madness, and the discipline of newspapers is inflicting it alike upon writers and readers. Demoralization is the result of a life-long devotion to the maddening rumors of the day. It takes many a day to recall that fierce caprice, as of an Oriental despot, with which he watches the tiger-fights of ideas, and strikes off periods, as the tyrant strikes off heads.

And while no other art commands so universal homage, no other is so purely artificial, so absolutely unsymbolical. The untutored mind sees nothing in a printed column. A library has no natural impressiveness. It is not in the shape of anything in this world of infinite beauty. The barbarians of Omri destroyed one without a qualm. They have occupied apartments in seraglios, but the beauties have never

feared them as rivals. Of all human employments, writing is the farthest removed from any touch of Nature. It is at most a symbolism twice dead and buried. The poetry in it lies back of a double hypothesis. Supposing the original sounds to have once been imitations of the voices of Nature, those sounds have now run completely away from what they once represented; and supposing that letters were once imitations of natural signs, they have long since lost the resemblance, and have become independent entities. Whatever else is done by human artifice has in it some relic of Nature, some touch of life. Painting copies to the eye, music charms the ear, and all the useful arts have something of the aboriginal way of doing things about them. Even speech has a living grace and power, by the play of the voice and eye, and by the billowy flushes of the countenance. Mental energy culminates in its modulations, while the finest physical features combine to make them a consummate work of art. But all the musical, ocular, and facial beauties are absent from writing. The savage knows, or could quickly guess, the use of the brush or chisel, the shuttle or locomotive, but not of the pen. Writing is the only dead art, the only institute of either gods or men so artificial that the natural mind can discover nothing significant in it.

For instance, take one of the disputed statements of the Nicene Creed, examine it by the nicest powers of the senses, study it upwards, downwards, and crosswise, experiment to learn if it has any mysterious chemical forces in it, consider its figures in relation to any astrological positions, to any natural signs of whirlwinds, tempests, plagues, famine, or earthquakes, try long to discover some hidden symbolism in it, and confess finally that no man unregenerate to letters, by any *a priori* or empirical knowledge, could have at all suspected that a bit of dirty parchment, with an ecclesiastical scrawl upon it, would have power to drive the currents of history, inspire great national passions, and impel the wars and direct the ideas of an epoch. The conflicts of the icono-

clasts can be understood even by a child in its first meditations over a picture-book; hieroglyphics may represent or suggest their objects by some natural association; but the literary scrawl has a meaning only to the initiated. A book is the prince of witch-work. Everything is contained in it; but even a superior intelligence would have to go to school to get the key to its mysterious treasures.

And as the art is thus removed from Nature, so its devotees withdraw themselves from life. Of no other class so truly as of writers can it be said that they sacrifice the real to the ideal, life to fame. They conquer the world by renouncing it. Its fleeting pleasures, its enchantment of business or listlessness, its social enjoyments, the vexations and health-giving bliss of domestic life, and all wandering tastes, must be forsaken. A power which pierces, and an ambition which enjoys the future, accepts the martyrdom of the present. They feel loneliness in their own age, while with universal survey viewing the beacon-lights of history across the peaks of generations. Their seat of life is the literary faculty, and they prune and torture themselves only to maintain in this the highest intensity and capacity. They are in some sort rebels battling against time, not the humble well-doer content simply to live and bless God. Between them and living men there is the difference which exists between analytical and geometrical mathematics: the former has to do with signs, the latter with realities. The former contains the laws of the physical world, but a man may know and use them like an adept, and yet be ignorant of physics. He may know all there is of algebra, without seeing that the universe is masked in it. The signs would be not means, but ultimates to it. So a writer may never penetrate through the veil of language to the realities behind,—may know only the mechanism, and not the spirit of learning and literature. His mind is then skeleton-like,—his thought is the shadow of a shade.

And yet is not life greater than art? Why transform real

ideas and sentiments into typographical fossils? Why have we forgotten the theory of human life as a divine vegetation? Why not make our hearts the focus of the lights which we strive to catch in books? Why should the wealthy passivity of the Oriental genius be so little known among us? Why conceive of success only as an outward fruit plucked by conscious struggle? Banish books, banish reading, and how much time and strength would be improvised in which to benefit each other! We might become ourselves embodiments of all the truth and beauty and goodness now stagnant in libraries, and might spread their aroma through the social atmosphere. The dynamics would supplant the mechanics of the soul. In the volume of life the literary man knows only the indexes; but he would then be introduced to the radiant, fragrant, and buoyant contents, to the beauty and the mystery, to the great passions and long contemplations. The eternal spicy breeze would transform the leaden atmosphere of his thought. An outlaw of the universe for his sins, he would then be restored to the realities of the heart and mind. He would then for the first time discover the difference between skill and knowledge. Readers and writers would then be succeeded by human beings. The golden ante-Cadmean age would come again. Literary sanctity having become a tradition, there would be an end of its pretentious counterfeits. The alphabet, decrepit with its long and vast labors, would at last be released. The whole army of writers would take their place among the curiosities of history. The Alexandrian thaumaturgists, the Byzantine historians, the scholastic dialecticians, the serial novelists, and the daily dissertationists, strung together, would make a glittering chain of monomaniacs. Social life is a mutual joy; reading may be rarely indulged without danger to sanity; but writing, unless the man have genius, is but creating new rubbish, the nucleus of new deltas of obstruction, till the river of life shall lose its way to the ocean, and the Infinite be shut out altogether. The old bibliopole De Bury

flattered himself that he admired wisdom because it purchaseth such vast delight. He had in mind the luxury of reading, and did not think that in this world wisdom always hides its head or goes to the stake. Even if literature were not to be abolished altogether, it is safe to think that the world would be better off if there were less writing. There should be a division of labor: some should read and write, as some ordain laws, create philosophies, tend shops, make chairs,—but why should everybody dabble with literature?

In all hypotheses as to the more remote destiny of literature, we can but be struck by the precariousness of its existence. It is art imperishable and ever-changing material. A fire once extinguished perhaps half the world's literature and struck thousands from the list of authors. The forgetfulness of mankind in the mysterious mediæval age again diminished by more than half the world of books. There are many books which surely, and either rapidly or slowly, resolve themselves into the elements, but the process cannot be seen. A whole army of books perishes with every revolution of taste. And yet the amount of current writing surpasses the strength of man's intellect or the length of his years. Surely, the press is very much of a nuisance as well as a blessing. Its products are getting very much in the way, and the impulse of the world is too strong to allow itself to be clogged by them. Something must be done.


Among possibilities, let the following be suggested. The world may perhaps return from unsymbolical to symbolical writing. There is a science older than anything but shadowy traditions, and immemorially linked with religion, poetry, and art. It is the almost forgotten science of symbolism. Symbols, as compared with letters, are a higher and more potent style of expression. They are the earthly shadows of eternal truth. It is the language of the fine arts, of painting, sculpture, the stage,—it will be the language of life, when, rising in the scale of being, we shall return from the dead sea of literature to the more energetic

algebra of symbolical meanings. In these the forms of the reason and of Nature come into visible harmony; the hopes of man find their shadows in the struggles of the universe, and the lights of the spirit cluster myriad-fold around the objects of Nature. Let Phœnician language be vivified into the universal poetry of symbolism, and thought would then become life, instead of the ghost of life. Current literature would give way to a new and true mythology; authors and editors would suffer a transformation similar to that of typesetters into artists, and of newsboys into connoisseurs; and the figures of a noble humanity would fill the public mind, no longer confused and degraded by the perpetual vision of leaden and unsuggestive letters. From that time prose would be extinct and poetry would be all in all. History would renew its youth,—would find, after the struggles, attainments, and developments of its manhood, that there is after all nothing wiser in thought, no truer law, than the instincts of childhood.

Or, again: improvements have already been made which promise as an ultimate result to transform the largest library into a miniature for the pocket. Stenography may yet reach to a degree that it will be able to write folios on the thumbnail, and dispose all the literature of the world comfortably in a gentleman's pocket, before he sets out on his summer excursions. The contents of vast tomes, bodies of history and of science, may be so reduced that the eye can cover them at a glance, and the process of reading be as rapid as that of thought. The mind, instead of wearying of slow perusal, would have to spur its lightning to keep pace with the eye. Many books are born of mere vagueness and cloudiness of thought. All such, when thus compressed into their reality, would go out in eternal night. There is something overpowering in the conception of the high pressure to which life in all its departments may some time be brought. The mechanism of reading and writing would be slight. The mental labor of comprehending would be immense. The

mind, instead of being subdued, would be spurred, by what it works in. We are now cramped and checked by the overwhelming amount of linguistic red-tape in which we have to operate; but then men, freed from these bonds, the husks of thought almost all thrown away, would be purer, live faster, do greater, die younger. What magnificent physical improvements, we may suppose, will then aid the powers of the soul! The old world would then be subdued, nevermore to strike a blow at its lithe conqueror, man. The department of the newspaper, with inconceivable photographic and telegraphic resources, may then be extended to the solar or the stellar systems, and the turmoils of all creation would be reported at our breakfast-tables. Men would rise every morning to take an intelligible account of the aspects and the prospects of the universe.

Or, once more: shall we venture into the speculative domain of the philosophy of history, and give the rationale of our times? What is the divine mission of the great marvel of our age, namely, its periodical and fugitive literature? The intellectual and moral world of mankind reforms itself at the outset of new civilizations, as Nature reforms itself at every new geological epoch. The first step toward a reform, as toward a crystallization, is a solution. There was a solvent period between the unknown Orient and the greatness of Greece, between the Classic and the Middle Ages,—and now humanity is again solvent, in the transition from the traditions which issued out of feudalism to the novelty of democratic crystallization. But as the youth of all animals is prolonged in proportion to their dignity in the scale of being, so is it with the children of history. Destiny is the longest-lived of all things. We are not going to accomplish it all at once. We have got to fight for it, to endure the newspapers in behalf of it. We are in a place where gravitation changing goes the other way. For the first time, all reigning ideas now find their focus in the popular mind. The giant touches the earth to recover his strength. History



returns to the people. After two thousand years, popular intelligence is again to be revived. And under what new conditions? We live in a telescopic, microscopic, telegraphic universe, all the elements of which are brought together under the combined operation of fire and water, as erst, in primitive Nature, volcanic and plutonic forces struggled together in the face of heaven and hell to form the earth. The long ranges of history have left with us one definite idea: it is that of progress, the intellectual passion of our time. All our science demonstrates it, all our poetry sings it. Democracy is the last term of political progress. Popular intelligence and virtue are the conditions of democracy. To produce these is the mission of periodical literature. The vast complexities of the world, all knowledge and all purpose, are being reduced in the crucible of the popular mind to a common product. Knowledge lives neither in libraries nor in rare minds, but in the general heart. Great men are already mythical, and great ideas are admitted only so far as we, the people, can see something in them. By no great books or long treatises, but by a ceaseless flow of brevities and repetitions, is the pulverized thought of the world wrought into the soul. It is amazing how many significant passages in history and in literature are reproduced in the essays of magazines and the leaders of newspapers by allusion and illustration, and by constant iteration beaten into the heads of the people. The popular mind is now feeding upon and deriving tone from the best things that literary commerce can produce from the whole world, past and present. There is no finer example of the popularization of science than Agassiz addressing the American people through the columns of a monthly magazine. Of the popular heart which used to rumble only about once in a century the newspapers are now the daily organs. They are creating an organic general mind, the soil for future grand ideas and institutes. As the soul reaches a higher stage in its destiny than ever before, the scaffolding by which it has risen is

to be thrown aside. The quality of libraries is to be transferred to the soul. Spiritual life is now to exert its influence directly, without the mechanism of letters,—is to exert itself through the social atmosphere,—and all history and thought are to be perpetuated and to grow, not in books, but in minds.

And yet, though we thus justify contemporary writing, we can but think, that, after long ages of piecemeal and *bon-mot* literature, we shall at length return to serious studies, vast syntheses, great works. The nebulous world of letters shall be again concentrated into stars. The epoch of the printing-press has run itself nearly through; but a new epoch and a new art shall arise, by which the achievements and the succession of genius shall be perpetuated.

THE FRENCH ULTRAMONTANISTS.¹

The recent state trial of Count Montalembert in France was an event of unusual significance. Montalembert has long been known, not only as one of the ablest French statesmen, but as one of the most accomplished men in Europe, a noble birth and a learned culture having alike contributed to the splendor of his career. His ancestors were famous in the old monarchy under Louis XII and Francis I, his father was one of the loyal emigrants who served under Condé during the storms of the revolution, and he himself has, for thirty years, as an orator and journalist, been a recognized leader of public opinion and public events in France. That such a man should venture to defy the despotism of Louis Napoleon, and in face of edicts restricting the press to publish an article eulogizing the comparatively free institutions of England, proves that the better class of Frenchmen have not yet lost that passion for liberty which has so often prompted them to futile revolutions. That Louis Napoleon should venture to prosecute so prominent a citizen for such an offence, and, though he appeared at the tribunal supported by the most illustrious representatives of the old nobility, to condemn him to fine and imprisonment, proves how strongly the adventurous nephew of Bonaparte has established his empire. The ambition of the peer may not perhaps be purer than that of the emperor; they may be a match for each other in subtle policy and vigor of purpose; it is sufficient to say only that their ideas came into collision, and that the autocrat was enabled by the advantage of his position to crush the aristocrat. We can hardly realize so as to appreciate an event like Montalembert's condemnation, except by

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supposing what would be the state of things in England if the Derby administration should rid themselves of a formidable opposition member by committing Lord John Russell to the Tower, or in this country if President Buchanan should settle a portion of his difficulties by imprisoning the Senator from Illinois.

But the most remarkable feature in the case, and in the whole career of Montalembert, is, that while he is liberal in politics, he is a devout Catholic in religion—progressive in the state, and retrograde in the church. At once a conservative and a radical, equally well convinced of the most opposite theories, a champion both of traditions and of hopes, like the double-faced Janus of old mythology, he presents the curious spectacle of a Romanist devotee and a political reformer combined in the same person. Strange as it may appear, this alliance of extreme Catholicism with democratic tendencies is, in Europe, a not unnatural one. The ultramontanist or hyper-Romanist party seeks only to exalt the Papal See above every civil government, to realize the ideal of ecclesiastical supremacy, and to make the sway of the Pope absolute throughout Christendom. In its efforts to this end it has, in every age, met the strongest resistance from the kings and emperors. The state, as well as the church, has its ideal of authority and is ambitious of supremacy, and thus the temporal and the spiritual powers clash, and their rival interests and purposes produce an instinctive antagonism. No other single cause has been so prolific of European wars as the efforts of the Pope to subject the monarchs, and of the monarchs to chain the Pope. When, therefore, the Roman Catholic thinkers of the nineteenth century, aspiring, as their predecessors had vainly done for ages, to make the Roman pontiff the sovereign of all the sovereigns of the earth, looked about them for some new means to this end, they hit upon a thoroughly Jesuitic device. They had found themselves unable to rule the kings, and they determined therefore to undermine the royal power; monarchy resisted

them, therefore they would have democracy ; and Europe was surprised by finding that some of the most cunning and cultivated leaders of the church, the champions of the strictest tenets of ecclesiastical authority, had suddenly entered the political arena as friends of the people and as supporters of popular rights against civil power. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that a love for the populace and a respect for liberty lay at the root of their conduct. Political enfranchisement was as little a part of their purpose as religious freedom, and they strove against temporal authority only that they might bind mankind more firmly and tightly in spiritual chains.

Yet though the ecclesiastical theories of Montalembert lead him to the doctrine of Papal absolutism, usually styled ultramontaniam, he on the other hand sets strict boundaries to his approaches to republicanism. He inclines not to popular freedom, but to a sort of baronial and feudal independence. The spiritual arm may be despotic, according to him, since it is the infallible embodiment of Divine authority, but the temporal monarch should hardly rise in dignity above a bevy of powerful lords, among whom the lands of the kingdom should be divided, and to whom the populace should be directly subject. Thus he seeks to revive the political and religious system of Europe as it was in the tenth century, for the church was then almost supreme over the ideas, the schemes, and even the manners of men, and the feudal barons had civil matters pretty much in their own way. In resisting, therefore, the absolutism of Louis Napoleon, he is contending primarily for the counter-absolutism of Pope Pius IX, and secondarily for the lordly privileges of an aristocratic class ; and he cares as little for popular freedom, in any enlarged sense of the phrase, as the Emperor himself. His ideal is not a republic, but a revival of the Middle Ages. There is much that is admirable in his speculations. He is the champion of knightly loyalty and implicit faith against rationalism, coldness, and doubt. "We are the sons of the

crusaders," he exclaims in one of his speeches, "and we shall not fall back before the sons of Voltaire." The mind, he believes, is less important than the heart, and this element of truth enters into his most perverse theories. A romantic view even of religion, in his opinion, is preferable to sheer logical statements, be they never so true; heroism is best when it is wildest and most intense; poetry is infinitely more precious than science; a naïve simplicity and warmth of temper is better than a passionless, calculating character, though the latter be as wise as Aristotle and as correct as the pure mathematics; and all the hallucinations of the Dark Ages, clothed, as they were, with the tributes of human feeling, are more valuable than all the naked and shivering intellectual results of modern learning.

The party of the ultramontanists is at present the most vital and aggressive body in the Roman Catholic church, and it is under the banner of ultramontanism that the most effective and sincere Catholic thinkers of recent times have labored. It may be well to premise to the reader that the brief review of the history and force of this doctrine, designated in this article, will exhibit Romanism in some of its best features and best men.

The reformatory tendencies of the eighteenth century, which culminated in the French Revolution, imperilled the old institutions and fashions alike in church and state, and diverted ardent young minds from all the traditions of loyalty and faith. During the violence of the revolution, the Christian religion was formally abolished in France by a decree of the convention, and under the bright banners of liberty and reason the horrors of the reign of terror were perpetrated. For six years there was no Sabbath in France; an elegant gayety usurped the place of religion; and the heathenistic and dishevelled bacchanal of the *sans culottides* supplanted the great festivals of the church. It is easy in our day to condemn the resolute and highly gifted men who were then the leaders of the public mind; we may wonder

how a brilliant and chivalric people were made to go nearly blind by excess of light; yet the events of that unparalleled period were impelled by the same principles which now animate the vanguard of civilization; and no careful student will deny that there was a sort of fascinating power in the conceptions that were entertained of a new social state. The fickle Parisians, quickly charmed by an idea, and who are doubtless the best modern representatives of the character of the ancient Athenians, did not hesitate to adopt the new modes of thinking and acting, and to rejoice in them; but the simple peasants of Vendée could not so easily renounce all the reminiscences of religion, and they fought through a long war against the principles of the revolution.

At length, the current turned. The effort to incarnate the pure reason on earth had failed. Napoleon, after he had won the battle of Marengo as by a miracle of strategy, prompted by a reverential as well as political motive, went in solemn state to the cathedral of Milan, and listened to the chant of the *Te Deum*. Thus Christianity was brought back from its exile, and soon the witty atheists of the capital were following the new fashion of appearing Christians. With the fall of Napoleon and the final close of the revolutionary struggle, began a strong reaction in favor both of political legitimacy and ecclesiastical authority. Religion and the fallen hierarchy were restored to honor. After governmental chaos, the tendency was to revive all "thrones, dominations, prince-doms, powers"; and among these there was no other of so much dignity and so venerable from its antiquity as the Catholic church. The revolution, with its train of confusions, was regarded as the result of the frivolous and indifferent spirit of the eighteenth century, which had condemned everything most hallowed, and which ought no longer to be the character of Frenchmen. The Pope had twice been brought captive to France by Napoleon, where he could more easily be managed by the imperial will; but he was now firmly enthroned on the pontifical See, and a

penitential people, weary alike of wars and of paganism, turned to him with reverence, and obeyed a natural prompting to worship the God of their fathers. Such was the revival of Catholicism in France. As every country on the Continent had been conquered or endangered as well by French ideas as French arms, and had faced for nearly a score of years a possible overthrow of religion and society, so there was, throughout Catholic Europe, the same tendency, in various degrees of strength, in favor of the Papacy.

Ultramontanism sprang from this reaction. The poetically religious enthusiasm of Chateaubriand, the loyally religious enthusiasm of Bonald, were the first steps toward it. De Maistre, though not an enthusiast, was the first who advanced a magnificent system of social unity, the Pope being the head and all other magistrates and persons only members. Though he proposed his scheme only as a theory, looking for its ultimate but not urging its present adoption, and was philosophically assured that time would not fail to bring its realization, yet it was very natural that he offended the prejudices of his countrymen. In every age, from the time of Saint Irenæus, the Gallican or French church has claimed a sort of independence of Rome, and has held certain privileges which were not accorded to the rest of Catholic Christendom. The Gallican chant and mass in the time of Charlemagne were different from the Gregorian chant and mass as celebrated at Rome. Not even Hildebrand was able successfully to interfere in the secular affairs of France. For nearly a century France maintained a duplicate papacy at Avignon in defending her peculiar rights; three of the general councils of the church were chiefly occupied with the vexed question of "Gallican liberties"; and it was finally settled by the council of Constance in 1682, under the guidance of Bossuet, that Saint Peter and his successors had received the power of God only in spiritual things, and that the civil constitution and customs of the kingdom were inviolable by any ecclesiastical authority. Thus ultramonta-

nism, as mildly proposed by De Maistre, and as boldly announced by Montalembert, is opposed to principles which France throughout her history has striven to maintain. It is a renunciation of the long-cherished traditions of a degree of Gallican independence. The loyalty to the throne Montalembert would transform into loyalty to the Papal See, and his religion differs from that of his ancestors by being purely ecclesiastic and ultramontane, while theirs had a spark of patriotism in it. Religiously it has the strength which always comes from devotion to a single idea, for it reduces the social system to a sort of scientific unity, but politically it extinguishes one of the historic glories of the French nation.

Every grand idea, be it true or false, almost always has its martyr as well as its prophet. The prophet and the martyr of ultramontanism were combined in the person of Lamennais. Felicité Robert de Lamennais, the most brilliant French writer of the nineteenth century, was of humble birth, and achieved his education by unassisted and undirected studies. A student without a guide gathers poisonous as well as healing flowers, and does not avoid the quagmires that occur in the meadows of learning. While a boy, during the great events of the revolution, he read in solitude the works of Bayle, Spinoza, Voltaire, and Jean Jacques Rousseau, and it is strange that from such a school he graduated an example of almost seraphic piety. He entered the priesthood meditating profoundly on his way, step by step, and one of his first publications was a war-cry against the indifference and carelessness which had crept into the church from the reigning philosophy of the time. This was his first exhibition of that passionate energy and scimeter-like intellect, of that unbounded faith in ideas, which made him through life the opponent of all means and the advocate of the brightest extremes. He was constantly starting systems from simple ideas, which he developed, till they took in the universe in their consequences. Expending his brilliant enthusiasm on religion, he saw no place to stop till he had made

the papal government omnipotent, and he published a work in 1812 in which he disputed the whole doctrine of the Gallican liberties, and declared that not even a bishop could be legally elected without the sanction of the supreme pontiff. At the age of thirty-five, he produced his famous essay on indifference in matters of religion, the effect of which was prodigious, and resounded throughout Europe. The Catholic Church raised her head, and believed that her golden mediæval age was to return again; for not since Bossuet had so magnificent and solemn words been spoken in her behalf. Even at Rome the rejoicing was great, and the Sacred College was jubilant in having found a champion who was more mighty than their adversaries. Political schemers hoped anew for the revival of society, when there was so much energy left against incredulity; and men of the world read the book with a kind of tragical interest, fascinated by its power and its art. Its audacity and impetuosity are as remarkable as its mild and mystical pathos, and it was equally admired by those who accepted its conclusions and by those who regarded it only as a happy outburst of fanaticism. Montalembert was one of the many young men who rallied around the new prophet of social reorganization on the basis of religion. Yet how different was he from his master! Lamennais was sincere, and soon found himself obliged to leave the papacy and to pass the rest of his life braving the thunders of the Vatican. Montalembert was politic, and with Jesuitical skill has not only remained within the church, but has made himself the subtle exponent in France of the ultramontane policy.

We may trace the steps of Lamennais. It was his earthly misfortune to be as great a man as he was. A particle less of honesty, a spark less of intellectual clearness,—and he would doubtless have ere now been enrolled among the saints in the calendar. Rome would have followed him in all his eccentricities of genius, provided he had been even more a Romanist than he was a genius. She applauded him while

he exalted her power, and she would have patronized him while he sought to elevate the people, provided he had acted from a spirit of coquetry rather than true love. But when he proved himself a philosopher as well as a papist, when he announced his theory of the general consent of men as the test of religious truth and declared the fundamental articles of Christianity to be native to the bosom of humanity, and when he thus made mankind an authoritative member of the religious state presided over by the Pope—when he thus maintained that there were original rights in the race which could be violated not even by the vicegerent of heaven—he was proclaiming principles which might be inconsistent with Papal policy. It was well to speak to the people of their religious rights against civil aggression, but it was dangerous to declare these rights absolute, and thus to exclude even the Papal jurisdiction from the realm of the individual conscience. Ultramontanism itself might then some time be checked, and find in enlightened humanity a foe more mighty than kings and emperors.

Lamennais answered the objection by declaring that the instincts of the race tended naturally to uphold the Roman ecclesiastical system, which was the chain that bound man to his Maker. He dreamed of the return of all the people of Christendom to the Catholic Church, and of the foundation of a gigantic democracy, governed by the Pope as the lieutenant of the Almighty. There was, according to him, a kind of pre-established harmony which would prevent the sovereignty of the people from conflicting with Roman sovereignty; and the schemes of Gregory VII and of Robespierre would thus be realized side by side, and, like the lion and the lamb, lie down together. "God and liberty," became the watchword of his school of thinkers, and was the motto of a journal supported by him and a few younger enthusiasts, among whom was Montalembert.

Rome, however, would not accept even undisputed supremacy on the terms offered by Lamennais. It would dis-

locate the back-bone of Papal history at every joint to admit that Divine authority resided in the mind of man as well as in the chair of St. Peter. The council of the Vatican hesitated but a moment whether to sacrifice their most illustrious defender or to adopt the people as co-heirs of Divine knowledge; and in 1832 the Pope fulminated an encyclical letter containing the severest condemnation of the "fatal, detestable, delirious, and altogether absurd teachings" of the Abbé de Lamennais.

Straightway Montalembert and several of his associates submitted to the decision without reserve or objection, and Lamennais found himself the only unflinching representative of the alliance of liberal and Catholic ideas. He himself, in ironical and bitter language, declared himself satisfied, and then retired to obscurity in the country, for meditation.

The prophet of ultramontaniam was now to become its martyr. The most powerful defender of Catholicism in the nineteenth century, the man upon whom the mantle of Bossuet was said to have fallen, passed a year in solitary and gloomy mental conflict. Should he renounce principles which were the golden results of his life's thoughts? Or should he turn against that religious communion to the revival of which he had devoted almost superhuman efforts? The question was a hard one, but it was at length decided. Lamennais determined to engage in mortal duel with Catholicism. His previous democratic writings had outraged the civil government; he was now to outrage the ecclesiastical government; and he would thus have all the powers of the world against him. After two years of silence, he took a step worthy of his genius, and published the most terrible revolutionary book of modern times, *Les paroles d'un Croyant*, a sort of melodious chant, extraordinary for its gracefulness, its violence, its melancholy, its imaginative brilliancy, and its unrelenting bitterness and fury. It is at once a charming book, an echo of the "Imitation of Christ," and a hideous book, an imitation of the ferocious *brochures*

of the revolution. Kings and popes are represented on one side, lugubrious phantoms, the envoys of Satan, the sons of the serpent, crowned spectres, seated on thrones of human bones, devouring the innocent, like vultures in pursuit of doves, like tigers which rend the living, like hyenas and jackals which gorge on the dead. On the other side appears humanity, a pale, venerable, and emaciated old man, not daring to search for the truth which God has put in his reach, suffering from hunger and cold, and bending beneath the irons which are welded around all his bones.

From this time Lamennais was an outcast, but he was the oracle of thinking and progressive men throughout Europe. More than one hundred thousand copies of his work were sold within a year. The thrones and the Vatican trembled with rage and fear, as if expecting to be engulfed in a revolutionary torrent, or to be thrown to the winds by some sudden explosion. The Pope fulminated a letter to the faithful against a book "whose size was small, but whose mischief was immense." Only the revolutionary party declared in his favor, and welcomed to their ranks one who seemed to be armed with thunderbolts, and pronounced him "courageous, great, sublime, the only priest in Europe."

Let the subsequent career of this strange and fascinating man be briefly stated. He had undertaken a task to which even his mighty intellect and daring resolution were unequal. Seldom or never does a great reformer live to see the realization of his reform. It requires both the life and the death of a new thinker to move the world. The name of Lamennais may be significant in future systems of thought, but at present it represents the failure of a brilliant spirit to reorganize mankind extemporaneously. Cardinals, Jesuits, legitimists, and diplomatic agents all wrought against him, and all at the same time honored, feared, and hated him. Only the highest of the archangels, it was said, could, when fallen, become the devil himself—thus alluding to his leading position as a young man in the van of the church. Yet how

highly Lamennais was esteemed by the populace was proved in 1848, when a republic was proclaimed, and universal suffrage instituted. He was then elected a representative to the constituent assembly by a larger number of votes than were thrown for any other member. The expectation that he would play a brilliant part was, however, disappointed. He was powerful only with the pen, and the mildness and modesty for which he was personally distinguished forbade him to lead in debate. Even at the time when he was shaking all the foundations of Europe, and attacking kings and popes with a voice terrific as thunder, he trembled with timidity whenever he received company, and was thrown into embarrassment by a visit even from the obscurest stranger. He was a man of study and meditation, not of action, and he passed his last years in retirement, translating Dante, and visited by his most intimate friends. The apostle of a new social organization, vitalized by the omnipotence of religion, still looked to the future for the realization of his ideas as he lay in his last illness.

When attacked by a fatal malady, the most eminent priests of France, and ladies of the highest rank, besieged his door, trying to gain admittance to induce him to be reconciled to the church. But his proud genius remained to him; not one priest was admitted to his chamber; and the last solemn thoughts of the author both of the ablest defences of the Papacy and of the ablest attacks on it in the present century are unknown. After battling so long across the grain of the world, his gentle spirit seems to have tired of all religion as it existed among men; and in accordance with his will, no religious ceremonies were performed at his funeral, and no Christian symbol marks his grave. The troops were under arms to repress any violence by the citizens, who, with uncovered heads and in profound silence, looked upon the *cortege* which bore to the tomb their favorite author, who for thirty years had been the object of their admiration, enigma as he was to them.

As yet the life and thoughts of Lamennais have probably exerted more influence in furtherance of ultramontaniam than in any other direction, and to a large party of Frenchmen he still appears as a young man fighting in new armor for an advanced position of the church. Catholicism in France, as in the other countries of Europe, is now ultramontane, and is reducing itself to order, that it may be able more successfully to wage its warfare with Protestantism. It thus concentrates itself, and has the power which always belongs to despotism, united with the marvellous, serpent's wisdom which no historian can deny to the conclave at Rome. A great and final contest between Catholicism and Protestantism, between the two tendencies represented by these two organizations in ideas and in policy, is unavoidable, and may not be remote. If Protestantism would win the victory, it must be as faithful to its own ideas as its opponents are to the opposite ideas. It must arm itself with the weapon of spiritual and religious freedom. Under the banner of "Truth and Progress," it is invincible. But in the matters of hierarchical oppression, limitations of faith, and Jesuitical manœuvring, it has its superior and master in Catholicism.

BUCKLE'S PHILOSOPHY.*

If Mr. Buckle were called upon to point out the passage in his "History of Civilization" which most completely embodies his fundamental and favorite idea, it would doubtless be the following, near the close of the fourth chapter:

"I pledge myself to show that the progress Europe has made from barbarism to civilization is entirely due to its intellectual activity; that the leading countries have now for some centuries advanced sufficiently far to shake off the influence of those physical agencies by which in an earlier state their career might have been troubled; and that although the moral agencies are still powerful, and still cause occasional disturbances, these are but aberrations, which if we compare long periods of time, balance each other, and thus in the total amount entirely disappear. So that, in a great and comprehensive view, the changes in every civilized people are, in their aggregate, dependent solely on three things: First, on the amount of knowledge possessed by their ablest men; secondly, on the direction which that knowledge takes, that is to say, the sort of subject to which it refers; thirdly, and above all, on the extent to which the knowledge is diffused, and the freedom with which it pervades all classes of society."

The same principle he states more succinctly in other places, thus:

"The total actions of mankind, considered as a whole, are left to be regulated by the total knowledge of which mankind is possessed." And again: "The growth of European civilization is solely due to the progress of knowledge, and the progress of knowledge depends on the number of truths

*Published in the New York Saturday Press, 1860.

"which the human intellect discovers, and on the extent to which they are diffused."

The force of this principle may be more precisely seen by noticing its position in his general argument, and the character of the principles with which it is associated. In the first chapter he proves the uniformity of many human actions and events from statistics, and therefore infers the possibility of a science of human life. These statistics are the whole foundation of his philosophy. That is, it rests on the observation and collection of external phenomena and ignores the vital qualities and abstract problems of being. It has much to say about the processes, but nothing at all about the forces, of life. It is skilful in developing how a thing acts, but knows nothing about the thing itself which acts. In the language of the Catechism, it has no power of passing from the outward and visible sign to the inward and spiritual grace. It is therefore essentially unphilosophical and thoroughly superficial. It compares with any philosophical system as a log-book compares with the science of navigation, marking the facts, but knowing nothing about the principles. Throughout all Nature ultimate principles and final causes are suggestions of the mind; the knowledge of them starts from consciousness, from internal observation, from the pondering of abstractions; and Mr. Buckle, in ignoring them because they cannot be put into statistical tables, is ignoring the richest and divine half of human nature. His grand deficiency in this chapter is in making everything depend on statistics, while there are no statistics of the soul, unless possibly they may be found at last in Heaven.

In the second chapter he discusses the influence of the physical agents, climate, soil, food, and the aspects of Nature, upon man; and though his treatment of this great topic is more learned and brilliant than can be found in any other work, it is marked by his same perverse tendency to look at things only with the naked eye. He wholly ignores the distinctions of race, more potent than those of Nature,

and recognized, especially in the present epoch of speculation and research, as perhaps the greatest of historical forces. There is reason even for the affirmation that everything depends upon race. The Semitic races have uniformly developed religions; the Indo-European races have uniformly been strong in respect to the sciences; the Celtic blood inclines to centralized government and civilization; the Teutonic blood inclines to democracy, to a mingling of individual culture with civil barbarism. And these tendencies have been true, no matter in what climate or on what soil the respective races have lived. Mr. Buckle has therefore discussed the influences of external nature without alluding to those powers in man which have most successfully combated those influences.

As in the first chapter he had ignored any inherent intellectual or instinctive tendencies, any spiritual qualities, so in the second he ignores the vital and permanent physiological and constitutional characteristics of race. Between the two he nearly cuts out a man altogether, both body and soul, and gives us a philosophy of history with the part of humanity omitted. He develops a scheme of human life that is wholly ignorant of human emotions and volitions, and in which mountains, potatoes, the east wind, and a passionless, note-making intellect are the grand formative potencies. Having established, first, that in the externalities of things there is universal law, and having, secondly, developed what are the physical laws, Mr. Buckle is prepared for the more interesting question of mental laws, which is the subject of the third, fourth, and fifth chapters, the most important portions of his book.

He begins with denouncing metaphysics of all sorts, disdaining to display his usual erudition on the subject, and declaring that there is no study which has been so zealously prosecuted, so long continued, and yet remains so barren of results. Morals are next treated, and, though he does not quite denounce them, he declares them to be of no impor-

tance with respect to the advancement of civilization. They are matters of instinct, the same in all ages, admit neither of progress nor of retrogression, and, being changeless themselves, can have no influence in effecting the changes of history. He next undertakes to disabuse his readers of the prevalent illusion that religion, literature, or government, exerts any influence on civilization or human progress. He proclaims them to be effects, and not causes, of the general character of any age; and in default of evidence, he becomes dogmatic, and affirms that "it is evident" that they are so. "The only use of books," he says, "is to serve as a store-house in which the treasures of the intellect are safely kept, and where they may be conveniently found. Literature in itself is but a trifling matter, and is merely valuable as being the armory in which the weapons of the human mind are laid up." In many passages he shows that the only books which he values, or would tolerate, are books which nobody reads except as one reads a ledger, books of positive science, of statistical facts,—such as Charles Lamb described as "books that are no books." Poetry and the fictions of romance would fall into his statistical table either under the head of superstitions or of the absurdities of literature. He says nothing about art, but, art being a species of poetry, would, of course, share the general contempt of poetry. Superstitions are his special horror; he reckons them, as he does everything else, by number; refuses to note any difference of moral significance in them, and seems to regard it as indifferent whether a person believes in the sublimest mythical symbol or in the Cock-lane ghost, since they would each count one superstition.


Mr. Buckle thus successively excludes from the number of things which influence civilization and progress metaphysical ideas, moral convictions, religious conceptions, poetical fictions, literary graces, and governmental institutions. All of these are to be exempted from his potent principle of knowledge, which, thus reduced, means only pas-

sionless positive science, the mere raw material of the intellect. The knowledge of facts,—without the slightest reference to imaginative systems, to artistic creations, to human instincts and aspirations of any kind,—alone works the destiny of the race.

It is difficult to grasp this conception in the entirety and boundlessness with which Mr. Buckle means it, if he means anything, in his first five chapters. In excluding religion he, of course, intends to exclude all intellectual views of religion, for a person with no intellect is simply a stark fool and “clean daft,” and would have no religion. Every religion is an intellectual system, absurd or otherwise, but certainly intellectual; and Mr. Buckle therefore banishes from his scheme all intellectual ideas and labors, on the subject of religion, as having no influence on civilization. The same will be true of morals, government, and poetry,—that all exercises of the intellect in such directions are merely ornamental and not useful, and do not enter as factors into the problem of life. In a word, he excludes ideas in whatever department, and substitutes facts. In becoming the apostle of intellect, he thus effectually betrays its highest powers and interests, for it is only the lower powers of the mind which deal with facts and items, and the higher powers which delight in ideas and abstractions.

This extreme material positivism is the fundamental characteristic of Mr. Buckle's philosophy. It is developed in a mammoth volume, with a vigor of thought, a wealth of erudition, and a power of fine writing, which are sure to bewilder and likely to terrify all appreciative readers. Against it, however, the following suggestions may be ventured:

It is very likely to be a merely arbitrary process to attempt to determine from the facts of history what was the leading force in the production of those facts. The reason is that all the best characteristics are developed and flourish together; science, literature, art, government, and religion, usually rise and fall in a group, attaining, in every age, to



not far from the same comparative degrees of excellence. At least no one of them is uniformly and palpably in advance of the others as if it were the leader, or behind the others as if it were subordinate. Thus for example, in the decline of ancient Rome, the national faith, the public morals, the literature, the government and perhaps also the intelligence of the people and the science of the learned, had all become degenerate in the second century. To all appearance the faith and the knowledge of the Romans tottered at the same moment; their character had become demoralized, not in one respect only, but in all respects. So in the age of Leo X literature, art, religion, and science, were all revived. If the revival of letters slightly preceded the formal outbreak of the religious reformation, it should be noticed that religious motives always operate in silence long before they appear historically. When several elements thus uniformly move in a cluster, is it not rather dogmatic than philosophical, on the part of Mr. Buckle, to affirm that one of them, namely science, is the sole and perpetual cause of their movements? In the conflicting claims of his bleak and disenchanted knowledge and of all the passionate and instinctive products of the soul, he should at furthest only adopt some formula similar to that of the comic poet about motion and rest:

"Eternal is motion;
Eternal is rest;
Which started the foremost,
Will never be guessed."

The trouble here, as throughout Mr. Buckle's system, is in his method. Ideas should be weighed in the mind, and not counted on the fingers. In ignoring the realm of metaphysics, and in seeking to evolve great principles from statistical items, his processes are not only backhanded and awkward, but utterly inefficient. He who weighs the abstract powers of the soul will find the predominance of taste,

and conscience, and reverence; he who looks at history with the sagacity natural to a man will find that faith in ideas which were not understood and a shadowy insight into the principles which could not be grasped and known have been the impelling forces in every great age. But he who refuses to see any facts in the universe or elements in history, except such as are visible to the eye, palpable to the touch, and convenient to statistical tables, will, of course, find nothing but material circumstances; will be able to conceive of nothing spiritual but a knowledge of such circumstances, and is therefore hardly to be blamed for ignoring ethics, metaphysics, and religion, since by the very nature of his method they are excluded from his range of vision. Mr. Buckle hides his head in the last returns of the census, and thinks that the ideas and institutions which mankind has always deemed greatest are extinguished, merely because he does not see them. The ostrich pursued by hunters is said to do something very similar.

The attempt to solve the highest problems by purely exoteric observation is absurd, and must be somewhat arbitrary; yet, even by this method, and regarding only the outward signs of history, there are stronger and clearer reasons for making civilization rest on religion than on knowledge. The one constant element which lives through a civilization and goes out with it is its religion. Thus, the Greek mythology was the religion of the ancient classical nations, from the time of Homer till after the reign of the Antonines. The scientific ideas of those nations were transformed, time after time, during this period; but this mythology was able to give a common quality to nations so unlike as the Greeks and the Romans, and it left an impress, a spirit of harmony and repose, upon the classical poetry and sculptures, which we recognize not only as foreign to our own age but as necessarily and essentially foreign to every Christian age. We could not, if we would, worship the Olympian gods in an acceptable manner in the nineteenth

century. It is said that Winckelmann walked and pondered amid the ruins of Rome and Athens, contemplating only antique art and literature, until at length he forgot the modern world, and thought and worshipped only as a Greek. If this be so, his was perhaps a solitary case. The philosophic historian finds the best lesson left by the classical nations to be the peculiar type of human character which flourished under their civilization, and created the events of their history,—a type of character which seems to have sprung from their ancient mythology, marked by a happy union and balance of the higher and lower faculties, of the sensual and spiritual life, and by consequent mental and physical harmony. This unity of type prevails beneath the Greek delight in freedom and art and the Roman aptitude for system and politics. It should be noticed that their mythology, like all religions, was so penetrating a principle that it impressed its character alike upon believers and free-thinkers; upon Homer and Socrates; and a man could no more throw off the formative sway of the Olympian divinities than he could cease to be a Greek. So in the Christian countries of the nineteenth century, no man can avoid being a Christian. He can no more be anything else than he could commit any other anachronism. How can Mr. Buckle find the root of this in the scientific knowledge that was then prevalent? Very few positive sciences, comparatively, then existed, and those few consisted chiefly of errors; the notions of geography and astronomy were revolutionized in almost every century; and the number of exact truths of science at that time known among men would make the very shortest table in Mr. Buckle's collection of statistics. Between their science so poor and their civilization so splendid surely no one but a desperate theorist would attempt to discover the relation of cause and effect. On the contrary, their mythology preceded and prefigured their civilization; inspired alike their patriotism, their literature, and their art; held the nations up to greatness as long as they believed

in it; and, when it ceased to be the popular faith, the civilization to which it had given birth passed from the face of the world.

This is but one of several historical illustrations, which might be presented, that the fundamental and characteristic force in the production of a civilization is religion. Everything else,—as literature, art, and government,—plays subordinate and coadjutive parts, and it is a minor role in the grand cast which is assigned to bald-headed science. Indeed, it is remarkable how little scientific truth there has ever been in the world, and how little the world seems to depend on it. With the exception of geometry, the Greek physical sciences were hardly more than a bundle of errors; yet the idea of the cosmos, or beautiful order of the universe, was then developed, and no better result can be furnished even by perfected science. The first law of motion was established in the sixteenth century, but no one has ever attributed to the discovery of that law any improvement in the motion either of men or nations. Near the beginning of the nineteenth century four little planets were descried in the wide space between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Their number has since been increased to some half-a-hundred. Could Mr. Buckle state fifty new advantages in life that we are to derive from these fifty indubitable new facts? Newton introduced the theory of gravitation, which for two centuries has been received as the sublimest theory in science. But a recent writer of authority in the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences* has undertaken to prove that there is no such principle or power as gravitation, and that the Newtonian system is an immense hoax. The doctrine of the plenum drove out that of the vacuum; the doctrine of vortices drove out that of the plenum; the doctrine of gravitation drove out that of vortices; and now a new doctrine threatens to drive out that of gravitation. This is a specimen of what is called scientific truth as it has in general existed historically, not in astronomy alone, but in all depart-

ments. It consists of what are supposed to be great discoveries, which after a time are proved to be fictions. If history rested only on such knowledge, it might well be considered that "uninterrupted succession of human disasters" which Louis Blanc terms it.

But, moreover, as far as appears, this knowledge has exerted little or no influence on the course of events, even while it lasted. Hardly any other human attainments have played so small a part among men as scientific truths. We meet with no one of them in the conflicts of great principles which underlie the movements of history. No age, no nation, no continent, no civilization, has ever received its impress and character from truths of science, from dogmas of statistics. It is passionate beliefs, groping instincts, extravagant ideals, magnificent errors, that have ruled mankind at every step. The whole constitution of human life is romantic, not scientific. Reason is not only slower but infinitely less wise than the normal and headlong second-sight of intuition. It takes it the whole length of a civilization to reach the same results which religion and poetry foreshadowed in the beginning. Only at the close of the demonstration is the occult logic of ages reduced to a syllogism. From the appearances of Nature and the promptings of the soul and the circumstances of life we create splendid illusions, and these illusions are the most powerful things that we meet with in history. They reappear in new forms and will not die. Such was the Hebrew illusion of a national and conquering Messiah, which, in a transfigured meaning, is still the type under which we conceive the ultimate triumph of righteousness; the Greek illusion of a synod of humane yet preter-human divinities, on Mt. Olympus, which has always been, to the scholar and artist, an inspiration of peculiar beauty; the Roman illusion, that Rome and her empire were eternal, which has furnished to every subsequent age the loftiest and most potent conception of government; the mediæval and Catholic illusion that the Virgin Mother

sits in Heaven by the side of her Son, and intercedes for those that implore her aid,—an illusion that has done more to raise woman to her present estate than anything else except the illusion of chivalry, that to slay a dragon in order to enjoy a lady's love was the loyal duty of every knight. Our own age, which is Mr. Buckle's model, is disenchanted of these powerful ideas and charming superstitions of our fathers. Positive science and the tyranny of material interests have banished illusions, unless possibly our attempt to rear democratic levelness into high civilization shall ultimately prove to be such. This notion of popular freedom and responsibility, prompted by the instincts of liberty, is perhaps our only great idea. Our scholars are statistical and untheoretical, and our people delight in the rhodomontade of newspapers, full of facts, and in innumerable stories of real life, such as would have expelled the writers from any congregation of rustics three hundred years ago, unless they could tell better ones by word of mouth. It is at a time when there is more intellectual activity and less intellectual fidelity, more mental bustle and less worthy thought, than there ever was before that Mr. Buckle has come forward as the preacher-flatterer of the age, urging it to go on in rooting out all the fruitful fictions of the heart, and in substituting the sterile falsehoods of premature science.

Yet it would require less recklessness than Mr. Buckle displays in every chapter to denounce knowledge as totally as he has denounced almost everything else. Indeed, the course of history seems to show that no other thing has been so fatal to civilization as high and widespread attainments of knowledge. The story of the tree of knowledge has been as true in every age of the world as it was at the beginning. Using the symbolism of the Hindoos for comparison, the instincts of religion and poetry may be likened to Brahma the Creator, the institutes of Church and State to Vishnu the Preserver, and the disenchanting wand of knowledge to Siva the Destroyer. Thus religion stands at the beginning

of every civilization, and science at the end; and science, with the immense material improvements which it furnishes, destroys the whole fabric which religion had built up, and introduces a new barbarism. It destroys, by substituting material for moral greatness. History offers abundant illustrations. Thus Rawlinson, one of the highest living authorities, in his account of the ancient Assyrian civilization, says: "They were toward the close of their empire, "in all the arts and appliances of life, very nearly on a par "with ourselves; and thus their history furnishes a warning, "which the record of nations constantly repeats, that the "greatest material prosperity may co-exist with the decline, "and herald the downfall of a kingdom." Thus in many, perhaps in all instances, those ages which Mr. Buckle would esteem the great historical ages have only been premonitions of immediate destruction. Just as soon as men have begun to understand the principles on which they were acting, that moment governments, religions, and civilizations have always failed. They are spoiled, as a novel is spoiled, by having the plot told in advance. Man can make progress only under the sway of great hallucinations. And, indeed, for him to attempt to understand anything perfectly in this infinite universe, which was built only for his moral, and poetical, and philosophical mystification, is absurd on the face of it. God blots out the man or the age that impiously attempts to enter His own sacred realm of pure science.

Ideas, beliefs, and arts are the operative and beneficent elements of history. Let them be splendid, instinctive, and humane, and their scientific and truthful character will look out for itself. And the conclusions of ultimate and divine science will doubtless show that the rich superstitions of ages have all been scientific; and that the only absolutely unscientific thing is any hard-hearted system which clings severely to the letter of the bond of positive knowledge.

LIBERTY.

Liberty, in the last analysis, means simply being let alone. An individual, uninterfered with, is free. A person is a combination of certain spiritual and material forces, and any person may be said to be free when he himself commands his own forces. All freedom in this world is conditioned. If there were but one man on the earth, he would not be absolutely free; he would be a perfect embodiment of social liberty, but he would be subject to the laws of nature. If he failed to mind these laws, as for instance, if he tumbled over a precipice, he would at once lose the command of himself and become a slave to the force of gravitation.

Thus nature is one thing which does not let a man alone—and society is another. The world is crowded with people—and everybody wants what he hasn't got, and wants to do things that would interfere with his neighbors. There would be constant collisions, like the whirlwind of atoms in the philosophy of Democritus, unless people came to some arrangement with each other and agreed mutually to do so and so. By some such hypothetical social contract as this, or in some other way, there have arisen a vast quantity of arrangements, political constitutions, civil and criminal laws, traditions of empire, commerce, diplomacy and social usage, by which people are kept in order, and prevented from bumping each other at every turn of a corner.

When these arrangements or laws are dictated by one supremely able or supremely lucky person, the government is a monarchy; when by a portion, more or less large, of the inhabitants of a state, it is an aristocracy or oligarchy; and when by all the people, it is a democracy. There never yet

has been a democracy, in all history. The United States of America have come nearer to it than any other nation, but failed by denying the right of suffrage to about one-third of the inhabitants of the Southern States. How far other so-called republics and democracies have failed will appear from a brief statement. In a true democracy it is shown by statistics that the voters will be in the proportion of one to five or six inhabitants. In the ancient Athenian republic the right of suffrage was never extended to more than one in twenty of the population, and during the latter part of the era of Pericles belonged to only one in forty. Sparta could send into the field an army of 50,000 warriors, but her voters were never more than 8,000, and at one time their number was reduced to 700. The designation and rights of a Roman citizen belonged to less than one in fifty of the inhabitants of ancient Italy during the epoch of the republic. In the free cities of mediæval Italy, the so-called Italian republics, and also in the later Dutch republic, the mass of the people never acted politically except as a mob in the interest of some demagogue. Political power was limited to the knights, nobles and burgesses. It is impossible to ascertain how numerous these were comparatively, but it is safe to infer that neither in Holland, Venice, nor elsewhere did the proportion rise to the highest ratio of antiquity, that of one in twenty, which once prevailed in Athens. This is about the proportion of electors in England at the present time. Switzerland alone, except ourselves, has surpassed this ratio. Until the present century Switzerland was a confederation of states, some of them narrowly aristocratic, others broadly democratic. The aristocratic states have gradually changed their character, till now, as nearly as I can discover, Switzerland varies little from being a federation of pure democracies. In general, but with some exceptions, every Swiss aged twenty years is an elector, and aged twenty-five years is eligible to office. France was declared a democracy by decree of the provisional government in 1848. Subse-

quent laws confirmed this decree.¹ The empire now claims to have been established by democratic sanction, and the legislative body is still elected by what is called universal suffrage, though more than half the French citizens are excluded from voting by technical incapacities, and for some reason or other voting on the opposition side seems to have fallen into the list of lost arts in France. The Ionian Islands of the present time and one or two other minor republics are hardly worth considering.

Thus the nearest approach to a democracy which we find in the past is Athens, with a voting list of one in twenty of the people. At the present time Switzerland would be a democracy but for some slight aristocratic taints which still adhere to it, and the United States of America but for its protection of negro slavery. But as this protection was accidental at the start, is opposed to the genius of our people and our institutions, and moreover seems now on the eve of being withdrawn, we may regard the United States without reference to slavery as being in spirit and soon to be in fact a pure democracy.

Thus the leading and fundamental peculiarity of American liberty is that it, almost alone in the world, is democratic liberty. Our fathers made a very bold venture and acted without a precedent when they declared every man a citizen.

It may perhaps be maintained that ours is not a democracy after all—that democracy is government by the people—and that the people is of two sexes. If, however, women have not voted in this country I think it is their own fault: if they should with some degree of unanimity claim the privilege, it seems to me nobody would resist them—moreover resistance would be in vain, even if it were attempted, because statistics prove that there are 105 women to every hundred men. The women, therefore, are the stronger party

¹This essay was written in the time of Louis Napoleon, and prior to the time of Abraham Lincoln.


—they have only to secede to Mons sacer, form an army, take possession of the navy, seize the public offices and archives, and establish an Amazonian aristocracy to please themselves. The men, so long used to habits of submission, would have no spirit in the field against them, and from their inferior numbers would be equally powerless at the ballot box. But I believe, if all the women were called together to-morrow to vote upon the question whether they would take their share of public life and public responsibility, that they would decline the privilege by a considerable majority. That new avenues of employment, that some of the higher functions in one or two of the professions, in the colleges, and in the office of public lecturing, may be made more easily accessible to them than now, are improvements to be desired and expected—and, moreover, it is entirely certain that when any large minority even, of excellent women, demand for their sex absolute legal equality with men they will immediately obtain their demand. But I fear it would not be of advantageous result; I should regret to see the rule recognized that men and women are to struggle with the world on equal terms—though the fact as an exception cannot be disputed. I would retain the instincts of chivalry as the domestic rule, and in order to provide for the exceptions would pass laws that no men should ever again be allowed to measure tape, retail stationery, finish photographs, copy documents, keep haberdashery stores, or tend the postoffice.

The characteristics of liberty being to be let alone, the question remains whether a democracy serves this purpose. John Stuart Mill, the most thorough if not the most profound of living thinkers, has written a book in which, while welcoming democracy as the inevitable future form of society, he nevertheless sings elegiac strains on the departure of liberty. The despotism of social and political masses he pronounces more fatal to the moral and intellectual freedom of individuals than any sword of tyrant or ukase of czar. The supremacy of public opinion discourages, in his view,

any peculiar strength and intensity, any marked type of character, and therefore he declares that greatness is already becoming traditional and is going to be impossible, as barbaric democracy rolls on its way. Democracy thus seems to him more intolerant of individual peculiarities, that is of liberty, than any other form of government.

This may be illustrated. When people all over the face of the earth get weary and wish to enjoy three months of complete freedom, where they may live exactly as they please, they go, in unanimous preference, to Paris, the most despotically governed city this way from St. Petersburg. It is in Paris that the wildest speculations in science, the freest caprices in literature, art and costume, all the characteristics of social liberty, are most abundantly manifested.

On the other hand, one of the old Spartan citizens, while boasting of his liberty, was tortured every day of his life by an infinitude of restraints, was obliged to take his meals at a particular hour and in a particular company, was obliged to eat black soup even if he would prefer another dish, was obliged to marry and moreover couldn't choose his own wife, was obliged to wear a particular style of dress, put on a particular style of manner and conversation, and to pass all his time under the public supervision. This is an extreme case—but the question may be raised in another way by inquiring whether the inhabitants of a New England rural district, burdened with the responsibilities of the next town meeting, and suffering daily inflictions of the solemn rhodomontade of newspapers—spending the evenings in reading the last book that has flitted from the press to live a couple of months on this planet—whether such rustics are really as free, i. e., as spontaneous, as the same class of persons were five or six centuries ago, when they knew nothing about public affairs except from roving minstrels, when they passed the evening twilight not over stupid books but in rustic games, and when with simple faith in God and their king they did not generally consider themselves responsible



for the course of their country and did not ask what was going to become of the universe.

History is but the play of two principles—one of centralization and one of individualism. Our government, by its national and state departments, adopts both and harmonizes them. In the vast sweep of our dominion we rival the greatest empires, in the buoyancy of our rule, the flexibility of the rod, we rival the most turbulent oligarchies. We have the fixity of central predominance and the mobility of state rights, imperial strength and republican vitality in every part—Ghibelline splendor and Guelph independence—the charm of Catholicism and the charm of protest. With this constitution we have obtained a territory in the North, the South, and the territories, more than ten times that of the original thirteen states, and more than twenty times that of the British Islands. Five of our Western territories are, on the average, each as large as France. As nearly as I can calculate, our whole domain is about three times as large as that held by Alexander when he had conquered the world, and about twice as large as the Roman Empire under the mightiest Cæsar. Theorists had just announced the formula that a small democracy might flourish, but a large one must go to pieces, when the application of steam to locomotives brought the extremest parts of our territory practically as near together as the Piræus and Eleusis in ancient Attica—and, moreover, the Cabinet at Washington might hear by the telegraph a report from every state in the Union every morning after breakfast as comfortably as an English country gentleman listens to the report of his steward.

Thus one characteristic of our political liberty is that it is liberty combined with the prestige of empire, it is liberty without disintegration and order without despotism. It is popular government, but popular government on the scale of kings—every element which enters into the national problem being an organized State. This balance of opposing

principles is very delicate, and unless it is completely successful probably would not succeed at all. Let secession once be recognized and there would be no end to it. Constant and repeated disintegration would follow, and would hurry us into mediæval and Mexican disorder, till we deserved a place only in the annals of barbarism. There would be wars within wars, wars of states, of races, of sections, of interests, of religions, of reckless ambitions, all blending together in the tragedy of the times till chaos and old night had fully returned upon us. The twentieth century would mark a new downfall of the world, as the fifth did of old.

So that with all our liberty, we have got to be imperial or barbarous. We are to be the dominant power on this continent, or this continent is going to illustrate anything but the harmony of the spheres for the next 1,000 years.

VICTOR COUSIN.

Victor Cousin, eminent philosopher, born in Paris, Nov. 28, 1792, died at Cannes, Jan. 15, 1867. His father was a clock-maker, a disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau and a revolutionist. The first public school that he attended was the lycée Charlemagne, where he gained the highest prizes. Especially interested in rhetoric, the imitative arts and music, he determined to make literature his vocation, and as a distinguished student his name was in 1811 placed first on the list of pupils admitted into the newly organized normal school. He became assistant Greek professor in this school in 1812, master of the conferences in 1814, held a chair in the lycée Napoléon (soon after called Collège Bourbon), and during the hundred days was enrolled in the *élite* corps of royal volunteers. Meantime his attention had been diverted from belles-lettres to philosophy. The attractive lectures of Laromiguière, one of the society of Auteuil, and the most graceful of the followers of Condillac, first interested him in sensationalism or ideology, the reigning philosophy of the 18th century. The first who openly revolted from the authority of Condillac was Royer-Collard, who developed in France the theories of the Scottish school, and of whom Cousin was the favorite pupil. When at the close of 1815 Royer-Collard was raised to civil office under the restoration, Cousin became his successor as deputy professor of philosophy in the Sorbonne, and for five years he lectured both at the university and the normal school. From the speculations of Maine de Biran concerning the will he derived the germs of his ideas of personality, causality and liberty; and his earliest courses followed the system of Reid, and were devoted in general to an exposition of ideal truth.

He spent the vacations of 1817 and 1818 in Germany, acquainting himself with the literature and thinkers of that country; and the metaphysics of Kant tinged the lectures delivered after his return. In 1821, in consequence of the royalist reaction in the state, his views of free agency were thought to have a political intent, and his course was indefinitely suspended. The next year the normal school was closed by a royal ordinance. The leisure thus afforded he occupied in prosecuting his editions of Proclus (6 vols., Paris, 1820-'27) and Descartes (11 vols., 1826), and his translation of Plato, with summaries, on which he employed, like Raphael, the labor of his pupils subject to his own revision (13 vols., 1825-'40). He also took charge of the education of a son of Marshal Lannes, and in 1824 visited Germany with his pupil. He was arrested at Dresden, on suspicion of being an accomplice of the Carbonari, was taken to Berlin, where he suffered a captivity of six months, and was visited in prison by Hegel, whose philosophy was then predominant in Germany. He also became intimately acquainted with Schleiermacher and Schelling. Returning to Paris, he published in 1826 the first series of his *Fragments philosophiques* (followed by a series of *Nouveaux fragments* in 1828), and favored the increasing liberal party. In 1827 the Villèle ministry was supplanted by that of Martignac, and he was restored to the chair of philosophy in the Sorbonne, with Guizot and Villemain for colleagues. The successful triumvirate at once attracted audiences to the university unexampled in numbers and enthusiasm since the time of Abélard. Stenographic reports of their lectures were distributed throughout France. Cousin had already unfurled the banner of eclecticism in the preface to his *Fragments philosophiques*, and he now fully developed the theory that four systems of philosophy have alternately prevailed, each of which is a partial truth, and that the human mind can escape from past error only by uniting the elements of truth contained in each system, so as to form a

composite and complete philosophy. He found in the East, in Greece, in mediæval scholasticism, and in all modern speculations, only different phases of sensualism, idealism, skepticism, and mysticism. His forte lay in developing a system from its central principle till it took in the universe in its consequences. His eloquence was at once impetuous and grave, and his style and splendid language recalled the stateliness of the old French classics. The students, accustomed to the calm dissertations of the sensationalists, followed with admiration his adventurous flight. He was the first to unfold to French audiences the speculations and strange technology of the German philosophical development from Kant to Hegel, giving popular expression to theories of the absolute. His lectures derived additional interest from the political temper of the time, a liberal audience gladly discovering political allusions in the words of a liberal professor. At this period Cousin enjoyed his highest reputation. He took no part in the revolution of 1830, but immediately after dedicated a volume of Plato to the memory of one of his pupils who had fallen in the fight. He soon became councillor of state, member of the royal council of public instruction, officer of the legion of honor, titular professor in the Sorbonne, member of the French academy, to succeed Baron Fourier (1830), and of the academy of moral and political sciences at its foundation, director of the re-established normal school, and peer of France (1832). He reorganized the system of primary instruction in France, arranged the plan of studies which is still retained in the normal school, and visited Prussia (1833) and Holland (1837) to observe the institutions of public instruction, concerning which he published full and valuable reports, which were translated into English by Mrs. Austin. He urged that national instruction should be associated with religion and founded on the Christian principle, and maintained that education which is not specially religious is likely to be hurtful rather than beneficial, illustrating this view in

speeches delivered in the chamber of peers. In 1840 he became minister of public instruction in the cabinet of Thiers, which lasted but eight months. In 1844 he gained his greatest parliamentary distinction by his speech in the chamber of peers in defence of the university and of philosophy. Though surprised by the revolution of 1848, he gave it his aid, and began the series of publications undertaken by the institute at the request of Gen. Cavaignac in behalf of popular morality. He issued an edition of Rousseau's *Profession de foi du vicaire savoyard*, and in short treatises entitled *Philosophie populaire* and *Justice et charité* combated the doctrines of socialism. He had become after 1830 one of the writers for the *Journal des Savants* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which many of the articles composing his volumes of *Fragments de philosophie ancienne*, *Fragments de philosophie scholastique*, *Fragments de philosophie moderne*, *Fragments littéraires*, and other collections, first appeared. His other chief philosophical publications are, an introduction to the history of philosophy (1828), a history of philosophy in the 18th century (1829), a translation of Tennemann's history of philosophy (1829), a treatise on the metaphysics of Aristotle (1838), lectures on the philosophy of Kant (1842), lectures on moral philosophy delivered between 1816 and 1820 (1840-'41), a work entitled *Du vrai, du beau, et du bien* (1853), and editions of the *Sic et Non* of Abélard (1836), of the works of Maine de Biran (1834-'41), of the *Pensées* of Pascal (1842), of the works of André (1843), and of the works of Abélard (1849). One of the most acceptable fruits of his research is the recovery of the original MS. of the *Pensées sur la religion* of Pascal. The biography of Jacqueline Pascal (1849) is founded chiefly on inedited or unknown documents.—As a philosopher, the plan of Cousin was to publish systems, and from systems to deduce an eclectic philosophy. The reason, in his view, has spontaneous consciousness of absolute truths, and furnishes to the mind ideas of infinite objects which could

not be formed by any power of abstraction from observation of particular, finite and contingent things; to know these ideas is the aim of philosophy, and the reason would be perfectly cognizant of them if it were not misled by the senses, passions and imagination. There is something true in every system of philosophy, since error can never reach to utter extravagance; this element of truth exists in the reason, and may be found by impartial examination of the consciousness and of the history of humanity. From the drama of changing systems, which is the history of philosophy, let the truth which constitutes the positive side of every system be taken, exclusive of whatever constitutes its negative and false side; the ideas thus obtained will furnish a spectacle of the universal consciousness, and will be the sum of eclectic philosophy. If the question be raised concerning the authority of the reason, and the certainty that its ideas are universal truths, Cousin, in order to answer, passes from psychology to ontology. Human reason, he says, is not a part of the human personality, but in its nature impersonal, absolute and infallible, the logos of Pythagoras and Plato, a mediator between God and man; its qualities are those precisely opposed to individuality, namely, universality and necessity; and its spontaneous ideas rightly understood are revelations of a world unknown to man. This theory finds its completion in theodicy. As every phenomenon implies a substance, as our faculties, volitions and sensations imply a person to whom they belong, so absolute truths have their last foundation in an absolute being, and ideal truth, beauty and goodness are not mere abstractions, but are the attributes of the infinite Being whom we call God. Eclecticism is rightly regarded by Cousin in his work on the true, the beautiful, and the good, the last expression of his opinions, less as a doctrine than as a banner, as less an instrument of philosophy than of morality; as less effective to discover truth than to advance virtue. He has suppressed the words in his *Fragments philoso-*

phiques in which he affirmed the system of Schelling to be true, though Schelling had then declared for "either Bruno or absolute unity"; and with less reliance upon metaphysics, he maintains the spirit and tendency of all his speculations to promote that philosophy which began with Socrates and Plato; which the gospel spread through the world; which Descartes subordinated to the severe forms of modern genius, and which always contributes to subject the senses of the mind, and to elevate and ennoble man.—His latest publications have been histories and biographies illustrating French society in the seventeenth century. In the stately proprieties and careful speaking and writing which distinguished the period of the Fronde and of the hôtel de Rambouillet he finds admirable examples of conversation, festive entertainments, heroic actions, noble sentiments, and great characters. His series of studies on Madame de Longueville (1853), Madame de Sablé (1854), Madame de Chevreuse and Madame de Hautefort (1856), and that entitled *La société Française au XVII^e siècle, d'après le Grand Cyrus de Mlle. de Scudéry* (1858), have the same elevation of thought and sentiment, the same poetical and eloquent style, which mark his discussions and histories of philosophy; and like many of these, also, they abound in dates, citations, documents, and annotations.

NOTE.—In a revised edition of the American Cyclopædia, published after the death of Mr. Symonds, the passage closing his article on Cousin, above printed, was, by another hand, presumably that of Dr. Ripley, changed, partly paraphrased, and, as to details, augmented, so as to read as follows:

Cousin was more learned than original. He was alternately under the influence of the Scotch and the German schools of philosophy, and did not found any well defined school of his own. His eclecticism does not survive

him. Yet he gave to abstruse subjects the charm of his vivid and eloquent style, and will always be remembered as a metaphysician and psychologist. The last 15 years of his life were devoted to histories and biographies illustrating French society in the 17th century. His series of studies on Mme. de Longueville (1853), Mme. de Sablé (1854), Mme. de Chevreuse and Mme. de Hautefort (1856), and that entitled *La société française au XVII^e Siècle, d'après le Grand Cyrus de Mlle. de Scudéry* (1858), have the same elevation of thought and sentiment, the same poetical and eloquent style, which mark his discussions and histories of philosophy. His later works are: *Histoire générale de philosophie* (1864), *La jeunesse de Mme. de Longueville* (4th ed., enlarged, 1864), and *La jeunesse de Mazarin* (1865). A complete edition of his works up to that time was published in 1847, in 22 vols. Cousin was economical even to parsimony, and accumulated a considerable fortune. His library, containing 14,000 volumes, especially rich in memorials of the 17th century, was bequeathed to the college of the Sorbonne, with a fund for its preservation. A monument to his memory was erected in the courtyard of the Sorbonne, March 1, 1873.

COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, English poet and philosopher, born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, October 21, 1772, died at Highgate, London, July 25, 1834. He was the youngest child of a learned and singularly amiable clergyman, and became an orphan at the age of nine years. By the kindness of a friend he was presented to Christ's hospital, in London, where he received the principal part of his education, and began a lifelong intimacy with Charles Lamb, who was one of his school-fellows. His juvenile character prefigured his future career. He was a playless day-dreamer, solitary and uninterested in the ordinary amusements of childhood; yet he made great advances in classical knowledge, and was early distinguished by rare powers of discourse. Charles Lamb speaks of him as "the inspired charity boy, to whom the casual passer through the cloisters listened entranced with admiration, as he unfolded in deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Iamblichus or Pindar." Before his fifteenth year he had read through a London circulating library, catalogues, folios, and all, and had bewildered himself in metaphysical studies and in meditating on the problems of theology. So great was his pleasure in abstract speculations that he describes himself as having lost all interest in particular facts, in history or romance, and even poetry seemed insipid to him. Without ambition or worldly wisdom, he at one time proposed apprenticing himself to a shoemaker whose shop was near the school. In his seventeenth year the sonnets of William Lisle Bowles were presented to him, and such was his admiration of them that he used frequently to transcribe them for presents to the friends for whom he had most regard.

These simple poems recalled his idealizing mind to a juster estimate and love of realities, and having in 1791 become deputy Grecian, or head scholar, at Christ's hospital, he obtained a presentation thence to Jesus College, Cambridge. He remained in the university but two years, during which he paid no attention to mathematics, but gained the prize for a Greek ode. At the outbreak of the French revolution he became obnoxious to his superiors from his acceptance of the revolutionary principles. With an enthusiastic and hopeful view of human nature, and an impetuous zeal in the cause of freedom, he hailed the early events of that epoch of continental history as the promise of a new era. His feelings at this period form the theme of one of his odes, entitled "France," and pronounced by Shelley the finest ode of modern times. Suddenly leaving Cambridge in the midst of his university career, he wandered about for a day or two in London, gave his last penny to a beggar, and enlisted in a regiment of cavalry under the assumed name of Comberback. The poet, however, made but an awkward dragoon, and wrote letters for his comrades while they attended to his horse and accoutrements. After four months' service, a Latin sentence which he had inscribed on the stable wall under his saddle revealed his scholarship, and the captain of his troop, having succeeded in learning his real history, restored him to his friends. He now became associated at Bristol with two other poetical enthusiasts, Southey, a student from Oxford, and Lovell, a young Quaker. Southey, like Coleridge, was an ardent republican and Unitarian, and for his faith had just forfeited the honors of Oxford. These three conceived a splendid scheme of emigration. They determined to found amid the wilds of the Susquehanna a commonwealth which was to be free from the evils and turmoils which then agitated the world, in which a community of goods was to be enjoyed, and from which selfishness was to be proscribed. But this scheme of pantisocracy, as it was termed, failed from want of money and from other

practical difficulties; and the three pantisocratists, having married in 1795 three sisters, the Misses Fricker of Bristol, began to turn their attention to the reformation of England. Coleridge had already collected a small volume of his juvenile poems, for which he had received thirty guineas from a benevolent and appreciative publisher, Mr. Joseph Cottle; and he now entered upon an undertaking from which he expected great results, namely, the establishment of a periodical in prose and verse to be entitled "The Watchman," and to advocate liberal opinions. He himself canvassed the northern manufacturing towns for subscribers, preaching wherever he stayed on Sunday in Unitarian chapels, and returned with a subscription list full of promise. Yet the periodical, owing partly to a want of punctuality in its issue, partly to its learned philosophical contents, and partly to the fact that its opinions were not those which its supporters had expected, was dropped at the tenth number with a loss. In 1796 Coleridge took a cottage at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, where his means were increased by receiving into his family a Cambridge friend and poet, Charles Lloyd, the son of a wealthy banker, who, merely from love and admiration, had proposed living with him. He published in 1796, in connection with Charles Lamb, a small volume of poems, the greater number of his own contributions to which had been written at earlier periods; and to a second edition in the next year verses were added by Lloyd. Wordsworth having moved to Allfoxden, about two miles from Stowey, the kindred feelings of the two poets united them in the closest friendship. They rambled together over the Somerset hills, discussing the principles of poetry and planning their famous lyrical ballads. It was in this happiest period of Coleridge's life that he wrote his most beautiful poetry, the first part of "Christabel," the "Ancient Mariner," and the "Ode to the Departing Year"; and a mutual resolution of the poets to write a play produced his tragedy of "Remorse." He received in 1798 an invitation to become a

Unitarian minister in Shrewsbury, and preached his probation sermon there, the great impression produced by which has been recorded by Hazlitt, who was one of his audience; but he did not preach again. The munificence of Josiah Wedgwood enabled him to visit Germany, and immediately after the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" he and Wordsworth set out upon the journey together. He attended the lectures of Blumenbach and Eichhorn at Göttingen, formed an acquaintance with Tieck, and obtained a familiarity with German literature and philosophy. At no other period of his life did he work so industriously as during his residence in Germany; and on his return in 1800 he brought back, in addition to his mental acquisitions, a large collection of materials for a life of Lessing. He passed six months in London engaged in translating Schiller's "Wallenstein," and in writing for the *Morning Post*; after which he joined Southey, who had settled at Keswick, amid the lakes and mountains of the north of England, in the neighborhood of Wordsworth, who resided at Grasmere. His opinions had now changed; the republican had become a royalist, and the Unitarian a devoted champion of the established church. In 1804 he went to Malta, hoping to improve his health, and acted as secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, the governor. He returned in 1806 by the way of Sicily and Italy, his health not improved; nor was improvement to be expected, since he went to Malta an opium eater and returned with the habit growing upon him. His nominal residence from this time till 1810 was at Keswick, but his absences were frequent, and his returns, according to Southey, more incalculable than those of a comet. He was often with Wordsworth at Grasmere, was occasionally in London lecturing, and during the year 1809 was engaged in writing "The Friend," his second periodical, which extended to 27 numbers. In 1810 he left the lakes for London, and resided for a time with Mr. Basil Montagu. He then made his home for three or four years with Mr. Morgan at

Hammersmith, and in 1816 placed himself under the care of Mr. Gillman, a surgeon at Highgate, in the hope that he might be broken of his fatal propensity to opium. In Mr. Gillman he found the kindest of friends, and lived in his house during the last 18 years of his life. It was here that he published the wild and wondrous tale of "Christabel," which had been written long before his second tragedy, entitled "Zapoyla," and several prose works, the principal of which were his "Statesman's Manual," two "Lay Sermons," "Biographia Literaria," and "Aids to Reflection." Here, too, he was visited by numerous friends and admirers, who came to listen to his marvellous conversation. The published volumes of his "Table Talk" can give but a faint idea of those extraordinary monologues which attracted many thoughtful young men to the feet of the sage of Highgate. With an infirm will, he could not overcome the irksomeness of writing out his dreamy idealities and preternatural subtleties of thought; but the gentle excitement of a social circle loosed his powers, and he uttered his lightest fancies and most comprehensive speculations without impediment. His discourse can be judged now only by the effect which it is recorded to have produced upon the listeners, and in his happiest moods it must have been magnificent and most impressive.—The poems of Coleridge exhibit his manifold powers. They comprise tragedy, songs of love, strains of patriotism, and wild, shadowy tales of superstition; they are marked sometimes by a mysterious and wondrous imaginative witchery, sometimes by philosophical thought and retrospection; and their style is according to the subject either most melodious and flowing, or severe and stately. Several of them are fragmentary, but have no other imperfection, all that there is of them being faultless. The "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," the "Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny" and the unfinished story of "Christabel" are unsurpassed in any language in vivid imagery, solemn intensity of feeling, and skilful modulation

of verse. No other poems could so justly be termed purely, absolutely imaginative. The musical versification of "Christabel" delighted Byron and Scott, and was imitated by them both; it was the acknowledged model of the metre of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." His translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein" is equally remarkable. His tragedy of "Remorse" was brought out with great success at Drury Lane in 1813, but exhibits scenery and sentiment rather than character, and has not since been revived. The prose writings of Coleridge embrace theology, metaphysical and political philosophy, and literary criticism. His philosophical more than his poetical works are marked by a splendid incompleteness, and much as they have served to stimulate and direct the minds of others, they do not contain a fully developed system. He was born a Platonist, and he could not rest content, with Locke, to seek all knowledge in phenomena, or with Paley, to seek all good in happiness. His familiarity with the philosophy of Germany, which he first introduced to the notice of British scholars, supplied to him more spiritual theories. Above the understanding which generalizes from the data of perception and gathers laws from experience, he enthroned the reason which seizes immediately upon universal and necessary truths, and whose intuitions are more certain than sensible phenomena and more authoritative than the promptings to happiness. It is the clearness and earnestness with which Coleridge has illustrated this truth that has given to his name its philosophical significance, and made him the prompter of many English and American divines and thinkers. He also defended enthusiastically but not clearly the self-determining power of the human will. Coleridge's critical pieces need only completeness to have been alone sufficient to establish his fame. His remarks upon numerous authors and passages scattered upon the margins of books were such as to make his friends always eager to lend him their books for his reading. His review of Wordsworth's poetry, in the "Biographia

Literaria," is one of the most philosophical pieces of criticism in the language; and his lectures upon Shakespeare retain their place notwithstanding the many important works on that author which have more recently been published. The prose style of Coleridge is not always marked by that immaculate taste which distinguishes his poems, but is occasionally disfigured by obscurities and prolixities.

More important than the works which he executed are those which he planned. The life of Lessing, the dream of his German residence, was never really commenced. It was one of his later long-cherished schemes to compose a work of colossal proportions which should embrace the whole range of spiritual philosophy, show Christianity to be the only revelation of permanent and universal validity, unite the insulated fragments of truth, and reduce all knowledge into harmony. He also conceived an epic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem, a subject which would interest all Christendom as the siege of Troy interested Greece. His glowing conceptions and his ambition to achieve some great work, joined to that infirmity of will which made him recoil from effort, he himself has depicted with great pathos in a poem which he addressed to Wordsworth. His life ebbed away in the contemplation of mighty projects, and the legacy which he left to mankind, though a valuable one, was but a fragment from the mine of his genius.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy (Gr. *φίλος*, loving, and *σοφία*, wisdom), the universal and absolute science, aiming to explain phenomena by ultimate causes; to grasp the nature of real as distinguished from phenomenal existence; to systematize the forces and the laws which prevail in the activities of God, man, and nature; to reduce the universe to a principle of unity; and to exhibit at once the impulse and the goal of destiny. The origin of the name is, upon questionable authority, attributed to Pythagoras, who preferred to be called a philosopher, or lover of wisdom, rather than a sophist or sage. It was appropriated and first popularized by Socrates, who made it the distinctive appellation of his teaching in contrast to the arrogant designation of the sophists. Originally assumed in modesty, the term did not retain its etymological and Socratic meaning, but returned to that of *σοφία*, or wisdom. Among the most significant definitions of philosophy are the following: "The knowledge of things divine and human" (attributed to Pythagoras); "a meditation of death" (*μελετη θανατον*), and "a resembling of the Deity in so far as that is possible to man" (Plato); "the art of arts, and science of sciences" (Aristotle); "that part of human learning which hath reference to the reason" (Bacon); "the science of things, evidently deduced from first principles" (Descartes); "the science of effects by their causes, and of causes by their effects" (Hobbes); "the science of sufficient reasons" (Leibnitz); "the science of things possible in so far as they are possible" (Wolf); "the science of the connecting principles of nature" (Adam Smith); "the science of truths, sensible and abstract" (Condillac); "the science of the relations of all knowledge to the neces-

sary ends of human reason" (Kant); "the science of the original form of the Ego, or mental self" (Krug, with which that of Fichte substantially agrees); "the science of the absolute, or of the absolute indifference of the ideal and real" (Schelling); "the science of reason, in so far as the latter is the conscious idea of universal being in its necessary development" (Hegel); "the substitution of true ideas, that is, of necessary truths of reason, in place of the oversights of popular opinion and the errors of psychological science" (Ferrier); "the knowledge of effects as dependent on their causes" (Sir William Hamilton); "the science of first principles, that, namely, which investigates the primary grounds, and determines the fundamental certainty, of human knowledge generally" (Morell); "the science of the ultimate principles and laws of nature and freedom, as also of their mutual relations" (Tennemann); "the science of the reason of things" (Alaux); "the explanation of the phenomena of the universe" (Lewes).—Philosophy agrees with religion in revealing the infinite, in regarding individual objects as products or shadows of an ultimate absolute principle. But it requires evidence and logical sequences, while religion rests upon mystery and faith, upon instinctive and spiritual certainty. The one systematizes the totality of things in the domain of knowledge, the other in that of feeling. In the order of history religions are the preludes of philosophies. The former divinize phenomena, the latter establish between them relations of cause and effect. Faith grasps the substance, reason furnishes the form. The mode of conception and statement in the two is entirely different. Philosophy gives *explicite* the abstract ideas and tendencies which are involved *implicite* in the conceptions of religion. Poetry or art also, like philosophy, is a revelation of the infinite; but its ideal is beauty, while that of philosophy is truth. The one moves according to principles of taste, the other by logic; the law of the former is the imagination, that of the latter the reason. A complete philosophic system may have an

æsthetic character, and a finished work of art may be analyzed as philosophy analyzes the universe; but if each were perfect, the former would be abstract and absolute, the latter would be concrete, an imitation, but not an explanation or a justification, of nature. Philosophy, as the science of ultimate principles, differs from special sciences whose objects are finite phenomena and proximate causes. It transcends them, and deals with objects only in the light of the absolute. Even the whole circle of the natural sciences does not constitute a system of philosophy, which, if empirically established at all, could only be so by combining the results of all departments of scientific inquiry as the basis of a higher generalization. Each particular science seeks a principle of unity, a force and law which will account for the phenomena in its own realm. This principle becomes an element in universal science or philosophy, which seeks after absolute unity. The individual has the ground of its existence in the species, the species in the genus, the genus in some broader classification, and so on till an ultimate substance be reached, from which all things are developed, and which is the goal of philosophy. The final attainments of the sciences are the elementary data of empirical philosophy. Yet philosophy, in its higher manifestations, has not started from the results of science, but from the suggestions of consciousness and the postulates of reason.—Philosophy embraces the two departments of psychology, which investigates the faculties and operations of the human mind, and ontology, which seeks the nature and laws of real existence. The former deals with the phenomena of consciousness, the constitution of the mind, the laws of thought; the latter with the essential characteristics of being *per se*, the constitution of the universe, the laws of things. The former is descriptive, and the latter scientific metaphysics. The transition from the one to the other, the demonstration of objective reality from subjective conception, is the leading philosophical problem. The aim of psychology is the description and analysis of

mental experience. Even when combined with logic, it can furnish a knowledge only of phenomena and relations. It marks, first, the changing facts which succeed each other in the mind; secondly, the faculties or permanent powers to which these facts are severally related; and thirdly, the affirmation of personal existence and identity. The multiplicity of facts are all manifestations of powers of thought, feeling, and volition; and these powers are the diverse operation of a simple personal principle which we accept as an axiom of consciousness. *Cogito, ergo sum*, the Cartesian proof of personality, of the distinction of one thinking being from every other, remains true, though the mind be regarded as a collection, not of faculties, but of sensations, as by Condillac, or of impressions and ideas, as by Hume, or of categorical laws, as by Kant. The phenomena of consciousness, however classified, are usually distinguished as sensitive, intellectual, and volitional. To the first class belong sensations and emotions, the former an affection through the body, the latter through the mind. To the second class belong perception through the organs of sense; conception, when those organs are not concerned; memory, which is conception with individual recognition; imagination, by which conceptions are combined in a different order from any in which the originals were perceived; belief, with or without evidence; and reasoning, which is either contingent or demonstrative. To the third class belongs only the act of willing, but as this may be exerted in the control of other mental operations, there results a new class of mixed intellectual and voluntary operations, as attention, attraction, comparison, classification, generalization. The term ontology, which by present usage means the same as the ancient metaphysics, was first introduced into philosophical language by Wolf to designate the primary department in his quadruple classification of philosophy—psychology, cosmology and theology being the other three. He intended by it the science of abstract (not absolute) as distinguished

from real being, the science of the possible, of the necessary and contingent, of quantity and quality, of substance and accident, &c. It expounded rational laws, without reference to whether any thing actual obeys them, or to the laws of intellect by which we believe them. Kant condemned under this name the whole theory that our subjective ideas imply real objects, veritable existences, corresponding to them, and particularly confuted the ontological proof of the divine existence. From his time ontology has been opposed to psychology, and comprehends investigations into every real existence, which, without being a direct object of consciousness, may be deduced from the possession of certain feelings, or principles, or faculties of the human soul. Its three objects are the soul, nature, and God, to which correspond Kant's three ideas of pure reason, and the three departments of rational psychology, cosmology, and theology. Its goal is an organic system of the spiritual and material universe, an intuition of unity. The whole modern philosophy of the absolute is ontological, while positivism denies that we can pass beyond the phenomenal, and Sir William Hamilton denies that we can be scientifically certain that our faculties adequately represent objective realities.—Every system of philosophy is the speculative development of a principle, a coherent chain of thoughts, whose first member is accepted as an axiom, and whose last is the remotest consequence resulting from it. Between the two lie all the phenomena of the universe and of human life. Systems develop progressively what the reason contains as a possibility and demands as an ideal. The adherents to the method and tendency of a system constitute a school of philosophy. The system is developed by analytical or synthetical processes, according as the goal to which it tends or the axioms from which it proceeds were first apprehended by the mind. A principle being given, synthesis unfolds it till it takes in the totality of things in its consequences. A result being assumed, analysis considers the road which must

be followed and the premises which must be framed to justify it. The order and direction of ideas are diametrically opposite in the two procedures. If the thought be analytical, the guiding point is a problem, a goal hovering before the mind to be attained at all events. If the thought be synthetical, the guiding point is an axiomatic premise, and the course of ideas is but a series of legitimate conclusions. The former method is that of solutions, the latter that of deductions. They are counter-processes, correcting each other, analysis being properly the foundation and synthesis the conclusion of philosophical thought. Historically the latter usually precedes the former, furnishing the preconceived hypothesis which guides analytic researches and which is confirmed or corrected by them. Boldness in synthesis has been more common than precision in analysis. "With regard," says Samuel Bailey, "to the philosophy of mind, which must always constitute the foundation of non-physical science of every description, I venture to repeat the prediction that no great progress will be made by those who prosecute it, and that they will continue to move in a circle, until they consent to do what successful physical inquirers do, namely, to dismiss all figurative statements of fact, all fictitious entities and occurrences, all abstractions except as mere forms of expression, all hypotheses except such as may be professedly put forth in the character of tentative suppositions; and to confine themselves to real objects, actual events, literal statements, and rigorous conclusions." Carus describes the history of philosophy as "the natural history of the human reason, its pursuits and products." It presents a genealogy of systems, and shows the progress of reason through abstract schemes like that of the soul through successive religions and civilizations.

It is a peculiarity of Indian speculation that it esteems life the greatest of evils, and looks to annihilation as the highest bliss. To extinguish individuality in absorption, to close the circle of metempsychosis, to be finally rid of being, is the goal

to which both religion and philosophy point. The orthodox and probably oldest system of Hindoo philosophy is that of the Vedanta or the Mimansa. It embodies traditions of Brahminism, interpretations of the Vedas, and results of speculation. The second Mimansa, which is specially called Vedanta, develops the idea of Brahma as at once the operative and material ground of the universe, both the principle and the result of creation, both immanent in the world and transcendent above it, both the source and destiny of all things. Return into Brahma, and blissful extinction is the desire and goal of all souls. Unable to determine the relation between Brahma and the world, abstract essence and concrete nature, being and becoming, rest and movement, unity and multiplicity, Indian philosophy divided into two schools, which respectively maintained Brahma and the world as the only real existence, each excluding the other. According to the Vedanta, the world is a delusion, a phantom, like the image of the moon on water; the senses are deceptive, and Brahma alone exists. The phenomenal universe is the mistake of our own eyes, and our subjective conception of self or of any distinction between the person knowing and the thing known is in like manner false. The wise man escapes from the snare of this distinction, and from all unreal appearances, and rises to unimpassioned repose, pure contemplation, transcendent freedom, to union with Brahma. He becomes conscious of himself only as the changeless, eternal, and universal Brahma, and the whole circle of individual life, birth, old age, and death, is to him but a phantasm. Asceticism is the ethical result from this theory. The Sankhya philosophy, whose mythical founder was Kapila, is the rationalism of Brahminism, and starts from the dualism of spirit and matter, unlike the Vedanta, which identifies subject and object. It regards spirit not as the pervading soul of the world, but as an infinitude of individual souls, which from the beginning have acted in union with nature. Every soul, when it has once penetrated

the mask of material things, and discovered its own absolute independence, attains a pure gnosis, but may continue to exist though its end be gained, as a wheel may still roll after the impulse has left it. Thus illumined, however, it obtains a final and absolute liberation from life at the death of the material body; but of its former condition, whether any conscious or unconscious personality remain to it, nothing is said. As the Vedanta doctrine proceeds from the idea of abstract unity and substance, the Sankhya proceeds from the data of individual consciousness, from the antagonism of the individual soul and nature. The former declares the phenomena of this antagonism unreal and delusive; the latter denies an all-absorbing divinity. The goal of the soul, according to the one, is absorption into Brahma, and according to the other, escape from nature. In either case, the soul once free is subject to no further peril of existence. Beside these two principal systems, there are the Nyaya (logic), the atomistic Vaiçeshika, and the later Yuga, which aimed to unite with the Sankhya theory the idea of a creative Deity. The Nyaya, ascribed to Gautama, though it contains no account of the syllogism and is but a superficial code of ratiocination, has had an influence on all the schools of India corresponding to that of the *Organon* of Aristotle on western philosophy. The Vaiçeshika regards the universe as composed of eternal atoms, which it reduces to six categories, nine substances, twenty-four qualities and five movements. The Yuga is a system of mysticism, inculcating the union of the individual with the infinite soul in contemplative ecstasy. The whole Indian philosophy has in connection with its ontological doctrines a psychology of remarkable subtlety and obscurity. In no other country has the struggle between matter and spirit, sense and reason, been more strikingly characterized. Spirit and reason triumph, but only to extinguish every finite personality in one infinite life.—The basis of Chinese philosophy is the book of principles (Y-King, "Transformations") attributed to Fu-hi. The

lines which he is supposed to have inscribed on the back of a dragon are abstract categories of the ethical and physical worlds. A continuous straight line represents the heaven, and a broken line the earth, and their combination according to a numerical law explains all things. The senses thus triumph in the efforts of the reason, making a system of linear symbolism. In the sixth century B. C., Lao-tse and Confucius became the chiefs of opposite schools. The former, from the hypothesis of a primordial unity, explains the origin and destiny of beings by a scheme of pantheism; the latter, avoiding purely speculative questions as inaccessible to the reason, sought only a practical philosophy as a means of moral perfection. Pre-eminent among the disciples of Confucius was Mencius. His precepts were founded on no theory of virtue, and had no reference to a divine power. A school of Neo-Confucianism was formed about the tenth century, the founder of which was Tcheu-lien-ki, and the chief Tchu-hi, which treated specially of cosmology. An original principle, having both active and passive modes of being, and generating the five elements, fire, water, earth, wood, and metal, from which all things proceed, is the fundamental conception of the system. Man is the flower of creation, but though his soul returns to heaven after death, it loses its personality. The whole Chinese philosophy seems but the effort of a prosaic people to give a light-and-shadow sketch of the more palpable facts of heaven, earth and man.

The Persian dualism and the Hebrew monotheism belong to the history of religion rather than philosophy; and the wisdom of the Egyptians is known to us chiefly from its supposed influence on Greek speculation. In Greece first, says Hegel, was the light concentrated into the lightning of thought. The first problem of Greek philosophy was to explain the enigma of external nature, to account for the spectacle of the material universe, to solve the problem not of the soul but of the world. By an imperfect analysis some hypothetical element was attained, which by a hasty syn-

thesis was integrated into the principle of all things. The Ionic and the Italic schools, which on opposite sides of the Greek peninsula opened the series of Hellenic speculations, embodied this tendency. Thales of Miletus (about 600 B. C.), the first of the Ionic philosophers, made water the primal and universal principle, the fundamental agent in creation and movement. He thus conformed to the poetical tradition that "Oceanus is the father and Thetis the mother of things," but has the merit of advancing from a mythical to a scientific representation. His disciple Anaximander assumed as the original essence an ethereal principle, filling space, which by successive combinations constituted the universe. He seems only to have given a philosophical expression to the conception of chaos in the old cosmogonies. Anaximenes, the third of the Ionic sages, made air the original element, from which by rarefaction and condensation he derived all things. Thus water, an original chaotic matter, and air were the three substrata to which Ionic speculation attained as the ultimate principles of unity and goals of philosophy. The Italic school, represented by Pythagoras (540-510 B. C.), advanced from a sensuous to a symbolical principle. Number is made the essence of the mental and material universe. The occult relation of numbers is the key to philosophical attainments. The harmony of the universe and the music of the soul are the highest objects of knowledge and culture. Thus the relations and harmonies of existence take the place in Italic speculation which had been occupied by substance and cause in the Ionic. The latter, also, limited itself to physical nature, while the former reduced the moral and material worlds alike to a principle of rhythm. Another step in advance was taken by the Eleatics, who, transcending both a sensuous and a symbolical ultimate principle, conceived of one sole substance as the only true being, and pronounced the phenomenal world an empty appearance. An immutable and eternal principle of intelligence was thus attained. "One and all," was the

motto of Eleatic speculation. Its pantheistic character, incompletely developed in Xenophanes, who conceived of the Deity as symbolized by a sphere, was perfected by Parmenides (460 B. C.), who represented the absolute being as affected by love, yet without relation to space or time, divisibility or movement, and who therefore could not account for the phenomena of multiplicity and change. Melissus and Zeno continued this tendency, and in the interest of pure being sacrificed nature and all finite existence. The transition from abstract to concrete being, from the Eleatic principle of unity to the world of phenomena, was attempted by Heraclitus (about 520 B. C.). "Every thing flows," was his motto, and he thus introduced a principle akin to the German conception of becoming (*werden*). An original energy was substituted for the Ionic original matter and for the Eleatic universal but abstract being. The flux, which constitutes the world, is the product of conflicting opposites, of the One warring with itself and harmonizing with itself, like the accord of the bow and the viol. An all pervading fire is the principle of formation and dissolution. The attempt to account for perpetual flow and movement gave rise to new theories of the origin and principles of nature by Empedocles (440 B. C.) and the atomists. The former, a thaumaturgic naturalist, originated the theory of the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water, which dwelt together by the principle of friendship, till strife broke their union, and occasioned the formation of the world. Thus in connection with the elements he introduced two moving powers, combining the love of Parmenides with the conflict of Heraclitus. The soul he regarded as formed from the four elements, and having its seat chiefly in the blood. Leucippus and Democritus (about 400 B. C.), who represent the atomic philosophy, supplanted the four elements by an unlimited number of constituent atoms as the ground of things, and the moving energies of love and conflict by unconscious necessity. Atoms, of like quality but unlike form,

moving eternally in a vacuum by an absolute law, constitute the universe. According to Democritus, the soul consists of globular atoms of fire, and thought is derived from impressions on the senses by images that emanate from external objects. "Parmenides, Heraclitus, and the atomists," says Hegel, "all sought for the abstract universal. Parmenides found it in being; Heraclitus in the process of being *per se*; and the atomists in the determination of being *per se*." The atomic system was more complete than any that preceded it, and may be called the perfection of a purely mechanical explanation of nature, since all subsequent atomists have only repeated its fundamental conceptions. Anaxagoras (born about 500 B. C.) rose above any materialistic philosophy of nature, and recognized by the side of matter a superior world-forming intelligence, working freely and by design. "When," says Aristotle, "he announced that in nature, as in men, there was a mind causing the arrangement and order of the universe, he seemed alone to have preserved his reason amid the follies of his predecessors." He rather postulated than developed the doctrine of mind as the superior and vital energy of nature; and Plato therefore complains that he gave a mechanical instead of a truly theological view of the origin of being, introducing only a *deus ex machina* to explain effects for which no other causes appear. Yet a spiritual principle, apart from matter, was now attained as the result of the effort to conceive how the cosmos began and continued to move. A breach was thus effected between the subjective and the objective; the soul no longer sought the truth abroad, but in itself; and the sophists were able by subjective dialectics to deny objective reality. Though the sophists were, according to Grote, a profession of teachers and not a sect of theorists, and though they had no body of common doctrines, yet the general tendency of their speculations was sceptical. With the motto of Protagoras that "man is the measure of all things," they developed the principle of subjectivity to the destruction of

the authority of custom, law, and religion, the validity of reason, and any solid foundation of truth. While they tended to overthrow the whole edifice of thought which had been thus far built up, Socrates (470-399 B. C.) created a new epoch in philosophy by directing observation on man himself for the purpose not of denial but of affirmation. The subjectivity which they regarded as empirical he made absolute; and henceforward the study of mind became the prime and central object to philosophy. He availed himself of self-consciousness to establish, as they had done to destroy, a true objective world. Hegel has remarked that in pronouncing Socrates the wisest of men the Pythia virtually abdicated; from that time oracles for the conveyance of truth from without should be silent before the power of inward reflection. Confining his study to human as distinguished from divine affairs, he sought to establish the notions of moral and religious obligation, and left the single positive doctrine that virtue is knowledge or wisdom, a foundation stone in the scientific treatment of ethics. He gave to philosophy definition and induction as its method, self-knowledge as its point of departure, and moral perfection as its goal. His partial disciples were Antisthenes and the cynics, Aristippus and the Cyrenians, and Euclid and the Megarians. Each of these adopted from him the principle that all men should have one supreme aim after an ideal perfection. The cynics sought after a life according to nature, in contempt of customs, arts, sciences, and even personal wants; the Cyrenians made it the chief end of man to follow the instinct of pleasure, making present enjoyment the test of wisdom and virtue; and the Megarians applied Eleatic dialectics to ethics. These schools prepared the way respectively for Epicureanism, stoicism, and scepticism. The interpreter of the Socratic philosophy, the first who attained to a systematic representation of the world of ideas, was Plato (430-347 B. C.). Beginning with the soul, as an independent existence, he distinguishes in it two components,

the divine and the mortal, the reason and the appetites, which are united by an intermediate link, the heart (*θυμος*) or generous sentiments. The activity of the soul culminates in the pure thought of the reason. To explain its connection with matter, he refers to its origin. In the beginning, in the choir of gods, it moved happily around the divine essence, in the contemplation of which it delighted. Misled and fallen, it lost its wings, and is confined in the body as a place of expiation. Still, amid the miseries of the present life, it sometimes recalls dim reminiscences of its former state, of the truth and melody in which it then lived. All philosophy is reminiscence. The earth is as a cavern open on one side to the light, in which the prisoners only see the shadows and hear the echoes of the voices of the persons without. The luminous external region is the region of ideas. By purification and discipline man rises through opinion, belief, and rational knowledge to that pure intuition which introduces to this higher realm. The culture of the sciences, of geometry, astronomy, and music, is preliminary to dialectics, whose function is to distinguish what is phenomenal and accidental in things from what is essential, permanent, and ideal. It thus grasps beneath the current of phenomena the types which are eternal. The highest idea, and the ground of all other ideas, is that of the good, at once moral and metaphysical, which is the goal of thought, as the idea of the beautiful is the goal of love. The Deity is the architect of the world, which He has fashioned in His likeness, making it an organism of order and beauty. Man, also, should aspire after resemblance to God, and should reflect the divine ideas in his own works. In a polytheistic age and country, Plato adored a paternal Providence; while his contemporaries wasted their energies in the sterile contemplation of phenomena, he revealed divine types; amid thinkers who were certain of nothing, he was the preacher of immortal being. His theories have reappeared in special power whenever the human mind has

risen from repose or from errors to advance to a higher stadium in its progress.

While Plato esteemed only abstract types, Aristotle laid stress on concrete individualities, assailed the theory of ideas as baseless and fantastic, and proposed instead the theory of causes. He recognized four metaphysical causes or principles, matter, form, motive power, and end, which all resolve themselves into the fundamental antithesis of matter and form. The form, which is life, being added to matter, to which also is ascribed an element of desire, transforms potentiality into actuality; thus a statue results from matter in the quarry and form in the mind of the artist, and nature is but an evolution of the forms of divine intelligence. These forms, unlike the Platonic ideas, are not accomplished, self-subsistent, and permanent entities, but constitute at once an eternal energy or entelechy and its eternal product. The actual does not follow but coincides with the potential; the form or essence of nature is nothing else than the way to nature, its realizing activity and also its proper end. The ideal and real elements which Plato had set apart were thus closely bound together. Forms, as motive principles pervading the universe, have their source in God the first mover, who is being in perfect activity, and bears nothing in himself which is merely potential. As Platonism culminated in the conception of ideas, Aristotelianism culminated in that of motion, energy, or life, working in all things, and the ground of their existence and development. Reality belongs only to particulars; complete knowledge requires complete experience; but all possible determinations of being are contained in ten categories, their relation to which may be discovered by syllogistic reasoning. The Aristotelian system of logic was scarcely improved until the present century. The systems of Plato and Aristotle are illustrious examples of the ideal and real, or *a priori* and *a posteriori* schools, which have existed in every age of speculation.—The decline of the Greek spirit and civilization was marked by

three systems of philosophy, conceived with indifference to speculative truth. The scepticism of Pyrrho denied the possibility of certitude concerning any thing objective, and proposed a thoughtless and aimless acquiescence in the impulses of nature as the law of life. His system was maintained by the leaders of the new academy, Arcesilaus and Carneades, and anticipated the absolute doubt of Ænesidemus and Sextus Empiricus. Epicurus proposed as the goal of philosophy a scheme of morals that should inevitably lead to happiness. The aim of his physics was to rid mankind of the terrors that come from belief in God and immortality, and the aim of his logic was to banish the troubles that come from error. The universe is an aggregation of atoms, moving by chance; the soul terminates with death; and in a remote space the gods lead a changeless, careless life, ignoring all management of affairs. Plutarch reproached this system with total sterility of great men and great actions. Stoicism, on the contrary, was recommended by its heroes. Founded by Zeno, and developed by Cleanthes and Chrysippus, it sought to establish a discipline of virtue in an age of degeneracy. Assuming that all the materials of knowledge are furnished by sense, it maintained that assent or the free exercise of reason is also required to constitute opinion, and thus proposed a subjective criterion of truth. Nature is composed of passive matter and active ruling reason, and to live harmoniously with nature or conformably to reason is the moral law. Intellectual or rational existence is thus alone recognized; passions, pleasures, and pains are to be ignored and despised.—The Romans, to whom the results of the Greek schools were made known by Cicero, originated nothing in the progress of philosophy. Epicureanism was represented among them by Lucretius, and stoicism by Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, but neither acquired new speculative elements: the former inspired the lower, and the latter, which was an anticipation of the national genius, inspired the higher qualities of Roman life.

Seeking only a rule of conduct and government, excelling only in the arts of legislation, they aimed to apply rather than discover principles, and borrowed the ideas not only of Greece, but also, through the Ptolemies and Seleucidæ, of Egypt and Asia.—In Alexandria, where the Orient and the Occident, and the three great religions, Judaism, Christianity, and paganism, came into contact, the genius of antiquity made its last efforts in philosophy. The leading systems had degenerated into matters of tradition and erudition, when the Alexandrian Neo-Platonic school sought to combine in opposition to Christianity the most brilliant elements of classical and oriental speculation. Hellenic ideas were mingled with a vague symbolism, with theories of ecstasy and divine union, and with the chimeras of theurgy. The result was at once a philosophy and a religion, an original creation and an eclectic *résumé*. Founded by Ammonius, it continued nearly four centuries, till with the death of Proclus, in A. D. 485, the golden chain of the Platonic succession was finally broken. Its chief thinker was Plotinus, whose writings contain the germs of the whole doctrine ascribed to Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato, and who was a Platonist in method, a mystic in temper, and a pantheist in his results. He was succeeded by Porphyry and Iamblichus, who sought from polytheism and demonology magical powers and religious inspiration for the revival of philosophy, and who made the school the centre and representative of paganism on the eve of the conversion of Constantine. The fruitless career of Julian, the fate of Hypatia, the vigorous controversies of the fathers of the church while the philosophers occupied themselves with commentaries, had proved their cause to be desperate, when Proclus made the last protest against the triumphing religion. Philosophy had now transferred its seat to Athens. He was a type of the luxury of mysticism, and amid the severest asceticism, while insensible to outward impression, avowed that his imagination enjoyed all the delights of sense. His system, like that of Plotinus, confounds

man and God, matter and spirit, nature and the creator. He admitted and admired an original and perfect unity, but declared it superior to existence, and separated it from reality and life, reducing it to an abstract conception. The origin of the world he explained by hypostases distinct from this supreme principle. The most eloquent of hierophants, rather than a philosopher, he has been called the pontiff of all religions, and, excepting the Christian, he sang the praises of all gods. Greek philosophy terminates with the closing of the schools of Athens by Justinian in 529.—The period of the scholastic or mediæval philosophy has been called an interregnum in the history of the human mind, when faith occupied the throne of reason. Two distinct currents run throughout scholasticism: the one, rigorously logical, derived from Aristotle and Boëthius; the other, wholly mystical, derived from the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria and Athens through Scotus Erigena and Averroes. In religious and social influence, in general dominance over the habits of thought and life, mysticism was the leading element in the Middle Ages. After the closing of the schools of Athens by Justinian, and the dispersion of the philosophers, Arabia and France became the centres of philosophical speculation. Philoponus, Damas, and other peripatetic Christians presided over the intellectual development of the Arabians, and interpreted to them the writings of Aristotle. The patronage of the caliphs Haroun al Rashid and Almamoun, about the time of Charlemagne, made the Arabians pre-eminent for scientific studies. As learned Aristotelian logicians Alkindi (800) and Alfarabi (died in 954) excelled. Al Ashari and his disciples sought to solve the problem of evil by the synergy of the divine and human wills. Avicenna is the principal representative of the physical speculations of the Arabians. Applying to the universe the forms of logic and metaphysics, he developed a fantastic system founded on a sort of alchemistic mysticism. Certain material abstractions were made the principles which by com-

bination and by clothing themselves with accidents evolved the physical world. Algazzali, an absolute sceptic, and also one of the most zealous Mussulman theologians, denied the foundation of all philosophical systems whatsoever, and affirmed that the revelation of the Koran was the only resource against universal doubt. All of these reproduced peripateticism in different phases, but the oriental mystical tendency prevailed in other thinkers. Thophail of Cordova wrote a romance entitled the "Man of Nature," the hero of which rises through many degrees of contemplation to a union with the Deity. Averroes explained the origin of things by the doctrine of emanation, each object developing its form from an inward germ, and distinguished in the soul the active and the passive intellect, the former of which knows universal truths and is a common substance in all men, and the latter deals with material phenomena and is a special substance in each man. Thought is a product from the union of these two faculties. Theology he regarded as an expression of relative truth, of vulgar beliefs, while to philosophy alone belonged the province of absolute truth. Some of his doctrines were developed by his disciple, the Jew Maimonides. The Mussulman theologians declared that the philosophic schools were of fatal injury to religion, and the philosophers maintained against all the sects the eternity of matter and the limitation of the divine knowledge to the general laws of the universe. The speculations of Arabian scholars transmitted the forms of the Aristotelian logic, with which Christianity next came in contact after its conflict with Neo-Platonism. Scholasticism, a philosophy of dogmas, resulted from this synergy of faith and reason, and dominance of the former. Its elements were doctrines which the authority of the church made indisputable, and which were esteemed absolute truth; its aim was to interpret, not primarily man or nature, but the creed, to give to the contents of revelation a scientific form; and its method consisted in drawing inferences from acknowledged state-

ments, and accumulating distinctions concerning words. Propositions were substituted for the *a priori* numbers, ideas, and forms of ancient philosophy, and syllogistic reasoning, founded on them as premises, became the only instrument for the discovery of truth. The facts of nature were overlooked in the development of an artificial logical scheme, and Roger Bacon alone seems to have regarded experiment, even in physics, as fit to precede and guide rather than to follow and illustrate theories. The objective world had lost its dominance in philosophy with the decay of the Hellenic life, the mind was turned back upon itself, and the problem of being was raised under the form of questions concerning the nature of our ideas of universals and individuals. The first period of scholasticism, from the ninth to the eleventh century, represented by Erigena and Anselm, displays a blind but absolute realism, holding to the objective reality of generic ideas. Erigena by his unrivalled erudition, which is supposed to have included an acquaintance with Indian speculations, gave the impulse, and Anselm by his motto, *Credo ut intelligam*, gave the direction, to philosophical thought. The latter first proposed theological proof of the divine existence, founded on our idea of infinite perfection, which was afterward revived by Descartes. In the second scholastic period, extending to the thirteenth century, Roscelinus combated Anselm by ascribing to every generic or universal idea only a verbal reality, affirming it to be a vain abstraction of the mind, and thus introduced the controversy between the nominalists and realists, which Abelard sought to reconcile by the doctrine of conceptualism. Hugh and Richard de St. Victor and St. Bernard indicated a mystical tendency, a reaction against the reigning dialectics, while Peter Lombard, the "master of sentences," appealed to positive studies, collecting extracts from the church fathers without attempting to solve difficulties, and John of Salisbury ridiculed the current abuses of logic. The classical period of scholasticism was the thir-

teenth and fourteenth centuries in which flourished its two greatest masters, the Dominican Thomas Aquinas and the Franciscan Duns Scotus, in which realism was triumphant, and in which the Arabico-Aristotelian system was completed. The entire works of Aristotle were now first introduced from Constantinople. In discussions whether universals existed *in posse* or *in esse*, and concerning human liberty and the grounds of virtue, the Thomists exalted the understanding as the highest principle of the mind, and the Scotists exalted the will or the power of determining universals to particulars. To this period belong Alexander of Hales, Albertus Magnus, and the mystic Bonaventura. Nominalism was revived by Occam, and by distinguishing thought from being, and separating the theoretical from the practical, its effect was to give to philosophy a wider range and freer spirit. Amid the discussions of this later period of scholasticism, Raymond Lully cultivated a cabalistic natural science, under the forms of a mechanical logic, and Tauler and Gerson took refuge from the disputes of the schools in religious mysticism. The fruitlessness of the scholastic method as a means of discovery, and its inability to contain and systematize the growing knowledge of physical and historical facts, was the occasion of its overthrow. The transition to modern philosophy is marked by three classes of reformers, with respectively ideal, empirical, and mystical tendencies. To the first belong Ficino, who revived Platonism at Florence, Ramus, an able and violent opponent of the Aristotelian logic, and Giordano Bruno, the most interesting thinker of his age, who with the genius of a poet and wit as well as philosopher reproduced the Alexandrian pantheism. To the second belong Telesius, who maintained that heat and cold are the only immaterial and active principles; Pomponatius, and especially Campanella, who with mingled irony and seriousness aspired to reform every art and science, and to give to them a foundation in metaphysics. To the third belong Agrippa, Paracelsus, Van Hel-

mont, Cardan, and Robert Fludd, who advanced experimental knowledge by alchemistic researches. Most of these precursors of a new philosophical era were remarkable for their passionate and adventurous characters and their profound enthusiasm for the wonders and secrets of nature.

Modern philosophy is related to that of the Middle Ages as the Greek philosophy was to that of the Orient. The Oriental abstract divinities of nature-worship were succeeded in Greece by the culture of individual humanity, and the fantastic conceptions of mediæval metaphysics were finally supplanted by a vigorous observation of mental processes. Modern philosophy begins with doubt, doubt so complete that nothing remains certain but the doubt itself or the energy of conscious thought. Two systems result, empiricism and idealism, according as the objective world or the thinking subject, experience or consciousness, be advanced as the test of certainty. Bacon and Descartes stand at the head of these systems, the development of which in a double line was the task of philosophy till the time of Kant. Francis Bacon, the greatest philosopher of England, holds the same relation to empiricism that Descartes holds to dogmatic idealism and Kant to the developments of the critical school. In an age of physical discovery, he proclaimed that the intellectual world like the material world should be advanced beyond its former boundaries, and that discovery, by which alone knowledge is increased, should be reduced to a method instead of being left to chance. This method is induction, the key of natural philosophy, which from a comparison of similar instances ascertains the essential conditions of phenomena, and thus derives axioms from experiments. He treated human knowledge not as a science, but as an art, whose object is to extend and establish the dominion of man by the application of physical forces to human purposes. There is no such application without discovery, no discovery without philosophy or an acquaintance with the laws of things, no philosophy without natural science,

no natural science without an interpretation of nature; and this can be accomplished only according to the measure of our experience. Nature, he maintained, had previously been anticipated instead of interpreted; conceptions and judgments had preceded actual experience; and science had, therefore, remained occupied with sterile speculations. These anticipations of the mind he names idols, the *ignes fatui* of science, which should forever be discarded. He thus substituted nature and observation for ideas and logic; made utility instead of theory the object of research; opposed efficient to final causes, and individual things to generic notions; and denied everything that would render an interpretation of nature teleological, idealistic, or abstract. Throughout his writings, experience is taken for granted; the first question of all philosophy as to how we know, and whether we can know anything, was not asked by him. He gave a new direction to thought, but he neither created nor aimed after a definite philosophical system. The empiricism which he founded was heightened in its sensualistic and nominalistic tendencies as it logically advanced, and at last resolved itself into scepticism. According to him, all the sciences, even morals, politics, and religion, were to be founded on natural science, which was thus made the basis of the whole moral world. The development of this view, the derivation of moral and civil order from the natural state of man, was the task of Hobbes, the politician of the Baconian philosophy. To gather discovery from experience was the goal of Bacon. Locke began with inquiry as to the nature of experience, and how it can be attained by the human mind. The problem of knowledge was thus raised by him. Bacon had affirmed that to think correctly we must first get rid of all preconceived notions; and Locke compared the human mind prior to experience to a *tabula rasa*, perfectly void of ideas. From original emptiness nothing can proceed, and human culture therefore arises from external influences. We perceive outward objects, according to Locke, by sen-

sation, and the consequent action of our own mind by reflection. No idea is possible unto us except through these two sources. We can therefore perceive only the outward qualities, never the intrinsic nature or substance of things, and can affirm the objectivity only of the primary qualities of bodies, as form, number, hardness, and softness, and of the casual connection of phenomena. Though not always logically consistent, his empiricism was rigidly carried out by his successors, and both parts of the residue of human knowledge which he had aimed to secure were, one after the other, abandoned. Berkeley denied the primary qualities, and Hume the principle of causality. Though the philosophy of Berkeley bears the name of idealism, it belongs to the family of sensationalism, and has no resemblance to Platonic speculations. He agreed with his predecessors that we perceive not things in themselves, but only their copies in the mind; but he differed from them by affirming that there are no real originals behind the copies, that all seemingly objective qualities are mental phenomena. Nothing exists but our perceptions or ideas, and thus nature is resolved into a creature of the human mind, and all human knowledge into an empirical self-knowledge. He gave a religious character to his theory, and exhibited in one respect an affinity with Malebranche, by affirming that the Deity originates our perceptions, which are the data to lead us to Him. The negative tendency of English philosophy culminated in Hume. He agreed with Bacon that all our knowledge is experimental; with Locke, that all experience is sensational; and with Berkeley, that sensuous perceptions imply no objective reality. The relation between objects is as unreal as the objects themselves, since the idea of causality is founded on a belief that a certain antecedent has a certain consequent, this belief on feeling, this feeling on a habit, which is itself nothing but an oft repeated experience. Thus even within the region of phenomena, to which knowledge is limited, there is no perfect certainty, but

only habit or probability. Experience, which Bacon had presupposed and accepted as the instrument of philosophy, is thus brought into the foreground as its problematic object. The effort to explain it introduced a new epoch in speculation when philosophy passed from dogmatism to criticism, and sought in the transcendental or pure faculties of the human mind the powers which constitute the essence of humanity, and which precede and legitimate experience.—The philosophy of Descartes begins with methodical doubt, to which only one thing remained certain, viz., the certainty of thought. No one before him had so distinctly separated the human consciousness from matter, making them independent of and foreign to each other. He rendered the service of conquering nature, so that it remained a problem of thought, but was no longer a power in the mind. The basis of his system is the dualism and antagonism of spirit and matter, of subject and object. The *Cogito, ergo sum* forms a subjective dogmatic circle, around which lies the objective realm of phenomena. These two finite substances constitute the actual world. They are opposed, and mutually exclude each other, and no direct union of them is possible. Yet man is the synthesis of the two, and knowledge is the penetration of thought into nature. Only as the spiritual and natural combine can human life be conceived of. To explain the problem at once of this antagonism and this union, Descartes introduces the absolute substance of God as the copula between spirit and matter. Our idea of an infinite substance, a perfect being, could not be derived from finite thought; it therefore implies and represents an external existence; it is a divine datum in us, an innate idea, a mark left by God upon his work, like the monogram of an artist upon his production. With this idea the mind ceases to be certain of itself exclusively, and gains the possibility and principle of objective knowledge. The monologue of subjectivity terminates when the sun of the infinite rises on our thought and il-

lumines the universe. By the consideration of the divine attributes we determine the truth of outward things. The test of certainty concerning objects is that our ideas of them be clear and distinct, because such ideas are innate, implanted by God. Nothing is true in nature which may not be definitely grasped by thought. The theories developed by Descartes in physics have been overthrown by the progress of science. His metaphysical system was ineffectively opposed by the Epicureanism of Gassendi, and was modified by Geulincx and Malebranche. Both the latter admitted the antagonism of the two substances, and the impossibility of their union. Yet it is an indisputable though inexplicable fact that they are determined by each other, that the will moves the body and sensation affects the mind. This fact is, according to Geulincx, the miraculous work of God, who employs the will and the object of sensation as occasions of his own agency. The Deity is the actual cause of all mental and physical phenomena. His theory therefore bears the name of occasionalism. Malebranche also conceived that the antagonism is overcome only in God, but omitting the notion of miracle he tended to blend the infinite and the finite spirit, and regarded all human knowledge as a divine act. We see all things only in the Deity. The three substances which had formed eccentric spheres in the Cartesian system became concentric in that of Malebranche. A more important successor of Descartes was Spinoza. He remarked that in Cartesianism the absolute substance always remained in the background, and had been introduced as a theological resource, a *deus ex machina*, to solve a difficulty that presented itself in philosophy. The two finite substances were the actual heroes in the drama of the world. The scheme of Spinoza reduces the three Cartesian substances to unity, to one infinite original substance, the ground of all things, that excludes from itself all negation or determination, and is named God or Nature. To this belong an infinite num-

ber of attributes, of which two only are known to us, thought and extension. Modes are the changing forms of these attributes. To regard finite things as distinct individualities is the mistake of our imagination; the reason contemplates them only as the *natura naturata* in which the *natura naturans* is revealed. This scheme is ontological, developed from *a priori* axioms, and is the most elaborate of all systems of pantheism. While Spinoza escaped from the dualism of Descartes by affirming that there is but one substance, of which all things are modes, Leibnitz increased to infinitude the number of substances. The universe is an aggregate of intelligent, self-active, immaterial points, which he calls monads, and which combine as elements to form every thing. They are unlike each other, but each follows the law of its own being, and cannot be affected by any thing external to itself. The soul therefore cannot work upon the body, and the relation between them is due to a pre-established harmony, God having so constituted them in the beginning that they operate in perfect concord though independently. Our mental ideas proceed *pari passu* with external realities, though they have no connection with each other. God is the *monas monadum*, the sufficient cause of the universe, which is the best one of an infinitude of possible worlds that were contemplated by the divine intelligence. The theories of Leibnitz were systematized by Wolf, and from his time to Kant German philosophy assumed no new standpoint. In psychology Leibnitz prepared for Kant by seeking the distinction between necessary and contingent truths, maintaining that, though no ideas are innate, the mind by its own energies, apart from experience, generates necessary truths according to innate principles. The speculations of Jonathan Edwards, the greatest metaphysician of America, chiefly on the theological and ethical bearings of philosophy, belong to the school of Descartes and Leibnitz.—Meantime the empirical tendency of Bacon and Locke was developed in France and opposed in Scot-

land. Condillac reduced Locke's two sources of knowledge to one, regarded all ideas as transformed sensations, and made metaphysics, as Destutt de Tracy admits, a branch of zoology. His system triumphed over Cartesianism not so much by favoring observation of facts instead of deduction from ideas as by linking itself with social and ecclesiastical reforms, occupying itself with natural and public law, and encouraging abstract justice and right in political organizations. Helvetius, the moralist of sensationalism, esteemed self-love the only motive of human action. The tendency culminated in the reckless materialism and atheism of La Mettrie and D'Holbach, who deemed every thing spiritual an illusion and physical pleasure the only worthy object. In Scotland Reid undertook the refutation of Berkeley and Hume, by denying the hypothesis of representative ideas and affirming the authority of common sense. His negation at least called attention to abuses of language, and overthrew any meaning of idea in the sense of an intermediate image between the object and the mind in the act of perception. His affirmation has remained with modifications the peculiarity of the Scotch school. By common sense he means a kind of intellectual instinct. We believe by the very constitution of the mind in connection with every sensation in the existence of some external object as immediately and certainly as in our own existence. The sensation implies the object, and we require no proof to justify the testimony of our faculties. He applied the Baconian method to the mind, and by his analysis of the phenomena of perception gave a new prominence to psychology in metaphysical researches. In connection with empirical truths he maintained the existence of necessary and spontaneous judgments, laws of mind, instinctive principles, *a priori* intuitions, truths of common sense, which are not derived from experience, and which are the data of speculative philosophy. A more complete analysis of these fundamental laws or constituent elements of human reason was made

by Dugald Stewart, who illustrated the system with peculiar beauty of style; but neither he nor his successor Dr. Brown removed the characteristic difficulty of the school to determine what mental phenomena are native and *a priori* and what adventitious and contingent. The Scotch philosophy was reproduced in America, with some modifications, by Prof. Upham.—Thus modern philosophy had culminated in the formal rationalism of Wolf in Germany, the materialism and scepticism of Condillac and Hume in England and France, and the protest in the name of ill-defined principles of common sense in Scotland. Kant now discovered the critical point of view, and took the same position with reference to experience and knowledge that had been taken by Bacon with reference to nature. Analyzing the phenomena of experience, he sought the powers or faculties which constitute it, the conditions which as necessary functions precede it, and which he called transcendental. He did not, like the followers of Descartes, presuppose knowledge in innate ideas, nor like the sensationalists presuppose experience in mental impressions, but aimed after the knowledge-forming faculties which precede all knowledge, and which make physics, mathematics, and metaphysics possible. The results of his critical examination were: that our intellectual nature is the product of three factors, sense, understanding, and reason; that all the material of our knowledge is furnished through sense in a formless mass; that the understanding reduces this material to shape and distinctness, to the unity of a notion, in accordance with its twelve categories, the matter of experience thus filling the form of conception; and that the reason, which rises above finite notions, and has no reference to objects, finds the unconditioned principles, the pure ideas, for the conditioned knowledge of the understanding. Now, as the objective world is known to us only in the form into which it is transmuted by the categories of the understanding, as our knowledge of things is thus purely subjective, as even the ideas

of the reason are only our own modes of thinking, therefore ontology is scientifically impossible. Kant saves himself from pure subjective idealism only by retreat to his practical philosophy. Consciousness reveals to us the autonomy of the will, expressing itself in the supremacy of conscience, which is the categorical imperative. This moral nature implies freedom as its necessary condition; the existence of a God, as otherwise there would be a law without a law-giver or judge; and the immortality of the soul, for the completion of our moral existence. The practical reason affirms the reality of these things, not as theoretical dogmas, but as the necessary postulates and premises of our moral constitution and action. They lie beyond the bounds of actual science, but are the undemonstrable certainties of a rational faith. The ablest opponent of the Kantian philosophy, Jacobi, took the standpoint of faith in opposition to that of criticism in order to give theoretic certainty to the postulates of the practical reason. The absolute, which is unattainable by the reason, may be grasped by feeling, the *salto mortale* of the mind, which gives immediate knowledge requiring no other evidence. In his later writings he identified faith or intuition with the Kantian reason, claiming for the latter the faculty of objective knowledge. Fichte, the direct successor of Kant, introduced the philosophy of the absolute, proposing a single principle in opposition to the Kantian dualism of mind and the postulated objective world. All that is immediately true to us is our sensations, perceptions, and ideas, the phenomena of consciousness; and he therefore made self or the Ego the absolute principle, which by its own development becomes the universe, nature, and man, and appears as a spectacle unto itself. The individual consciousness is the manifestation of this absolute Ego, the phenomenal shadow of an ultimate reality, which is our essential self. The world also is but the sensized material of our practical life, the means by which we place before us, as object, the

aim and end of our existence. Nothing exists but a certain subjective activity, of which the universe is the apparent reflex, and God the ideal or law. Thus Fichte consummated the subjective idealistic tendency. "We know nothing," says he, "but by consciousness; consciousness is but a phenomenon; the images present to us are formed of images and by images; all reality is changed into a wondrous dream, without a life to dream of and without a mind to dream, a dream composed of a dream of itself. Perception is a dream; thought is the dream of that dream." The speculative result is thus nihilism, but by his practical philosophy he postulated on the authority of faith the existence of God as the moral order of the world, and defined duty as the fulfilment of individual destiny, and destiny as the realization by humanity of the absolute Ego, of the ideal standard of reason. In his later system he approached the principle of identity, regarding the world and consciousness as both alike the image and impress of the divine life. This principle was fully developed by Schelling, who proposed an infinite, self-existent, self-unfolding mind, from which every thing else is developed, as the only absolute reality, forming of itself the real essence of the universe. Spirit and matter are in it identical. According to Fichte, the object is created by the subject; according to Schelling, both object and subject are emanations of the absolute, which works by a blind impulse in nature, comes to self-consciousness in mind, and is evolved by the necessary law or rhythm of its being through the whole material and mental universe. Every mind is a reflection and exemplar of the infinite mind; and therefore by gazing inwardly on our own mental processes we may learn the principle or process of the divine development. The organ of philosophy is an ecstatic intellectual intuition, superior to the laws of consciousness, which immediately knows the absolute, and to which subject and object are indifferent. By this intuition the mind becomes absolute and identical with the Deity; the

process of thinking is therefore the same as that of creating; thought and being are one; and our logical deductions are formulas of development in all the forms and regions of creation. The world is thus autonomic, presenting only individualizations of a common principle. The subjective idealism of Fichte, and the objective idealism of Schelling, were succeeded by the absolute idealism of Hegel. The absolute idea, logically and by its inherent energy developing itself through the forms of creation, and completing the circle of its activity in the rational self-consciousness of man, is the fundamental conception of Hegelianism. Logic is the basis of the system, the law of ideal evolution, the *a priori* science of the universe, the very substance of being. The world is visible logic. His absolute is neither the universal substance of Spinoza, nor the transcendental self of Fichte, nor the universal mind of Schelling, but it is the dialectical process or law of development. Nature is the idea externalizing itself, the transformation of abstractions into realities, and its aim is to raise itself to self-consciousness. "It is a dumb intelligence striving to articulate." Spirit is the idea having emancipated itself from nature, and waked to consciousness in man; and it is by this awaking that the universe, as such, is produced, since thought and existence are identical. The perfection of spirit is in revealed religion or absolute philosophy, in which the conscious idea attains to universality, and reproduces from itself the whole natural and intellectual universe. The atomic metaphysics of Herbart, the mysticism of Baader, the scheme of Trendelenburg, founded on the idea of individualism and personal destiny, and the pantheism of Kuno Fischer, are the more important of the minor German systems. The transcendental philosophy, unable to attain to the absolute through the consciousness, was obliged in each of its forms to assume the existence of a principle superior to consciousness. Some strict psychologists have therefore charged it with resting upon and describing purely imag-

inary and impossible mental operations. Its earlier results were made known and discussed in England by Coleridge and in America by James Marsh.—The reaction against sensationalism in France, which under the name of ideology reached its last results in the physiological psychology of Cabanis, the ethics of Volney, and the logical deductions of Destutt de Tracy, began with the admission by Laromiguière of an active as well as passive element in the mind in perception, with the adoption of the Scotch philosophy by Royer-Collard, and with the stress laid on the power of the will by Maine de Biran. Cousin succeeded with the system of eclecticism. The results of all philosophical research, according to him, had been either sensationalism, idealism, skepticism, or mysticism, each of which contains a truth in excess. The eclectic method proposed to disengage the truth from each of them, and to combine these elements in a system which should be a harmonious expression of complete truth. The capital questions had been profoundly and repeatedly explored; all that remained to be done was to conciliate the results. The criterion of truth is the impersonal and divine reason, in which all rational beings share, and which is the source and test of absolute ideas. Jouffroy and Damiron were the principal followers of Cousin. Meantime an ecclesiastical and traditional tendency in philosophy was illustrated by De Maistre, Lamennais, and Bonald, whose aim was to substitute faith for knowledge and authority for investigation. Man as an individual, according to Lamennais, has no criterion of truth; but the universal beliefs of the whole race, the authoritative traditions of all time, are to be accepted as a divine revelation. He sought, therefore, to prove that the Christian religion, either in its purity or in offshoots and counterfeits, had been universally recognized by the faith of mankind, and constitutes the only attainable system of truth. His later writings contain an ontological system akin to Neo-Platonism. Another tendency appeared in the socialistic

mystics St. Simon, Fourier, and Pierre Leroux. St. Simon aimed to extinguish individualism in social order, and maintained that true philosophy should be sought historically, that it existed in minds rather than in mind. From history and not psychology he derived his law of development, which was to be at once a system of religion, philosophy, and government. Fourier excelled in the analysis of the passions, which alone, according to him, constitute the real man, and inferred that the Newtonian principle of attraction was applicable to them, and might be made to harmonize social life. By the principle of universal analogy he proposed theosophic doctrines of cosmogony and destiny beyond the possible scope of induction. Leroux regarded individual man as a mere abstraction, the whole of humanity as the only real existence, tradition as the source and organic social life as the object of philosophy.—A peculiar philosophical school has flourished in Italy during the present century, the representatives of which are Rosmini, Mamiani, and Gioberti. According to Rosmini, the starting point of all philosophical investigation, the apodictical element of all thought, the primitive and necessary intuition, is the idea of possible being. This idea, the first psychological fact, being associated with a perception of sense, the first ontological fact, loses its indeterminate character, and is transformed into knowledge. The former belongs to the domain of philosophy, the latter to that of physiology. The notion of time is the synthesis of the idea of possible being with that of the contingent duration of phenomena, and the notions of space, cause, and substance are similarly formed. Instead of seeking, like modern psychologists, his point of departure in the individual consciousness, he introduces an *a priori* element, a hypothesis anterior to all mental experience, as the abstract condition and foundation of thought, which has only to be developed and applied in connection with sensation to constitute all intellectual acts and a system of the universe. The aim of

Mamiani was to demonstrate a dogmatic philosophy, to prove the objective reality of ideas. Combining the *a priori* and the empirical methods, he made the criterion of truth an immediate intuition, which involves the assent of all the faculties. His principal merit is in the methodical arrangement of principles borrowed from all schools, and in directing attention to the natural laws which govern the applications of human thought. His character as a philosopher appears in his aspiration for the time "when, in the heart and mind, instinct, religion, and science shall become one and the same thing, when instinct shall be rational, philosophy profoundly religious, and religion perfect wisdom." Gioberti and Rosmini have been characterized as the Plato and Aristotle of modern Italy. The former developed what has been called a "philosophy militant," designed to reconstruct all modern science and society. Psychology he pronounces the essence of philosophical and religious heterodoxy, and the attempt to develop the universal from the contingent totally fruitless. He proclaims the intuition, not like Rosmini of possible being, but of real being, of the active Deity, as the absolute source of existence, and proposes the formula *L'ente crea esistenza* as the supreme formula by which every thing is explained. Real existence in the act of creation is the goal of thought alike in metaphysics, physics, ethics, æsthetics, and politics. Philosophy is founded on revelation and perpetuated by the church, which is the depositary of truth, and which creates civilization. The Italian school is remarkable for its *a priori* method and its respect for ecclesiastical and national tradition. —More influential at the present time than any other system since that of Hegel are the philosophy of the conditioned of Sir William Hamilton and the positive science of Auguste Comte. The former adheres to the traditions of the Scotch school by affirming that our consciousness in the act of perception makes us immediately cognizant of something external and extended. Our knowledge is con-

ditioned by our faculties; we have no faculty for comprehending the infinite and absolute; and all human philosophy, therefore, treats only of the relative and phenomenal. The whole matter of the absolute is declared to be *nihil cogitabile*, and is transferred from the province of philosophy to that of religion, from reason to faith. We can know only finite phenomena, but faith assures us of the unconditioned, though we cannot conceive it. That our faculties are inadequate, that several of the fundamental laws of thought are results of the imbecility of the mind and not positive affirmations of intelligence, is demonstrable; but faith forbids us to admit that the mind, though weak, is false. The positivism of Comte develops the negative, and denies the positive side of this composite system of science and faith. It affirms that we can know nothing but phenomena, their resemblances, coexistences, and successions; that psychology, the pretended self-contemplation of the mind, is an utter illusion, and objective facts alone can be observed; that the endeavor to penetrate into ontology is hopeless, the knowledge of essences and causes being beyond our possible scope. There are three eras of human development. In the first, theological hypotheses were proposed to explain phenomena; in the second, metaphysical hypotheses; but in the third the futility of both is perceived, and mankind, ceasing to make ontological inquiries, accepts all facts as mere phenomena, and classifies them by the relations of succession and similitude which they bear to each other. The perfection of positive science would be a complete view of all phenomena in their relations.

BEAUTY.

Beauty, the quality of objects which gives delight to the æsthetic faculty. It is found in nature, in scenery, sounds, and forms, and is produced in art, in poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture. To trace its development or manifestations would be to give a history of all the arts, and we purpose here only to treat the subject abstractly. From the time of Plato, beauty, truth, and goodness have been the categories which have occupied philosophy. Truth is the ideal or absolute in the domain of intellect, goodness in that of volition or action, and after centuries of earnest speculation, beauty has at length found its place as the ideal in the domain of sensibility. As æsthetics treats of the works of art which exhibit human passion, and of the law by which we love, pity, fear, sympathize, and wonder, so beauty, which is the theme of æsthetics, is the ultimate aim of the passions and sentiments. The divine purpose revealed to the intellect is truth, revealed in human life is virtue, and revealed to the heart is beauty.—In the philosophy of Plato, which contains the oldest important extant speculations on this subject, beauty is an archetypal idea proceeding from the infinite mind and imaged in material forms. It resides primarily in God and in the human soul, is a cardinal spiritual fact, and would remain a reality though matter were annihilated. Plato, indeed, affirmed the order of the universe to be a harmonious manifestation of beauty, yet he preferred to dwell upon and praise the idea, and proposed no theory of objective beauty, of the laws by which a beautiful idea becomes a beautiful object. Though he inaugurated the three categorical ideas, he yet did not nicely draw the distinction between our notions of

the beautiful and of the good. The enthusiastic disciple of Socrates, he made the moral element everywhere dominant in his philosophy, yet his mind was so sensitively æsthetic that he affirmed that only the spectacle of eternal beauty could give worth to this mortal life. Swayed by a twofold love, he refrained from dialectic severity. Wishing to make both beauty and goodness supreme, and unable to set either above the other, he blended them into one, and called them by a common name which embraced both the words beautiful and good.—Aristotle has treated the subject briefly and from an objective standpoint, and, unlike Plato, he links beauty not with goodness but with truth. According to him, that object is beautiful which is composed with such order and proportion that we can see its parts and embrace them all together. The same view was adopted and strikingly expressed by St. Augustine in his remark, that unity is the source of beauty, that that thing is beautiful whose central principle and organic relations we can perceive. Thus, as the Platonic theory made that beautiful which satisfies the moral nature, so the Aristotelian affirmed beauty only in that which satisfies the intellect.—The theory of Plato was cherished in the school of Alexandria, where Plotinus stated it in an admirable treatise. Material beauty, he says, is but the reflection of spiritual beauty. Mind alone is beautiful, and in loving the beautiful it loves only the shadows of itself. But the theory of Aristotle, adopted by St. Augustine, and subsequently by Boethius, was received by those of the schoolmen who speculated of beauty. The two greatest masters of the scholastic method were the Dominican Thomas Aquinas and the Franciscan Dun Scotus, and while the former of these and his disciples made intellect supreme, and the latter and his disciples made will supreme, there was found no third master to assert the claims of sentiment or beauty. Thus beauty, whose alliance, in ancient philosophy, had been sought by each of the other members of the triple sisterhood, was now forsaken and an

outcast.—Nor was the discussion renewed till long after the revival of letters.—In Italy, where the sternest people of antiquity have been succeeded by the most sensitive of modern nations, the modern culture of the beautiful took its rise; and its first fruits were the poems of Dante and Petrarch, and many paintings as well as poems before the end of the fifteenth century. The love of beauty seemed a national instinct, universal among the populace, patronized by the wealth of princes, encouraged by the learning of academies. Yet the criticism and speculation upon the subject went far behind the improvement in taste and the delight in art. Reflection among the Italians has never been able to rival the activity and power of their imagination, and though their country is the nursery of all that is best in painting, sculpture, and music, they have contributed little that is important to the philosophy of the beautiful.—In France the questions which occupied Cartesianism were foreign to æsthetics, and only minds of a second order in that great school gratified themselves with reproducing the traditions of antiquity, and feebly restating the theory of Aristotle and St. Augustine. Thus Crousaz made the beautiful to consist in five elements, order, regularity, proportion, unity, and variety, and André distinguished it into various degrees and sorts from the various combinations of these sources. The Père Buffier advanced the curious theory, which was afterward adopted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that beauty consists in mediocrity, and that things are beautiful just in proportion as they are ordinary and usual. Diderot, without the Platonic faith in the idea of beauty, and unable to discover a common quality in all beautiful objects, could affirm the existence of beauty neither in the mind of man nor in the material universe. With a mind of singular acuteness, which delighted in the discovery of relations, he strangely imagined this delight to be one of the pleasures of taste, and boldly proposed the theory that beauty consists in the idea of relation—that ob-

jects are beautiful in proportion as we can perceive their relations to many other objects. Marmontel advanced the opinion that an object is beautiful which makes us experience pleasure as we discover in it the power of its author, the abundance of resources which he had at command, and the intelligence which has presided over its formation. He thus confounded beauty with sublimity. Recent French philosophy, in its struggle against the materialism of the last century, has attended principally to questions of method and psychology, to logic, ethics, and theodicy, and has neglected or made only the most general observations upon the science of the beautiful. Jouffroy and Cousin have, however, introduced some of the results of foreign speculation.


In England, the Earl of Shaftesbury, an accomplished admirer of Plato, was the first to recall philosophy to the subject of beauty, and moralized elegantly and rapturously over the supreme good and the supreme beauty which he regarded as the same. In his ethical views he considered man endowed with a distinct moral sense for discriminating between virtue and vice, and a little later Hutcheson transferred this sense from the department of ethics to that of æsthetics, and suggested a peculiar inward faculty for the perception of beauty. In reference to objective beauty, Hutcheson repeated the theory of unity and variety. The waving line by which Hogarth sought to account for beauty, especially for female beauty, may be taken as an illustration of this view. The most arbitrary and unfortunate of all the English theories on the subject is that of Burke, who, having adopted a materialistic philosophy unnatural to his genius, sought the laws of beauty in the laws of organism and of the nervous system. Every thing which produces an extraordinary tension of the nerves causes a passion analogous to terror, and is consequently a source of the sublime; every thing, on the contrary, which produces a relaxation in the fibres is a beautiful object. Other philosophers have variously sought beauty in some

quality of external things or in some faculty of the soul, but Burke seeks it in the state of the body, making it a matter of the optic and auditory nerves and of animal fibre. The Scotch metaphysician, Reid, advanced what may be termed the symbolical theory of objective beauty. Starting with the Platonic view that objects are beautiful only because they express spiritual ideas, he maintained that moral beauty has certain material symbols. Thus a serpentine line is beautiful, not from any quality that it has in itself, but because it has relation to certain moral qualities, as, for instance, suppleness and gentleness. Alison accords with this view in denying any inherent beauty in objects, which, he affirms, become beautiful only as they become a source of pleasant emotions to us by association with our feelings. Thus beauty would depend upon the accident of what may be interesting to each one, and be as various and shifting as individual experience. Diderot made it intellectual, a matter of the relations it suggests; Alison makes it passionate, a matter of the emotions it awakens; both make it objectively unreal, and subjectively indeterminate. The theory of Alison has been, with unimportant modifications, adopted and illustrated by Dugald Stewart and Francis Jeffrey. The latest English æsthetic writer is Ruskin, who raises beauty out of the sphere of accident, and like Plato affirms it to be a manifestation of the thought of Deity. It marks the material universe which is a semblance of the divine attributes, and it marks human actions which are vital with the presence of God, being the felicitous performance of his will. Every beautiful object reveals the infinite, and has a unity within itself; it is in repose, but at the same time suggests a magnificent energy; it has about it the dignity of justice and purity, and the moral judgment enters largely into the perception of its beauty. Not finding beauty and goodness separated in objects, Ruskin is unwilling to distinguish them as ideas, denies the possibility of great success in art to wicked men, and makes

ideal beauty equally the aim of the religionist, the moralist, and the artist.—The first of the German thinkers upon the beautiful, and the most important writer on the subject since Plato, was Baumgarten, a disciple of Leibnitz and Wolf. While for ten centuries beauty had been tossed to and fro from matter to spirit and had been variously assigned to almost every quality in objects, and almost every habit of the soul, Baumgarten first fixed it firmly as that which appeals to human sensibility. The intellectual and the moral natures have their respective ideals, but the whole current of the sentiments and passions sets toward beauty. The intellect perceives with logical clearness, but there is another kind of perception, a *cognitio sensitiva*, which grasps beauty not at all by the understanding, not merely by the sense, but by the whole human sensitivity. The philosopher of Ægina, who, according to his own expression, heard the harmony of the celestial bodies, though only the sense of sight was addressed, is an illustration of the Baumgartenian perception of beauty. It is the unity, the combined result, of the variety furnished by the senses. The theory of Baumgarten became the foundation of the science of æsthetics, and was more fully developed by subsequent philosophers. Kant accurately defined the beautiful as that which is an object of pure disinterested satisfaction; he thus distinguished it from the agreeable and the good, in both of which we are interested, since we desire to possess the former and to realize the latter. He did not in his speculations on this subject pass the chasm which separates the subjective from the objective side of his philosophy, and did not enter on the question of objective beauty. This task was left for the philosophical genius of his enthusiastic disciple, the poet Schiller, who found beauty in naturalness and simplicity, that is, in the easy and harmonious blending of idea and form. The philosophy of Fichte, which was a concentration of the universe in the Ego, and almost a moral fanaticism, was unfavorable to speculation on this subject;

since where morality monopolized all the passions, and life was but a struggle of the free power of the Ego against the resistance of nature, the sphere of art was contracted, and beauty could be at most but a spectacle of Fichtean virtue. The theory of the beautiful approached to completeness in the philosophy of Schelling. The principle of this philosophy is the higher unity or identity of the two points of view which Kant had separated, namely, subject and object—of nature which is visible mind, and of mind which is invisible nature. This unity pervades the physical universe, but is especially manifest to us in the realm of art. Beauty is the fusion of the infinite with the finite, of free spirit with fated matter, of life with nature, of idea with form. Thus art, which reveals beauty, combines the two terms of existence, whose union constitutes not only the beautiful, but also the true, the absolute, the divine. Art is therefore the highest manifestation of spirit, and is essentially religious. Schelling doubtless passed the goal in this apotheosis of art. The artistic form being the most perfect expression of truth, philosophical truth should reassume this form and return to ancient poesy and myth. He confounded truth, beauty, and goodness, philosophy, art, and religion, and the forms that were proper to each; religion became a kind of poetry, and sentimentalism, mysticism, and symbolism everywhere made an irruption into science and history. Schelling was influential in quickening the study of the monuments of art, and in reviving Christian art, and among his most enthusiastic disciples were the writers of the romantic school, Tieck, the Schlegels, and Solger. The last of these accounted for beauty on the principle of irony, and made it the end of art to reveal to the human consciousness the nothingness of finite things and of the events of the real world. The perception of beauty consists in assuming the standpoint of divine irony, playing with created things, laughing at the interests, passions, struggles, and collisions of men, at their sufferings as well

as their joys, and in discerning above this tragic comedy of human life the immutable power of the absolute. To rectify and develop the conception of Schelling was the task of Hegel. To Hegel beauty is the idea in the form of its finite manifestation. It first appears in nature and in history, but is there defective because unconscious. It exists consciously in human thought, but being there only subjective seeks to realize itself outwardly. This realization of thought is beauty, whose realm is art. Works of art are the objective forms of the ideal, like the works of nature, but without the defect of nature. In the ancient symbolic form of art matter preponderated, the ideal shining through but imperfectly; in the classic form of art the ideal was in harmony with and adequately expressed by the form; and in romantic or Christian art mind preponderates, and breaks through matter at every point. With Hegel the history of the philosophy of the beautiful terminates, his successors having made but inconsiderable modifications of his views. The result of the brilliant series of speculations on the subject in Germany has been to establish philosophically art as the province of beauty, and sentiment as the faculty which perceives it. Schelling and Hegel, however, almost borrow the words of Plato in affirming that matter is beautiful only as it is inspired with an idea and made to express the things of the spiritual world. Among the most valuable treatises upon beauty are the "Greater Hippias," "Phædrus," "Banquet," and "Republic" of Plato; Plotinus, in the sixth book of his first Ennead; Spalletti, *Saggio sopra la bellezza*, Rome, 1765; Baumgarten, *Æsthetica*, Frankfort, 1750; and the more recent æsthetical works of Jean Paul Richter, Bouterweck, Hegel, Vogel, and Jouffroy.



HISTORY.

History (Gr. *ιστορειν*, to inquire, and to narrate), as a department of knowledge, the sum of human events; as a department of literature, the whole body of the narratives of such events. Lord Bacon in his classification of learning assigns to history everything that is related immediately to the memory; it would thus include all the particular facts and events that are known by the senses, as distinguished from philosophy, which is the sum of the general and necessary truths that are known by the reason, and from poetry, which treats the realm of the imagination. In this wide sense the term natural history is used, comprehending the facts of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. In its more definite and scientific meaning, however, history includes only the actions of mankind, or of a portion of it, as developed by intellectual and morally conscious races, nations, parties, and individuals, and excludes the phenomena of unconscious nature, except in their connection with the vicissitudes and actions of man. The object of history is, therefore, consciously acting man. It treats the whole domain in which his will is potent and his mind creative, and has to do with nature only in so far as it influences his fortunes or is affected by his energy. Yet historical science does not notice all the separate acts of single men, which are the elements of biography, but grasps single acts and men only in their relation to some society. Dr. Arnold, therefore, defines history to be "the biography of a society." The society may be a family, a corporation, a state, several states united by a common policy, religion, race, or civilization, or it may be the whole world; and, in its broadest and absolute meaning, history is the biography of mankind. But

of all societies, the state is that which acts most prominently and constantly in directing human affairs. All other social forces, religious, commercial, or literary, and all ideas, arts, sciences, and usages, are easily considered as concentrating in it; and history is, therefore, most frequently conceived with reference to the destinies of states—to the acts of governments, and the acts that influence governments—and comprehends the biographies of nations. I. The historical records of Egypt are older than those of any other state, with perhaps the exception of China, reaching back to its foundation by Menes (2412 B. C., or, according to Lepsius, 3893 B. C.). Yet the Egyptians were not the most ancient of mankind, but were probably an offshoot from a primeval Asiatic stock, whose antiquity and achievements are unknown. Egypt may boast one of the longest national periods known in history, extending from its foundation to 525 B. C., when, conquered by Cambyses, it became a Persian province. Twenty-six dynasties reigned over it in three successive capitals, This, Memphis, and Thebes. For nearly twenty centuries (according to the chronology of Lepsius) the nation scarcely ventured from the valley of the Nile; there was then a foreign conquest by mysterious invaders, the shepherd kings, whose dominion lasted about five centuries; then a war of independence; after which, for about two centuries (1500-1300), Egypt was by its arts and its arms the first nation in the world. The boundaries of the new empire of the Pharaohs were advanced into Ethiopia, Libya, and far into Asia. Above all other peoples the Egyptians are distinguished for the care and toil with which they constructed great and imperishable monuments of their existence, confirming the statement of Diodorus that "they held the time of their life very short, but that after their death very long." Their still enduring pyramids, temples, palaces, obelisks, and mummies bespeak the immense efforts of the oldest of nations for a perpetual name. In the period of Egyptian supremacy and culmination civilized states had al-

ready arisen by its side. Babylon, in 1500 B. C. the rival of Thebes in science and art, was the second great centre of civilization, and the capital of a vast Chaldean empire. For several centuries (1300-700) Semitic culture and arms held the first rank in Asia. Pressed at once by the Pharaohs and the Hebrews, the occupants of the Phœnician coasts threw themselves upon the sea, and founded the first great naval and commercial power. In 1000 B. C. they had traversed the whole length of the Mediterranean, planting cities on its islands and coasts, and had brought iron and amber from the shores of the North Sea and the Baltic; they had extended their commerce east to the mouth of the Indus, north to the regions of the Caucasus, and south to the land of frankincense in Arabia. Meantime on the upper Tigris arose Assyria, the first martial and conquering kingdom of ancient Asia, which lasted for about five centuries, till the fall of Nineveh under Sardanapalus (640 B. C.). Babylon yielded to its arms, and under its most warlike princes it was dominant in western Asia from the Mediterranean and the Halys on the one hand to the Caspian and the great Persian desert on the other. Its civilization is believed to have been hardly surpassed by that of any other ancient country, and its material arts and appliances did not fall immeasurably behind the boasted achievements of the moderns. Between the commercial and the warlike power, between Tyre and Sidon on the west and Nineveh on the east, was the scene of Hebrew development. It was about 1300 B. C. (Lepsius) that the Hebrews passed from Egypt into southern Syria, sword in hand, and conquered their position. Beset by the commercial activity and sensual worship of the Phœnicians, oppressed and carried captive by Assyrian and Babylonian conquerors, they only grasped with the greater purity and intensity their idea of Jehovah, which lies at the basis of the theistic conceptions of the leading modern nations. Semitic splendor and dominance passed away in the seventh century B. C., destined however to rise again after

a thousand years in Arabia. It was only in league with the Aryan (Indo-European) stock that Nabopolassar had been able to overthrow Assyria and to revive Babylon, and it was this stock that now succeeded to the supremacy. In a period far beyond the reach of documentary records the Aryan nations, the most prominent actors in history, began to migrate westward and southward from a centre beyond the Indus. It is demonstrated by comparative philology that in ante-historical time the ancestors of the Celts, the Germans, the Slavi, the Greeks and Italians, the Persians, and the Hindoos dwelt together in a common home. Migrating to the west, they established the empire of the Medes and Persians, which threw off the long Assyrian dominance, extended its sway from the Hindoo Koosh to the Halys, and in the sixth century gave an Aryan supremacy to western Asia. Subordinate to it were Lydia, which had been master of the western half of Asia Minor, Babylon, which had a second time risen to power, and its dependencies, and finally old Egypt; and for the first time Egyptian and Bactrian, Syrian and Armenian, Lydian and Median Asia were united into one vast whole. The world had before witnessed no such empire as that of Cyrus. Migrating to the south, the Aryans came into contact with a widespread, dark-colored race, the aboriginal inhabitants of the trans-Himalayan countries, at a time when China was the principal state in the further Orient. According to Lassen, the first historical period of India is the Vedic era (2200-1100 B. C.), the records of which are contained in the sacred books called Vedas, during which the Aryans pushed themselves to the Ganges, contended with the original inhabitants, and subdued them to a servile caste. The termination of these heroic contests (in the fourteenth century B. C.) forms in Hindoo chronology the beginning of the present world period of Kali. During the liturgical era (1100-600 B. C.), the first repose of the Aryans in India, the Vedas were collected and the liturgy was fixed. Undisturbed by foreign

commotions, the Hindoos became, as they have always been, quiet, passive, and meditative, pondering on refinements of thought, but indisposed for real action and struggle. While the Indo-European tribes in the West have successively reappeared at the head of human affairs and have controlled the tumults of history, those in the East, absorbed in the struggles of thought, have neglected the present to find in the past only the problem of creation and in the future only the problem of destiny. Brahminism had been established, a wonderful world peopled with transmigrating souls had been invented by the fancy of the Brahmins, philosophical schools had made their appearance, ethics was resolving itself into the rights and duties of castes, and religion into an endless ceremonial and changeless ritual, into a wild throng of gods on the one hand and into almost unintelligible metaphysical ideas on the other, when a powerful impulse was given to eastern life by Buddhism, whose founder Buddha was probably nearly contemporary with Confucius in China and Cyrus in Persia.—The scene of civilization was now transferred from Asia to Europe, and Persia found its stoutest opponent, its superior in culture, and finally its conqueror, in Greece. The first wave of population that passed westward from Asia was doubtless Scythic or Turanian, but among the earliest were the Pelasgic tribes, who peopled Greece and Italy, of whom the Hellenes, or Greeks proper, soon took the lead, presenting the highest type of character and development. As early as 1500 B. C. several Greek cities had according to the popular belief been founded; the heroic age and mythical achievements closed perhaps near the age of Solomon (1000 B. C.); and there is a dim history till with the Persian war began the period of Greek supremacy. The various tribes had then raised themselves to separate and peculiar political systems—monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical—and the Athenians, Lacedæmonians, Thebans, and Macedonians were successively predominant. The best Hellenic energies were ex-

hausted in the great Peloponnesian civil war between Sparta and Athens, the representatives respectively of the opposed Doric and Ionian races, for the hegemonic position (*ηγεμονια*) in the general policy of Greece. Then followed the short dominion of the Thebans under Epaminondas, after which the Macedonians became lords of the ascendant and ruled for a time with despotic sway. The reaction against the Persian attack on Greece was the irruption of Alexander the Great into Asia, who with something of an oriental spirit, with Asiatic enthusiasm and impetuosity, sought to transcend the ordinary boundaries of Hellenic civilization and modes of thought, and to be a monarch at once of Greeks and barbarians. The Hellenico-Asiatic monarchy of the Seleucidæ and the Hellenico-Egyptian of the Ptolemies were the most powerful of the kingdoms formed from the fragments of his empire. Greece subsequently enjoyed an apparent freedom under the protection of Rome, but in 146 B. C., after the destruction of Corinth with innumerable masterpieces of ancient art, it was reduced to permanent vassalage under Roman prefects and legions. Probably the greatest facts in the history of the Greeks, to which pre-eminently must be attributed the mighty part which they have played in the civilization of mankind, were their poetry and their monuments of the plastic arts. More potent and permanent in influence than their republican states, than the fleeting example of Grecian liberty, than the universal empire of Macedon, even than their long dominant schools of philosophy, have been their mythology and harmonious conceptions of humanity, embodied in poems and sculptures which still contribute much to the intellectual refinement of Christendom. The whole culture and spirit of the Greeks finally became exclusive. Though in the time of Homer they had regarded with wonder the wealth and wisdom of Sidon and Egypt, their national pride and superiority soon made them esteem everything foreign as barbarous; and, complete in themselves, disbelieving in any extraneous ex-

cellence, they sought only the highest attainments within the confined but brilliant sphere of their own imagination.— In contrast with the variety in states, races, political constitutions, and intellectual tendencies which endured in Greek society, the history of Italy shows how all the primitive nations that settled in the country were at length absorbed by one great central city and moulded into a unity of character. From this city sprang an almost universal monarchy, Rome being always regarded not merely as the centre, but as the personification and essence of the empire. From its origin the Roman state was hardly more than an organized school of war, systematically invading and making conquest of the neighboring nations. After subduing the cities of Italy, the Romans first became prominent in the history of the world in their warfare with Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, and in the long doubtful contest with Carthage. The first great reaction against their career of conquest was the Achæan league, which terminated in the destruction of Corinth, as unsuccessfully as the preceding wars of resistance. The most formidable enemy of the Roman republic from the time of Hannibal was Mithridates, king of Pontus, whose lofty but futile aim it was to unite in one armed confederacy all the nations of the north from the regions of Mt. Caucasus as far as Gaul and the Alps. The proper circle of Roman dominion, embracing the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, was completed by Cæsar and Pompey—by the latter on the side of Asia, and by the former over the more warlike nations of the northwest. Civil conflicts raged successively between the Gracchi and the patricians, between Marius and Sylla, between Cæsar and Pompey, between Brutus and Cassius and Antony and Octavianus, terminating at length in the establishment of the empire and of general peace under Octavianus, who assumed the name of Augustus. The duration of the Roman republic was 479 years (510-31 B. C.). The most enduring influence of Rome has been through its codes of law and the example of its or-

ganized and splendid dominion. Its scientific jurisprudence triumphed over the crude barbaric systems, and was silently or studiously transfused into the domestic institutions of Europe; and after the empire had fallen, the city not only remained the seat of the papacy, but the highest pretension of mediæval Frank and German emperors was to be the successors of Augustus, and therefore the heirs of the kingdom of the world and of the prerogatives of Roman emperors over their subjects.—The vast empire of the Cæsars, having become degenerate and demoralized, threatened to fall into general stagnation, into a Chinese civilization, with stationary arts and sciences, and life reduced to ceremony and routine. Two great revolutions saved western Europe from this disaster. The first was the triumph of Christianity over paganism, by which a new spirit, the peculiar genius of a higher and more active civilization than that of the classic nations, was introduced into society. Yet this remedy was not violent enough for the disease, and did not prevent the Byzantine or eastern branch of the divided Roman empire from falling into a polished and luxurious state of stupefaction, in which the intellect was for centuries tortured but not advanced by tumults and controversies, and in which no great discovery was made in science and no book was written that holds rank in literature. The countries of the western empire escaped from this fortune by the invasions of the northern barbarians. The troubled period of transition in which new nationalities with new ideas and institutions struggled into existence on the ruins of the Roman empire is termed the Middle Ages. Whatever precise limits be assigned them, they lasted for about 1,000 years, extending, as most generally reckoned, from the close of the imperial line with Augustulus in A. D. 476 to the discovery of America in 1492. After the fall of the western empire Europe presented a scene of infinite confusion. Of the many new barbarian governments that were formed, most soon went to ruin; and only the kingdoms of the Os-

trogoths and the Lombards, and the empires of the Franks and the Germans, which arose successively, maintained a comparatively permanent dominance. The monarchy of the Franks attained the summit of its strength and splendor under Charlemagne, who was crowned by the pope, on Christmas eve, 800, Augustus and emperor of the Romans. His empire, which embraced Mussulmans in Spain, half-converted pagans in Saxony, pagan Avars on the Danube, and Christian Germans and Franks jealous of each other, while Scandinavians, Slavi, and Saracens gathered along its frontiers, suddenly went to pieces after his death. The feudal system then gave birth to a powerful hereditary aristocracy, which disputed alike the royal authority and popular liberty. In the tenth century the empire of the Franks was succeeded by that of the Germans in the primacy of Europe, Otho the Great receiving the imperial dignity in 961 after it had been suspended for nearly forty years. Then began the long contest between the popes and the emperors, the Guelph and Ghibelline parties, the holy Roman church and the holy Roman empire (Germany), each claiming the supremacy, until under Innocent III (1198-1216) "the pope was the sun and the emperor was the moon." During the thirteenth century Rome held an almost absolute sway. The earlier migrations are connected with the crusades by the movements of the Normans, who, after settling in the finest province of France, conquered England and made an important element in the composite English nation, and with romantic valor established the kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the south, and meditated even the overthrow of the eastern empire. The crusades, prompted by religious enthusiasm and the romantic spirit of chivalry, failed in their main object, the permanent recovery of the holy sepulchre from the Saracens. They contributed, however, to exalt the power of the pope, who appeared as the originator of the plans which temporal sovereigns were called upon to execute; to promote the growth of cities and the power of

burghers by the absence of the nobles; to give prosperity and importance to Venice, Genoa, and other free commercial cities of Italy; and to originate the religious orders of knighthood, and thus to consolidate an aristocracy. The knights hospitallers and knights templars, enriched by large estates, and embracing many of the higher nobility and clergy, were powerful alike in war and peace; and the Teutonic order became master of the territory of the half-civilized horde of Prussians, and held in the fourteenth century the entire coast of the Baltic from Dantzic to Narva, though often in war for its possession with the neighboring state of Poland. At length in the fifteenth century Europe began to present an established political system, a federal community of states united by a common religion and by ties of international law. With widely different institutions and tendencies, yet with a balance of political power and of moral and intellectual influence, with a connection between its parts close enough to favor rivalry and mutual improvement, yet not close enough to destroy the idioms of national opinion and feeling, Europe displayed a Hellenic variety and activity in political affairs, and was prepared to assume a new importance in the records of universal history. But at the close of the Middle Ages the relative power of the papacy had already somewhat declined, the monarchs were as yet nowhere absolute, being limited both by the aristocracy and the cities, and the third estate was everywhere rising into importance.—The countries of the Orient had no middle ages, in the sense which the term bears in Europe. From the beginning of their history China and India have for the most part followed a separate and secluded course, and till the last century were hardly related to the affairs of the West except through the middle term of Mohammedan and Tartar invasions. Within the first century from the hegira (622) the Moslem conquerors had passed from the Arabian peninsula over Persia, Syria, Egypt, and thence along the northern Africa, past the pillars of Hercules, and

even beyond the Pyrénées, their progress in that direction being finally checked by Charles Martel (732). In the eighth century the caliphs of Bagdad were rivalled only by Charlemagne in power, and their courts patronized letters and the sciences, and were famed for a degree of culture then unknown in Europe. Their sudden decline was caused not so much by the separation and independence of the caliphs of Cordova and afterward of those of Africa, as by an influx of successive hordes of Tartars like the barbarian invasions upon imperial Rome. Across the northeastern frontier of their empire came the Seljookian Turks in the eleventh century, who conquered Persia, embraced the religion of the vanquished, left to the caliphate of Bagdad only a phantom of sovereignty, and threatened Constantinople. As early as the fourth century the Tartars had founded a dynasty in China, and now from Persia the Turks invaded and made conquests in India. The Moguls, or Mongols, another Tartar horde, under Genghis Khan, overran China in the thirteenth century, and under his sons they overwhelmed Persia, prostrated the Russian monarchy, and like the Huns and Magyars in previous centuries, terrified the furthest nations of Europe, penetrating as far as the Oder (1241), but retired before the emperor Frederic II. Another irruption followed under Tamerlane, who, making little progress in Europe, extended his empire from the heart of India to the Ægæan, and defeated at Angora the sultan of the Ottoman Turks (1402). This was the last Tartar migration westward, but in 1644 the Mantchoo Tartars founded the present dynasty of China. The Mogul empire was established in India by Baber, a descendant of Tamerlane, about 1526, and attained its highest power from the reign of Akbar the Great to Aurungzebe (1556-1707), at whose death it fell to pieces. The Ottoman power revived, extinguished the Byzantine empire by the conquest of Constantinople (1453), and established a Turkish nationality in Europe. The eastern gate of Christendom fell before the Moslem conquerors,


as Spain had fallen in the eighth century, but the Hungarian John Hunyady and the Albanian Scanderbeg renewed the exploit of Charles Martel and stayed their progress.—The conquest of Constantinople, whence many learned Greeks escaped to the West, the changes wrought in the art of war by the use of gunpowder, the invention of printing, the revival of learning, the discovery of America and of the passage to the East around the Cape of Good Hope, and the Protestant reformation, are the great events which ushered in modern European history. Until the treaty of Westphalia (1648) Europe was chiefly engaged in maintaining or opposing Roman Catholicism. The result was a rapid and decisive triumph of Protestantism in the northern parts of Europe, attaining its highest ascendancy within fifty years from the time when Luther burned the bull of Pope Leo (1520). Meantime a reformation of manners and discipline had been carried on in the south, a reaction of Catholic zeal had taken place, and from the genius and enthusiasm of Loyola had sprung the order of the Jesuits. Between the Catholic governments of the south and the Protestant governments of the north lay the doubtful territory of France, Belgium, southern Germany, Hungary, and Poland, and the result of the long struggle on this battlefield was the victory of the church of Rome. At the peace of Westphalia no part of Europe remained to Protestantism which had not already been acquired during the generation that succeeded Luther. The first prominent political change in modern Europe was the triumph of despotism. The royal authority, extended by Ferdinand the Catholic, Louis XI, and the English Tudors, was made absolute on the Continent by Philip II, Richelieu, Louis XIV, and others; and the attempt of the Stuart dynasty to enlarge its prerogatives in England was defeated only by civil war and revolution. In the European confederacy of states monarchies predominated; and though a few republics were tolerated, ranging in character from the severe aristocracy of Venice to the pure democracy

of some of the Swiss cantons, no one of them, with the exception of the Dutch republic, attained any considerable degree of power. The political system rested upon the principle of the balance of power, and as often as any nation has risen to such predominance as to threaten to destroy the political equilibrium if not to attain universal dominion, it has been strenuously and successfully resisted by its neighbors. The first that did this was the Austro-Spanish power in the sixteenth century under Charles V, heir at once of Ferdinand the Catholic, who had consolidated the states of Spain into one great nation, destroying also the last remnants of Moorish power in that country, and of Maximilian I, to whom the German empire owed its more perfect organization. The extent of his dominions was dangerous to the political balance, and the house of Hapsburg, which in 1526 acquired also the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, was believed to aim at a hegemonic authority in Europe. This aim was resisted principally by France, by Francis I throughout his reign and by the alliance of Henry II with the Protestants of Germany in 1551, and was frustrated by the abdication of Charles V and the consequent division of his empire in 1555-'6. The Spanish monarchy, however, supported by the wealth of the new world, remained an object of alarm under Philip II, especially as France was then distracted by religious wars; but its power was reduced by the revolt of the provinces forming the Dutch republic, by the opposition of England under Elizabeth, and by the return of France to her due importance in Europe at the close of the religious wars under Henry of Navarre. Again the house of Austria, under its two heads, the emperor and the king of Spain, was regarded as dangerously dominant from the conquest of the Palatinate in 1622. A coalition was formed against it, at the head of which were the first statesman and the first warrior of the age, Richelieu and Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden now playing a leading part in general European affairs. The result was that by the peace of

Westphalia (1648) the Austrian power was effectually restrained, and by that of the Pyrénées (1659) Spain retired forever from the foremost place which it had been wont to hold. France under Louis XIV succeeded Spain and Austria in assuming predominance in Europe. It made formidable territorial conquests, its navy was powerful on the seas, its internal resources were developed, and its supremacy was recognized in art, fashion, and literature. The main resistance now came from England under William III, from the military achievements of Marlborough and Eugene; and the peace of Utrecht (1713) annulled all danger of French domination. The long war which simultaneously took place in the northeast was decided by the defeat of Charles XII of Sweden at Pultowa (1709), and the subsequent successes of Russia. For ninety years no European power excited strongly the jealousy of its neighbors, Frederick the Great of Prussia, whose genius fitted him to be a conqueror, having been too limited in physical resources, and England, whose great naval and colonial successes had begun to excite alarm, receiving a check from the loss of her finest colonies in America. The dismemberment of Poland by its three neighbors, though virtually resulting only in the growth of the Russian power, was received indifferently in western Europe. Then began the French revolutionary period, the crisis in modern history, in which the whole fabric of European institutions, political, social, and religious, was threatened with destruction. A splendid court and a humiliated people had been the two elements in the military-monarchical style of government which had been fully inaugurated by Louis XIV. The wall of partition which had thus been established between the nobility and the citizens was broken down by the intellectual culture of the eighteenth century, when polite literature became common to both classes, and alike valued by both. Great writers swayed the age, while the nobility clung to their exclusive prerogatives and the cabinets to their wonted policy.

Thus ancient abuses and new theories flourished together. Beneath the shadow and the grievances of the monarchy, the popular intellect rose to extreme boldness and activity. Every system was studied and doubted, every theory was grasped and refuted, every institute of life was speculatively remodelled, and vast schemes for the reorganization of mankind were mooted. Culture, however, assumed the impracticable character of illuminism, the great discussions were carried on in part by men who neither knew nor cared anything of any department of affairs, and the inevitable collision between grievous institutions and ideal doctrines was therefore long delayed. The state was content if it could as a matter of fact continue to govern oppressively, and the people indemnified themselves for oppression by denying or ridiculing every principle on which the state reposed. At length the great revolution, often predicted, arrived near the last decade of the century. Impelled by ideas of liberty and equality, partly imported from America and partly the creation of the leading writers of the age, prominent among whom was Jean Jacques Rousseau, the French overthrew their government, were immediately attacked by Austria and Prussia, proclaimed a republic, virtually declared war against the powers of Europe by promising "fraternity and assistance to all people who wished to recover their liberty," executed the king and queen and made terror the order of the day at home, and undertook a warfare of twenty years, the most gigantic in its scale that has ever agitated the world, in which France conquered almost every Continental Capital, and only her ancient enemy England was able to persistently oppose her, but which terminated after Waterloo with a union of Englishmen and Cossacks in the French metropolis. Though the French accepted the absolutism of Napoleon, and though he sought to ally his revolutionary dynasty with the ancient dynasties of Europe, yet this period may be regarded as the heroic age of civil liberty on the Continent, in which free political tendencies were implanted which no

subsequent governments have been able wholly to suppress. The holy alliance which followed was a monarchical coalition for the restoration of the general political system on the principle of legitimacy. On the decisions of the congress of Vienna, which aimed at the readjustment of the territorial relations, distracted by conquests, on the principle of the balance of power, the equilibrium of Europe has rested almost to the present time. France, reduced nearly to the limits of 1790; Russia, aggrandized by the possession of all Finland, the greatest part of Poland, and part of Moldavia; Austria, acquiring from dismembered Italy the Lombardo-Venetian provinces; Prussia, exalted to prime rank by obtaining one-half of Saxony and a part of the duchy of Warsaw, and Great Britain, whose territory had been unimpaired in the storms of war, became the five great powers, which from that time have practically and diplomatically formed an aristocracy in the European political system. Germany became a confederation instead of an elective empire. Absolute monarchies, constitutional monarchies, and republics, as those of Switzerland and of the seven Ionian islands, have since then worked together in Europe without any general war. Under the restoration the French government joined the holy alliance, and was the agent of the congress of sovereigns at Verona in re-establishing absolutism over attempted constitutionalism in Spain (1823). The part which it took in the liberation of Greece and its successes in Algeria failed to relieve the popular discontent. Twice the idea which animated the first revolution, the desire for representative institutions, has reappeared in Europe in new revolutionary eras. The first was in 1830, when France changed its dynasty, and adopted a constitution in which the sovereignty of the people was distinctly recognized, when Belgium successfully revolted from the kingdom of the Netherlands which had been established by the congress of Vienna, when the abrogation of the Salic law prepared for revolutionary dynasties of queens in Spain and Portugal, and when



an insurrection broke out in Warsaw only to result in the extinction of the last remnant of Polish nationality. A little later, England by the passage of the reform bill transferred the predominance in its government from the territorial aristocracy to the middle class, from the House of Lords to the House of Commons. The government of Louis Philippe, like that of the restored Bourbons, failed to satisfy the liberalists in France, and again in 1848 from Paris as a centre began the march of revolution. A republic was proclaimed in France, Italy expelled most of its sovereigns, the bureaucratic governments at Berlin and Vienna were overturned, and Hungary revolted from Austria. Austria, however, was saved by its army, but was able to subdue the Magyars only by calling in the aid of Russia. A reaction soon began in France, which resulted in the acceptance by the nation of the military despotism of Louis Napoleon in order to have political and social security and the glory of national strength. From the time when Russia transferred its seat of empire from Moscow to St. Petersburg, turning its glance from the East westward, it has advanced with apparent unity of purpose to an unsurpassed influence in European politics. Its encroachments in the east of Europe, seeking a pathway to Constantinople, which has long been the capital of a decaying empire, were the occasion of a war waged against it by Great Britain, France, and Turkey (1854-'6). The last European war between Austria and allied France and Sardinia (1859) resulted in the transference of Lombardy from the first to the last of these powers. The predominance of Europe in modern history appears from the extent of its colonies. The Portuguese, the Spaniards, the Dutch, and the English succeeded each other during the last three centuries as the leading colonial powers. The French also began to plant colonies under Colbert, but have not rivalled the successes of the English. The result of colonial enterprise was that about the middle of the last century European dominion was spread over nearly all of

America, one-half of Asia, and the coasts of Africa and Australia. From these great possessions several independent nations have since arisen, yet at the present time the governments of Europe (whose population is 272,000,000) are estimated to have 220,000,000 foreign subjects in every part of the world, in Asia, Africa, America, and the isles of the sea. Europe thus governs at home and abroad nearly one-half the estimated population of the globe. Of the colonies which have won their independence and become nations the most remarkable is the United States of America, the first great example of a purely democratic government. No other state affords a parallel to its rapid and unbroken progress, no other having ever been so highly favored by circumstances. Originally colonized by adventurous or religious persons from the most civilized nations of Europe, it had no long period of barbarism to outgrow and no native population to be absorbed or reduced to a caste. The aborigines only retreated and disappeared before the invaders. Achieving its independence while the political theories of the eighteenth century were in vain seeking a lodgement in Europe, it was able at once to realize free institutions, unhampered by old traditions and usages. Its commercial enterprise and prosperity, territorial and numerical increase, and the diffusion of some degree of culture throughout the community, are among its most patent historical aspects. Other colonies which became independent in the first third of this century, most of them adopting a republican government, are Hayti, the Argentine confederation, Paraguay, Chili, Colombia (divided in 1831 into three republics, Venezuela, New Granada, and Ecuador), Peru (from which Bolivia separated in 1825), Uruguay, the five United States of Central America (dissolved in 1839), Brazil and Mexico.—The histories of particular nations are not epitomized in this article.

These are important universal histories: "Universal History from the Earliest Account of Time to the Present, com-

piled from Original Authors" (26 vols., London, 1736-'65, last ed., 60 vols., London, 1779-'84; translated into French, 46 vols., Amsterdam, 1742-'92; with modifications, 126 vols., Paris, 1779-'91; translated into German, 66 vols., 1774-1814, to which 6 supplementary vols. were added); William Guthrie and John Gray, *General History of the World* (12 vols., London, 1764-'7); De Lisle de Sales, *Histoire des hommes* (41 vols., Paris, 1781); Clément and other Benedictines of St. Maur, *L'art de vérifier les dates* (3 vols., 1783-'7; continued by Fortia d'Urban and others, 36 vols., Paris, 1818-'44); Anquetil, *Abrégé de l'histoire universelle* (12 vols., Paris, 1801-'7); Dillon, *Histoire universelle* (10 vols., Paris, 1814-'21); Ségur, *Histoire universelle* (44 vols., Paris, 1817 *et seq.*); Becker, *Weltgeschichte* (9 vols., Berlin, 1801-'5; continued by Woltmann, Menzel, and Lobell, 14 vols., 1836-'8; 15th vol. by Arnd, 1855); Johannes von Müller, *Vierundzwanzig Bücher allgemeiner Geschichte* (3 vols., Tübingen, 1810); Rotteck, *Allgemeine Geschichte* (9 vols., Freiburg, 1813-'27; continued by Steger, 10 vols., 1853); Schlosser, *Weltgeschichte* (9 vols., Frankfurt, 1817-'24); Leo, *Lehrbuch der Universalgeschichte* (6 vols., Halle, 1835-'44); and Cesare Cantu, *Storia universale* (35 vols., Turin, 1837-'42; 7th ed. 1842). The most important general histories of antiquity are: Sir Walter Raleigh, *History of the World* (London, 1614; completed only to 167 B. C.); Rawlinson, translation of Herodotus, with annotations and dissertations (4 vols., London, 1858-'60); Rollin, *Histoire ancienne* (12 vols., Paris, 1730 *et seq.*); Niebuhr, *Alte Geschichte* (3 vols., Berlin, 1847-'51), and other works; and Duncker, *Geschichte des Alterthums* (4 vols., Berlin, 1852-'7). The most important works relating to mediæval history are: Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (6 vols., London, 1776-'88); Hallam, *View of the State of Europe in the Middle Ages* (2 vols., London, 1818); Köppen, *the World in the Middle Ages* (2 vols., with maps, New York, 1856); Schmitz, *History of the Middle Ages*

(London, 1859 *et seq.*); Frontin, *Annales du moyen âge jusqu'à la mort de Charlemagne* (8 vols., Paris, 1825); Luden, *Allgemeine Geschichte der Völker und Staaten des Mittelalters* (Jena, 1821-'2); Hüllmann, *Das Städtewesen des Mittelalters* (4 vols., Bonn, 1802-'9); and Kortum, *Geschichte des Mittelalters* (2 vols., Bern, 1836-'7). Among the more important general histories of later periods are: Schöll, *Cours d'histoire des états Européens depuis la chute de l'empire Romain jusqu'en 1789* (46 vols., Paris, 1830-'36); Russell, *Modern Europe* (5 vols., London, 1779-'84, continued to 1856 by Jones); Schlosser, *Geschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts* (2 vols., Heidelberg, 1823; 4th enlarged ed., 1853 *et seq.*); Alison, *History of Europe from the commencement of the French Revolution to the accession of Louis Napoleon* (in 2 series, Edinburgh, 1833-'59); and Gervinus, *Geshichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts* (Berlin, 1855 *et seq.*). The most important histories of the Protestant reformation are those of Burnet, D'Aubigné, Marheineke, Ranke, and Döllinger. To the Lutheran Magdeburg Centuries (1559-'74) were opposed the Catholic Ecclesiastical Annals of Baronius (1588-1607). More general church histories are those of Milner, Henry, Potter, Matter, Mosheim, Schröckh, Semler, Spittler, Henke, Gieseler, Neander, Hase, Guericke, Kurtz, Stilberg, Katerkamp, Locherer, and Ritter, and the comprehensive "History of the Church of Christ, in Chronological Tables," presenting a synchronistic view of the events, characteristics, and culture of each period, by Henry B. Smith, D. D. (New York, 1859). Among the principal histories of civilization are those of Guizot, *Histoire générale de la civilisation en Europe* (Paris, 1828-'30); Wachsmuth, *Allgemeine Culturgeschichte* (Leipsic, 1850-'52); and Buckle, *History of Civilization in England* (1st vol., London, 1857).

II. The multitudinous sources of written history may be generally classified as traditions, monuments, memorials, testimony, and observation. Traditions include the myths

and legends which anticipate the annals of every people, which retain their identity and something of their original historical significance after being transplanted by migrations and transformed by poetry, and which therefore aid in illustrating the genius, kindred, and early movements of tribes and races. The traditions of every ancient nation begin with cosmogonical, mythological, and poetical conceptions of the era of the creation of the universe. Monuments include all relics of the past not specially designed to be commemorative, but which, surviving their age, bear down to posterity with themselves some knowledge of events. Such are the ruins of cities, and all antiquities, as habiliments, utensils, weapons, sculptures, medals, and coins. In this class may be reckoned the philological and ethnological sources, which are of the highest importance in modern researches, by which relationship and migrations are inferred from the comparison of the roots of languages and of physiological characteristics. Memorials include inscriptions on pillars, tablets, medals, and coins; legal and diplomatic documents, which are original authorities as to facts; private correspondence, which, being ultimately made public or laid before the historian, often reveals secret transactions and throws light on personal motives and character; the newspapers, which constitute a perpetual record of first impressions, and show the manifold phases and constant conflicts of public opinion; contemporary statements of facts, howsoever published and preserved; and the more elaborate writings properly called histories. Testimony and observation are the sources of the historian who lives near the events which he records. In earlier periods, when the conduct of affairs was in the hands of a comparatively few persons, and when there were few writings or recondite sources of information, contemporary histories have been written that have maintained their eminence as artistic and authoritative productions. If the writer were, like Cæsar, the leading actor, or, like Comines, an intimate associate of the leading actors, he

had all the information that was accessible in his own time, and more than would survive his generation. But in recent times, when every public event immediately occupies thousands of pens, when every slight and private occurrence leaves its record behind it in friendly epistles, when every important movement is preceded by preliminary conversations and correspondence that are yet matters of unpublished biography, when historical societies collect and treasure vast stores of details, and when the matter written daily in the English and French or English and German languages on contemporary events probably exceeds in quantity our whole inheritance of Greek and Roman literature, it is alike impossible for the historian to have before him all the sources for the history of his age, or to conceive and arrange with artistic skill the multitudes of facts which perplex his imagination if not his reason. The picture is too near the eye to be seen except in parts, and its grander features and general relations appear only as it becomes distant. The great modern historical works are, therefore, with scarce an exception, histories of the past. The essential allies of history are chronology and geography, which define the theatre of events in time and space. The principal methods of arrangement are the synchronistic, grouping together all the occurrences of a particular age, and the ethnographical, recounting separately the fortunes of a particular nation. Historical writings vary in compass from a single era, nation, or event, to universality, and in character from a table of statistics to profound views of polity, religion, science, art, and popular morality—from a naïve, thoughtless description of a patent fact, to conceptions of final causes, of the law of events, and of the philosophy of history. The requisites in the historian are a habit of severe veracity, a constitutional delight in recalling and dwelling upon the past, and intellectual endowments which shall enable him to reproduce and present the course of events at once to the reason and the imagination.

"A perfect historian," says Macaulay, "must possess an

imagination sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque. Yet he must control it so absolutely as to content himself with the materials which he finds, and to refrain from supplying deficiencies by additions of his own. He must be a profound and ingenious reasoner; yet he must possess sufficient self-command to abstain from casting his facts in the mould of his hypotheses. Those who can justly estimate these almost insuperable difficulties will not think it strange that every writer should have failed, either in the narrative or in the speculative department of history. . . . To be a really great historian is perhaps the rarest of intellectual distinctions. Many scientific works are in their kind absolutely perfect. There are poems which we should be inclined to designate as faultless, or as disfigured only by blemishes which pass unnoticed in the general blaze of excellence. There are speeches, some speeches of Demosthenes particularly, in which it would be impossible to alter a word without altering it for the worse. But we are acquainted with no history which approaches to our notion of what a history ought to be; with no history which does not widely depart, either on the right hand or on the left, from the exact line."—From the earliest times the East had its annals and chronicles. The Egyptian sculptured lists of kings, with names, dates, and explanatory inscriptions, extend back to the fourth decade of centuries B. C., the remotest point yet reached by historical inquiry. The annals of the state were written by the priests, with mythical exaggerations. From the monuments and sacred writings Manetho, high priest at Heliopolis (about 280 B. C.), wrote in Greek a history of Egypt, of which there remains only a list of the dynasties with a few fragments. The kingdoms of Babylon, Assyria, and Persia also had sculptured registers of their kings, with records of their military expeditions, of treaties, and of the tributes paid by provinces. Of the Babylonian empire, Berosus, a priest of Belus (about 276 B. C.), wrote a Greek history of which considerable fragments re-

main. The ancient sculptures, bearing in cuneiform inscriptions the history of the regions of the Euphrates and the Tigris, have recently been brought to light; and the effort to interpret them as well as to decipher the hieroglyphics of Egypt, is now a principal object of learned research, and has already rescued long eras of national existence from the domain of myth and fable. In China, in every age and under every dynasty, histories have been carefully written under the patronage of government. They form an important part of the voluminous Chinese literature, and secure to the Chinese that minute and familiar knowledge of their own country for which they are as remarkable as for their ignorance of other countries. Examples of their large collections are the *Shu-king*, compiled from ancient records by Confucius, a history of China from 2357 to 770 B. C.; and the *Wenkian thung-khao*, a complete geographical, historical, and statistical cyclopædia of a period of forty centuries, written in the fourteenth century by Ma-tuan-lin. Rich and interesting as was the ancient literature of the Hindoos, blossoming into an original and peculiar drama, they have applied themselves little to historical writing, being in this respect the reverse of the Egyptians and the Chinese. They seem to be almost incapable of strict historical conception and statement, and habitually treat the most common facts in a fanciful style and with colossal extravagance. Their mythological chronology, in which 12,000 years is one of the minor numbers, is an example of their early historical notions, which lie quite out of the domain of history. The Greek historians before Herodotus—Cadmus of Miletus, Acesilaus of Argos, Hecataeus of Miletus, Pherecydes of Leros, Charon of Lampsacus, Hellanicus of Mytilene, Xanthus of Sardis, and Dionysius of Miletus—are termed logographers, and all lived in the century preceding him. It is remarkable that a nation so practical and intellectual as the Greeks should have reached nearly the height of its political development before requiring a correct record of its transactions in war and

peace. The reason is that until the Persian war the real Hellenic history could not rival in interest the great exploits of the mythical period, did not possess the charms with which the imagination had decked the heroic age. It was only when Greece came into contact with the ancient monarchies of the East, and assumed its place among the mighty nations of the earth, that its historical events rose to a dignity comparable to that of its poetical mythology. And, doubtless, from the lateness of the period when Hellenic literary art descended from the ideal representation of gods and heroes to portraits of real men, it gave to the latter a nobleness and beauty of outline which it would not otherwise have attained. The mythical era was the favorite subject of the logographers, though some of them passed to contemporary affairs. Their style was rude and spiritless, and they never aimed beyond a matter-of-fact record of whatever they had learned. The first who attempted by ingenious arrangement and beauty of style to produce an impression similar to that made by poetry, and who may therefore be said to have invented a sort of new art, was Herodotus, the father of history. His work, after nearly twenty-five centuries, is still the finest example of romantic history, narrating with childlike interest and with a faultless taste the marvels of a splendid but little known Orient, and the great conflict in which the heroism of Greece defeated the wealth and power of Persian despotism, and from which dates the political and intellectual supremacy of Europe. The Persian war was succeeded by the Peloponnesian contest between the belligerent republics for the hegemonic power in Greece, which became the theme of Thucydides. The impending interests of the conflict completed the intellectual revolution of the nation from mythical visions to practical affairs, from poetry to oratory, from the wild sublimity of Æschylus to the rhetorical discussions of Euripides, from the naïve and wondrous narrative of Herodotus to the skilful condensation and criticism of Thucydides, who ar-

ranged his materials according to general ideas and a sagacious conception of causes. A concise and pregnant style, giving rapidity of description, a strict regard to a unity of action aiming at the establishment of Athenian domination, and a sort of forensic cast occasioned by the free use of public speeches as sources, and by the practice, borrowed from Herodotus, of developing opposite views, passions, and interests in speeches which he puts into the mouths of his characters, have preserved to his work an eminent place among reflective histories and intellectual performances. Xenophon rivalled his two predecessors in his extensive intercourse with the world, in general culture, and in purity of style, but not in dignity and force of thought. His history of the retreat of the 10,000, of which he was the leader, and of Grecian affairs from the close of the narrative of Thucydides, are best characterized as pleasant reading. The style of the historians who succeeded these three masters, as Ephorus, Theopompus, and Philistus, was corrupted by the influence of the rhetorical school of Isocrates. With the extinction of proper Hellenic politics by Philip of Macedon, and the change of scene wrought by the conquests of Alexander, two new tendencies appeared. The antiquaries, or writers of the *Atthides* (Attic histories), of whom Clitodemus and Philochorus were the most eminent, treated the myths, legends, worship, art, manners, and customs of antiquity, drawing their materials not from the poets, but from monuments, inscriptions, and tablets. At the same time numerous rhetoricians and scholars, as Anaximines, Callisthenes, Clitarchus, Nearchus, and Ptolemy Soter, recounted with fantastic exaggerations the exploits of Alexander the Great, assuming a declamatory tone, and distorting the truth for rhetorical effect. Timæus, the historian of Greece and Sicily, was also a representative of this Asiatic style of eloquence. In avowed antagonism to this school, Polybius (204-122 B. C.) described the period in which Rome triumphed over Greece, boasting of his matter-of-fact style,

and producing the driest and least entertaining, though one of the most instructive of Greek histories. The same treatment prevailed in the universal history of Diodorus Siculus, in the geographical summary of Strabo, and in the more artistic Roman history of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, but in the first century A. D. was abandoned by Plutarch, who sought to raise the standard of public morality by recalling the great memories of the past, and in whose biographies the old poetical spirit of Hellenic historiography was revived. His principal successors, in all of whom the evil influence of the reigning sophistry and rhetoric is apparent, were Arrian, the imitator of Xenophon, the ethnographer Appian, Dion Cassius, whose model was Thucydides, the antiquary Pausanias, and Herodian, the last Greek historical writer worthy of mention before the Byzantine period. The Byzantine historians include a long series of authors on the affairs of the state and the church for more than 1,000 years, no one of whom is esteemed for literary merit, or departed from the circle of ideas which constituted the theology and the policy of the court.—The oldest historical records of Rome were the official and legal documents preserved in temples and holy places. The *Annales Pontificum*, called also *Annales Maximi*, originated in the registration by magistrates of the most important events of each year, and formed eighty books when they were discontinued in the time of the Gracchi. The metrical chronicles of Nævius and Ennius preceded the lost *Origines* of the elder Cato, the first Latin history and the first important work of Latin prose. The compilation from the official annals by Scævola (133 B. C.), and the autobiographical memoirs of the consuls Scaurus, Rufus, and Catulus, and of the dictator Sylla, were surpassed in literary merit by Sisenna's history of his own times (70 B. C.). In the following century the historical art rapidly advanced with the general progress of Rome, and three masters in their respective manners, Cæsar, Sallust, and Livy, appeared. Cæsar's narratives of his cam-

paings in Gaul and of the civil war between him and Pompey are models of a pure, concise, and, as it may be called, soldierly style. Sallust is elaborately rhetorical, excelling in characterization, and perhaps the finest Roman historical painter. The most splendid example of an elaborate Roman history is that of Livy, admirable for its rhetorical vividness and grace, harmonious grouping, warmth of feeling, and that exuberance of thought and language which the critics called *lactea ubertas*. To exalt the dignity of his country, and to produce striking picturesque effects, were his two leading aims, in which he happily succeeded, and the real truth was to him a comparatively indifferent matter. In the first century, under the imperial despotism, histories of the court, of parties, of wars, collections of anecdotes, compendiums, discussions, and biographies abounded. Here belong the intellectual and lively Paterculus, one of the best representatives of the silver Latinity, the anecdote collector Valerius Maximus, the rhetorician Quintus Curtius (the first Latin historian of the expedition of Alexander the Great), the court biographer Suetonius, the florid Annæus Florus, and Tacitus, the greatest of Roman historians. The natural moral earnestness and dignity of Tacitus assumed a character of lonely pride and pathetic introspection under the declining empire, and the fundamental thought of his narrative is the prevalence of moral and political degeneracy. With no hope for the restoration of popular or imperial virtue, witnessing with fatalistic, stoical, and melancholy composure the disorganized state, subject alternately to the tyranny of its rulers and the vices of its soldiers, his style of thought became intensely subjective, and he has hardly been surpassed by any writer in profound knowledge and minute delineation of character. From the second century the most important works on Roman history were written by Greeks in their own language. In a wilderness of names of Latin historians in the second and third centuries, the most important are the *Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ*, embracing

imperial biographies from Hadrian to Diocletian (117-284). Short and simple summaries began to appear in the fourth century, as text books for pupils; such were the compendiums of Aurelius Victor, Eutropius, and Sextus Rufus. The last important history in Roman literature was by Ammianus Marcellinus (390). Two Christian writers, the Gallic presbyter Sulpicius Severus and the Spanish presbyter Paulus Orosius, may be mentioned as forming the point of transition from classical to mediæval historiography. With Cassiodorus, the minister of Theodoric, and Jornandes, Gregory of Tours, and Bede, the historians respectively of the Goths, Franks and Anglo-Saxons, was ushered in the era of chronicles, the type of history peculiar to the Middle Ages. Every country, and every considerable city and convent in Europe had its special chroniclers, who often made their subject the end and aim of universal history. Mingling the driest annals with poetical hyperboles, they are rarely esteemed either for style or thought, and become authorities only by cumulative evidence. Meantime more important works were written in the East. Of Arab historians, Orwa ibn Sobeir (died A. D. 711) wrote of the religious wars under Mohammed and his early successors; Abu Giaffar Mohammed ibn Dshoreir Faberi of Amol (923), a universal chronicle, of which Elmacinus largely availed himself; Emad-Eddin of Ispahan (1201), a chronicle of the Seljooks in Persia; Boha-Eddin ibn Shaddad (1234), a full but ill digested biography of Saladin; Elmacinus of Egypt (1273), a learned history of the Arabs from the oldest times; Abulfeda of Damascus (1331), many learned works on Mohammedan history; Ibn Khaldim of Tunis (1405) introduced philosophical reflections on Arabian society, culture, industry, and arts; Arabshah of Damascus (1450) narrated in poetical style, and with passionate hatred of his hero, the exploits of Tamerlane; and Dshala-Eddin Abderrahman compiled a highly esteemed history of the caliphs to the year 1498. Among the earliest Persian historians are Ala-Eddin Dshowaini

(1275), the chronologist Beidahwi, and Wassak (1310), the biographer of Genghis Khan. Mirkhond (1498) compiled a valuable history of the prophets, kings, and caliphs, from old oriental traditions. Older than either of these, and of scarcely less authority after it leaves the mythical era, is the great Persian historical poem, the *Shah Nameh* of Firdusi (1020). The best and one of the latest of the chroniclers, Froissart (1410), the romantic narrator of the age of chivalry, may be styled the Herodotus of modern historiography. About a century later appeared the *Mémoires* of Comines, sententious, diplomatic, and anecdotal, the first example of a style which has been especially popular in France, and the *Discorsi sopra Livio* of Macchiavelli, who sought in the ancient world the materials to illustrate the events of his own time, and was thus the first writer of what may be called comparative history. From this time historiography assumes its place as a leading department of literature, and has employed an amount of genius, erudition, and literary skill which makes it the rival of poetry and philosophy in dignity, interest, and importance. Its various phases and developments and its best achievements are treated in this work in the accounts, given in special articles and in the articles on the literatures of different nations, of the greatest modern historians; as: in English—Raleigh, Clarendon, Burnet, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Mitford, Thirlwall, Grote, Finlay, Turner, Lingard, Arnold, Mackintosh, Hallam, Milman, Alison, Carlyle, Mahon, Macaulay, Froude, Merivale, Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Hildreth, and Motley; in French—Daniel, De Thou (Latin), Sully, Bossuet, Rapin, Vertot, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Raynal, Ancillon, Lacroix, Sismondi, Lamartine, Guizot, Barante, Mignet. Thiers, Michelet, Thierry, Louis Blanc, Martin, and Ségur; in German—Moscov, Bünaeu, Möser, Dohm, Schiller, Schröck, Schlözer, Johannes von Müller, Eichhorn, Niebuhr, Rotteck, Heeren, Hammer-Purgstall, Zschokke, Schlosser, Lappenberg, Raumer, Ranke, O. Müller, Dahlmann, Döllinger,

Gfrörer, Woltmann, Beck, Bülow, Gervinus, Menzel, Neander, Savigny, Luden, Pertz, Droysen, Bunsen, Duncker, Wachsmuth, Scherr, Klemm, Waitz, Mommsen, Häusser, and Zöpfl; in Italian—Malespini, Giovanni Villani, Macchiavelli, Guicciardini, Bembo, Varchi, Sarpi, Davila, Bentivoglio, Giannone, Muratori, Maffei, Colletta, Botta, Cesare Cantu, Gualterio, and Ranalli; in Spanish—Hernando del Pulgar, Sepulveda, Mendoza, Ocampo, Morales, Melo, Herrera, De Solis, Muñoz, Capmany, Ferreras, Quintana, Navarrete, and Torreno; in Portuguese—Albuquerque, Castanheda, De Goes, Bernado de Brito, Luiz de Souza, Andrade, and Correa de Serra; in Swedish—Geijer, Fryxell, Strinholm, and Reuterdahl; in Danish—Holberg, P. E. Müller, Petersen, Pontoppidan (Latin), and Grundtvig; in Dutch—Hooft, Hugo Grotius (Latin), Wagenaar, Van Kampen, Bilderdijk, Wijn, and Groen van Prinsterer; in Russian—Karamsin, Bolchovitinoff, Ushakoff, Pogodin, and Mihailovskii-Danilevskii; in Polish—Naruszewicz, Niemcewicz, Lelewel, Bandtke, Maciejowski, Lukaszewicz, and Chodakowski; in Hungarian—Horváth, Teleky, Prónay, and Toldy; and in modern Greek, Philemon and Tricoupis.—Among the best works on the art of historical writing are Lucian, *Περὶ ἱστορικῆς Συγγραφῆς*; Washler, *Geschichte der historischen Forschung und Kunst seit der Wiederherstellung der literarischen Cultur in Europa* (2 vols., Göttingen, 1812-'20); Tittmann, *Ueber Erkenntniss und Kunst der Geschichte* (Dresden, 1817); Creuzer, *Die historische Kunst der Griechen* (2d ed., Leipsic, 1845); Wachsmuth, *Entwurf einer Theorie der Geschichte* (Halle, 1820); W. von Humboldt, *Ueber die Aufgabe des Geschichtsschreibers* (Berlin, 1822); Duncker, *De Historia ejusque Tractandæ Varia Ratione* (Berlin, 1834); Gervinus, *Grundzüge der Historik* (Leipsic, 1837); Roscher, *Klio* (Göttingen, 1842); Vietz, *Das Studium der allgemeinen Geschichte* (Prague, 1844); Trächsel, *Ueber das Wesen und Gesetz der Geschichte* (Bern, 1857); Mably, *De la manière d'écrire l'histoire* (Paris, 1782);

Châteaubriand, preface to his *Etudes historiques* (Paris, 1831); Daunou, *Cours d'études historiques* (20 vols., Paris, 1842 *et seq.*); Bolingbroke, "Letters on the Study and Use of History" (London, 1751).

III. The philosophy of history seeks the law of human events, the ideal formula which rules all the forms of human effort and attainment, the principle whose development creates nations and civilizations, the forces and the direction of the forces which move the world onward to its destiny. It rises above any partial generalizations, such as theories of government, legislation, or political economy; above special views of nations and races, such as that the mission of Greece was to exemplify the beautiful and that of Rome to organize the state, that the Semitic races originate religions and the Indo-European sciences, that the Celtic races incline to monarchy and Catholicism and the Teutonic to representative institutions and Protestantism; and it grasps at final causes and universal relations. A veritable philosophy of history does not stop short of a theodicea. That the world is constituted and presided over by divine wisdom, and that a moral order prevails in the fortunes of men and nations, has been the general faith of mankind, appearing alike in the philosophies and poetry of the noblest nations. Bunsen sublimely expresses this thought in his definition of universal history as "that most sacred epic or dramatic poem, of which God is the poet, humanity the hero, and the historian the philosophical interpreter." The Hellenic conception of a divine Nemesis, the Hebrew faith that the divine principles of their national life should expand through the social and political institutions of all nations, ultimately making this earth the kingdom of God, and the confidence of the patristic and mediæval churchmen, who, having all hope in a world to come and little in that in which they lived, were obliged to flee to eternity to justify the ways of God with man, were all premonitions of the philosophy of history. The first formal attempt to reduce universal history to law was the Dis-

cours of Bossuet (1681), in which, epicizing the catechism, he bound the destinies of mankind to Judaism and Roman Catholicism, and with his vast teleological genius explained the march of events as the secret workings of Providence. Taking the Bible as a chart and ecclesiastical affairs as the central highway of history, he ranged all nations, ideas, and revolutions under the banner of an uninterrupted hierarchy, and produced a system rather than a philosophy. The theory of Bossuet has been applied with greater erudition by later church historians, and appears in the treatment of mythology by Görres, Gladstone, and others, who trace the most significant myths and fables of various nations, either as offshoots or counterfeits, to the original Hebrew and Christian revelation, which was received in its purity by the church, the great central fact in the organism of history. The Bible thus furnished to Bossuet a theosophical solution of the problem of history. The first who supposed that history bore within itself the elements for its own solution, which might be discovered by a profound knowledge of man and the earth, nations and countries, and therefore the founder of the philosophy of history in its proper sense, was Vico, in his *Scienza nuova* (1725). He styled his new science "a civil theology of Divine Providence," aimed at an historical demonstration of Providence *a posteriori*, and affirmed that the organic development of great epochs furnished a stronger proof of moral government, and a brighter manifestation of order, justice, and progress, than could be supplied by any argument *a priori*. Stating first the essential elements of the common nature of man, and then the various phases which they assume in different nations and successive ages, he sought to describe the ideal circle in which the real world revolves. Every nation recommences with the same nature as its predecessors nearly the same series of revolutions, develops nearly the same faculties, and having completed nearly the same circle is extinguished by the same providential decrees. It is this universal rotation, these *corsi e recorsi*,

which has given to Vico's theory the name of the system of historical returns. His chief merit lies in his fundamental idea, the application of which is intermingled with unhistorical fables and unphilosophical fancies. Law and government, Greece and Rome assume an exaggerated prominence in his work, while religion, the Orient, and mediæval and modern Europe are slighted. His conclusions, too, are not ultimate. He stops with the existence of nations, their common nature, and their circular march, and does not grasp the *ensemble* of history, humanity itself. What becomes of the race amid these turns and returns? Does it advance, attaining from each new epoch a higher idea, a truer tendency? Are its revolutions the steps in a grand march? Does it follow, as Goethe fancied, a spiral line? If its development be progressive, what are the conditions of its progress, and to what destiny does it lead? These questions, which suggest the goal at which Bossuet ventured, were avoided by Vico. The system of Vico was revived and modified into a mystical doctrine by Ballanche in his *Palin-génésie sociale* (1827), in which the decay and rehabilitation are exalted into the two grand dogmas not only of history but of psychology. Every individual and every nation revolves toward its perfection through three degrees—trial, initiation, expiation. Prometheus stole the sacred fire from heaven, was initiated into the secret of the gods, expiated his temerity in torments; mankind as represented in Adam yielded to temptation, was initiated into a knowledge of good and evil, was redeemed by the expiation of Christ. In such beliefs, which he everywhere finds in popular songs and traditions, containing the three elements of a trial to undergo, an enigma to divine, and a sacrifice to be offered, he traces the universal law of human life, which applies alike to the individual, the nation, and the race. Herder in his "Ideas on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind" (1784-'91) approaches the subject in a poetic spirit. With reverence of the soul and admiration of nature, he epicizes

the antagonism between the two, and conceives of history as the triumph of the human spirit over the universe which enchains it, of the infinite over the finite. In the rise and fall of nations he sees only new steps and postures of the pilgrim spirit of humanity, ever passing onward from its old seats in which nature had thrown over it her mysterious toils, ever seeking higher attainments of civilization, yet ever an exile and a prisoner in this world, belonging by its nature and its destiny to another realm. Climate and geography play leading parts in his explanations, and with comprehensive view he aims to link the vicissitudes of history with the whole body of the universe, and to show that all the phenomena of humanity are in relation with the entire domain of nature, of which they constitute a special department. He thus exalts the share of external nature in history, making it create peculiar ideas and developments in peculiar localities. As his theory is professedly not established upon metaphysical categories, but upon breadth of culture and an instinctive felicity in detecting the influences of scenery and the peculiarities of nations, it forms a theodicea of the heart and the understanding rather than of the reason. The author appears in it less as a philosopher than as a comprehensive and imaginative thinker, a poetical and genial theologian, and an entranced admirer of the works of God. In Friedrich von Schlegel's "Philosophy of History" (1829), the fundamental idea is a lament that there should be a history at all. Man, he maintains, was created free, with a power of choice between a career among unhistorical blessed spirits, who live in free obedience to the divine will, and a course downward to the abyss of antagonism with God. He chose the latter, and history is a narrative of his return from this apostasy, a recital of the developments by which he is to recover his original state. It begins with a primitive revelation, and ends with the last judgment. The means of rehabilitation is the church, which is the kingdom of God planted on the earth. Some nations wandered completely

away from the revealed knowledge, others retained traces of it, the Hebrews preserved it in its purity. Christianity came to infuse new energy into it, to spread it over the earth, to introduce in its triumph a universal rehabilitation. But the genius of evil sowed the seed of revolt even in the bosom of the Christian church. The individualism, rationalism, and free inquiry of the Protestant centuries are an inspiration of Antichrist. The insurrectionary movement which impelled the Ghibellines and the reformers reached its climax in the French Revolution; from which time begins a reaction in favor of submission to positive religion, and to the triple authority of father, priest and king. The absolute dominion of these three vicars of the Deity is the end of history. Then the infinite plant of humanity will have resumed its normal state, and individual life will be a pure and divine vegetation. Hegel's Philosophy of History (1822-'37) presented the subject for the first time in connection with a system of thought logically elaborated to its minutest details. His fundamental principle is: *Was wirklich ist, ist vernünftig*, "Whatever exists, exists by process of reason." Reason is at once the infinite material and the infinite formative power of history. History is the objective development of the divine idea of the reason, whose essential characteristic is freedom, and the condition of whose existence is to know itself, to become self-conscious. At the foundation of every considerable aggregate of nations, of every important stadium of history, lies some characteristic idea, some phase and grade of the progressive development of reason. To realize these grades, to pass these moments of transition, and to arrive at a full consciousness of itself as the eternal truth and the absolute reality, is the boundless impulse of the world-spirit, the goal of its restless striving. Three stages and states of development mark this historic effort. The first is the oriental world, the realm of faith, obedience, and despotism, where gorgeous empires are constituted with all rational ordinances and arrangements, but in such a way

that one individual alone, the sovereign, is conscious of freedom, realizes the idea of the spirit, and all the others revolve around him only as substances and accidents. The second is the Greek and Roman world, with its aristocracy, democracy and slavery, in which some know their freedom, and individualities are formed; presenting in Greece the free individual conditioned only by beauty, the idea joyously and harmoniously expressing itself in matter and creating art; presenting in Rome the free individual in conflict with the abstract universality of the state. The third is the Christian, German, or modern world, in which all know their freedom, in which the idea seeks for harmony in itself, in the inner life of the individual, and, by being purified and elevated into universality, exalts him into a divine personality. Thus the empire of the spirit is inaugurated. The long and painful efforts of modern history are required to establish its reign. The Renaissance was the dawn, the Reformation the morning, and the French Revolution the midday of this last period in the progress of the idea toward its goal, when it shall know itself as all truth and contain within itself all the history and results of the natural and intellectual universe. The absolute idea manifests itself not under national forms, but in the three domains of art, religion, and philosophy.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Moral Philosophy, or Ethics (Lat. *mos*, Gr. *ἦθος*, manner, practice), the science of duty; the principles which prescribe what ought to take place in human conduct and actions. The ancient Greeks divided philosophy into logic, physics, and ethics; the first treated the universal and necessary forms of thought; the second, so much of the subject matter of thought as pertains to material nature; and the third, the whole nature and activity of free and intelligent beings. More precisely defined, ethics is that division of practical philosophy comprehending the doctrines of the right in human life, and is distinguished from policy and æsthetics, which embrace respectively the doctrines of the expedient and the beautiful or noble. Or it may be defined as natural in distinction from civil jurisprudence, treating of the relations, rights, and duties by which the members of universal society are by the law of nature under obligation toward God, themselves, and each other. Ethics regards mental dispositions; jurisprudence outward acts. The former extends to all moral qualities; the latter is limited to the virtue of justice, since no written law can enjoin gratitude or generosity. Moral law is imposed by the conscience; civil law by the decree of the legislator. Right is what a man may lawfully or morally do. Duty is what he must morally do. Crime is what he lawfully must not do. Vice is what he morally must not do. The law of nature, or the law of God, embracing the law of nations, is sometimes used as comprehending the whole of morality, the whole theory of conduct, and sometimes as containing only those unwritten rules of justice which are enforced by punishment in civilized countries, and at the breach of which

it would be generally thought, if there were no government, that men might defend themselves by violence. Positive law, natural law, and moral law have been termed the three ascending degrees in the whole science of duty. The first inquiry in moral science is after an ultimate rule, a supreme principle of life, which shall be of imperative and universal authority, and around which shall be grouped all the motives and maxims of action. From this central principle every ethical system receives its character. These systems may be ranged in two classes, according as the ultimate moral rule is objective or subjective, dependent on something without or within the mind. The most prominent objective theories are those which adopt as the ultimate principle and basis of morality: 1, the authority of the state; 2, the revealed will of God; 3, something inherent in the nature of things; 4, the greatest happiness. Hobbes maintained the first, and Descartes the second. To the third division belong Dr. Samuel Clarke's theory of the fitness of things, Wollaston's of the truth of things, Wayland's of the relations of things, and President Edwards's of the beauty in the union or consent of one mind with the great whole of being, in the love of being in general. To the fourth division belongs the Epicurean theory of personal pleasure, which was made to coexist with virtue by Aristotle, to which Paley gave a more religious aspect by weighing future eternal happiness against present self-renunciation, and which Bentham advanced with reference to public utility and the greatest good of the greatest number. The principal subjective theories find the essence and test of morality in: 1, natural susceptibility to pride, gratified by flattery; 2, an inner reciprocal sympathy; 3, an inner sense, which gives moral distinctions; 4, an immediate intuition. Mandeville defined virtue as the offspring of flattery begotten upon pride, its motives being vanity, and its object praise. Adam Smith urged that the ground of morality was a reflex sympathy, by which the observer changes place in thought with the actor, and affirms the action to be

right or wrong according as it receives or repels his sympathy. Shaftesbury and Hutcheson maintained a distinct and specific moral sense, which immediately apprehends moral distinctions, and is to each man the source of obligation and the measure of virtue. Dr. Brown modified this theory by denying the existence of virtue and vice in the abstract, and claiming that a universal sentiment, by reason of the original conformation of the human mind, approves certain intentions and affections as right, disapproves others as wrong, and is the ultimate source of all moral truth. Fr. von Schlegel regarded this moral sense or universal sentiment as an inward revelation, which is in us but not of us, which is a divinely awakened awe of the Supreme Being, and which enjoins obedience to every form of God's commandments. Those who claim an immediate intuition of moral truth suppose in the human mind a higher reason for the apprehension of universal and necessary principles. The reason immediately beholds the right, and is of ultimate and conclusive authority. Its affirmation, founded on intellectual intuition, is the sufficient sanction of duty. Such, with various modifications, is the theory of Cudworth, Kant, and Coleridge.—Ethics is not, like mathematics or metaphysics, an independent science. It rests upon philosophical or theological principles, only the application or operations of which it deals with. It takes a dynamical and not a statical view of the elements of life. It presupposes human liberty, the power to employ our mental and physical capacities as we will, and to determine the end toward which they shall be directed; for otherwise the sentiments of duty and of responsibility would be without foundation, would at most be mere phenomena of the consciousness, and moral philosophy could be only the natural history of human actions. Its distinctive quality would be lost, destiny taking in it the place of duty. The supremacy of the conscience, however it be defined, whose mandate is duty, is also presupposed, since a moral nature is prerequisite to the science of moral action.

Conscience implies a supreme law, having reference to a general end, and constituting an ultimate rule of right, the determination of which, and its application to all departments of conduct, are the tasks of moral philosophy. A complete moral system states the supreme good of man, the supreme moral principle which should guide his action, and his particular duties to himself, to mankind, and to God.—Christian ethics is the doctrine of Christian life, embracing so much of dogmatics as pertains not to knowledge but action. Schleiermacher, Rothe, and others have regarded it as identical with dogmatics, on the ground that Christian faith and morals, thought and purpose, knowledge and action, are not separable. It differs from philosophical ethics in its subject, which is not man, but Christianity; in its principle, founded on the recognized relation between man and God; in its source, being derived not from the reason, but from the teaching of Christ and the apostles; and in our perception of it, which is not by any analytical process, but by the Christian consciousness.—The earliest ethical speculations in Greece appear in the maxims of the gnomic poets. The first attempt to introduce a scientific analysis into the details of practical wisdom was that of Pythagoras, whose moral system was linked with a mysterious symbolism of numbers. Of oriental origin, the Pythagorean discipline has been likened to philosophy on a tripod; it taught by symbols, spoke in tropes, wrote in verses, and, instead of reasoning, uttered oracles. Its elementary ideas are those of unity and duality, the finite and the infinite, the right and the oblique, to the former of which corresponds good, and to the latter evil. From unity the harmony of numbers is derived, and the sovereign good is the rhythmical order of nature. When the principle of unity predominates in intelligent beings there is spiritual harmony; and as harmony is not unity, but only an imitation of it, so virtue is not absolute goodness, but only an imperfect representation of it. God is the absolute unity, and is alone wise, and to imitate him as far as possible is the

duty of all imperfect beings, who cannot be wise, but only philosophers or friends of wisdom. The Pythagoreans distinguished the animal soul, whose seat is the heart, and the rational soul, which abides in the brain, and gave to the latter the supremacy. They, therefore, laid stress on self-command and temperance as essential to the vision of truth, and tended to ascetic practices, yet maintained that justice and love are inseparable, and were unsurpassed by any school of antiquity in urging the duties of friendship. The Pythagorean aristocracy resembled an oriental sacerdotal caste, and the Pythagorean political institutions in southern Italy mark the conflict between the genius of the Orient and that of Greece, between theocracy and humanity, the nobility and the people, the servitude of tradition and liberty of thought. Heraclitus repeated Pythagoras, and Democritus opposed him, founding the sensualist ethical school, and developing the most complete and scientific moral system prior to Socrates, which was, however, only a corollary and result of his atomic physical doctrines. The sovereign good of man, according to him, is not pleasure but happiness, which consists in constant and tranquil content. To be at once temperate, daring and confident, and, having never done nor wished anything absurd, to trust in fortune, was the whole purport of his ethical maxims. The age of the sophists succeeded. They, however, neither formed a school, nor their doctrines a system. Grammarians, rhetoricians, statesmen, metaphysicians and moralists, from all the schools of Greek philosophy, their special influence was in inspiring respect for intellectual attainments and performances, and their best service was in habituating the Greek mind to a free examination of all human knowledge. The weapon which they wielded was a rhetorical eloquence, under the sway of which the mythological divinities began to lose their majesty, the ancient traditions which had charmed successive generations ceased to have authority, the institutions of state tended toward equality and toward a foundation of reason instead

of experience, and the enthusiasm of Greek culture was transferred from martial and political accomplishments to the arts, letters, and oratory. Their method was powerful to destroy rather than build up, yet the common statement that they were intellectual and moral corrupters is elaborately disputed by Mr. Grote. He regards them as the regular exponents of Greek morality, neither above nor below the standard of the age, maintains that Socrates was not their great opponent but their eminent representative, that they were the authorized teachers, the established clergy of the Greek nation, and that Plato was the dissenter, who attacked them not as a sect but as an order of society. Socrates is usually styled the father of moral philosophy; yet he was rather a sage than a philosopher, and is renowned rather for his wonderful moral consciousness and for his power of exciting the analytical faculties of others than for his positive speculative thought. He affirmed the reality of the distinction between good and evil, that it was founded in nature and not in convention, yet he did not precisely determine wherein it consists. He enjoined the supremacy of duty, yet he gave no objective or subjective definition of virtue. His highest motive was to make reason prevail in human life, public and private, as it prevails in the universe. The elements of his instruction were: a supreme Deity, the principle of order and beauty in nature, and of justice and truth in man; and a series of human virtues, the principal of which were wisdom or a participation in the divine intelligence, justice, which is conformity to universal reason, fortitude, which gives courage and strength to endure trouble and resist difficulties, and temperance, which subdues the passions and makes us capable of intellectual delights. He was the first to treat distinctly of ethical science, apart from cosmological and metaphysical speculations, and laid down the principle of individual and social security and happiness as the end to which all moral precepts have reference. Like the other moral philosophers of antiquity, he confounded

ethics and politics, and was a preacher of virtue in the interest of the state.—The aim of Socrates was to reform morals, that of his disciple Plato was to generalize thought. The latter did not frequent public places to teach the excellence of virtue, but, with a mind whose natural function seemed to be the contemplation of the essence of things, he disdained the shadows of earth for the eternal and divine realities of an ideal world, and developed schemes of thought which caused the fathers of the church to recognize him as one of their precursors. His fundamental ethical principle rests upon the antagonism of the visible and the invisible, the divine and the earthly. Man is in exile upon the earth, to which he is united by his senses and passions; but by his pure intelligence, his love, by dim reminiscences and regrets, he communes with heaven, which is his true home. He thus by opposite faculties and impulses tends to opposite goals. By yielding to the one he degrades himself, and to some extent perishes. By cherishing the other he resumes and retains his divine excellences. The four cardinal virtues are temperance, courage (*θῦπος*), wisdom, and love. The first two are relative, the product of earthly imperfection; the second two are real, the remnants of our original perfection. They all have their foundation in wisdom, the fruit of reason, which sees through the material world the world of ideas of which it is a dim copy, and contemplates the supreme beauty of the essential universe. The Platonic morality is therefore speculative; virtue is referred finally to the intellect. A magnificent ideal is presented, the sentiment of love is commanded, and it is assumed that to know the right will be sufficient to practise it. There is no place in his philosophy for that perversity by which the soul sees the better and follows the worse, avoids what it loves and embraces what it hates—a phenomenon, however, which Plato himself has described. The virtue which won his admiration implies a pure intelligence, the obedience to which of the heart and will is presupposed. Nor did he precisely define

the nature of moral good and evil; his analysis did not reach to the absolute; and he left truth, beauty, and goodness to blend together and lose themselves in their supreme source. God is the principle of moral order, and virtue consists in the knowing and imitating him. "Alone among the ancient philosophers," says St. Augustine, "Plato made happiness consist not in the enjoyment of the body or the mind, but in the enjoyment of God, as the eye enjoys the light." The principle of the ideal contained in his philosophy has proved itself imperishable, and has more than once in modern times prompted both ethical and metaphysical speculations to higher standpoints.—The ethics of Aristotle place the sovereign good in happiness, which is inseparable from virtue, and consists in life and action. The gods themselves are happy only because they act. This theory of activity, which makes virtue to be the best possible disposition of all human functions, was one of the remarkable amendments made by him in the system of his master. An action is right or wrong only when it proceeds from free will and personal responsibility, and its moral desert must be judged by the end which it proposes, that is, by the intention. The Socratic and Platonic mistake of regarding vice as the involuntary product of ignorance is thus corrected. Virtue is a habit, a sort of moral dexterity; single acts cannot constitute it; but the virtuous disposition must be constant, acquired by oft repeated acts, and underlying the whole art of life. But his characteristic ethical statement is that virtue is a mean between two extremes. At one point all the passions are good; below or above that, they violate the order of nature, and are bad. Equally removed from extreme excess and extreme deficiency there lies in all spiritual and physical conditions an intervening state, which is that of virtue. To act when we ought, in the right circumstances, in the proper manner, and for legitimate persons and purposes—that is the *juste milieu* which characterizes morality. Hence there is always only one way of acting well, but thousands of mak-

ing a mistake. He however gives no absolute definition of virtue, as an abstract mean between two abstract extremes, does not determine it as a fixed mathematical point, but makes it relative to the circumstances and disposition of the individual, a centre varying according to the pains and pleasures, desires and hatreds which encircle it. This ingenious theory is derived *a posteriori* instead of suggested *a priori*, is an inference and not an instinct, and has perhaps never been applied as a practical criterion of duty. As in metaphysics Aristotle completely sundered God from the world, so in ethics he separated the speculative from the practical reason, and gave to mortality no foundation in absolute science. His moral scheme was a branch of politics, virtue was a civil quality to be developed only in the state, and his views of man and life were not universal but essentially Greek and republican. To prove that man was something more than a member of society was a task for the future.—This task was fulfilled by cynicism and stoicism, while the conquests of Alexander may be said to have denationalized the Greek ethics. Diogenes proclaimed himself a citizen of the world, and the government of the universe the only polity worthy of our admiration. Opposed to patriotism, family, and property, the cynic placed virtue in the strength to endure privations and in independence of social relations. Under the banner of inward freedom and power, he verged toward asceticism, misanthropy, and impudence. The same tendency more strikingly appears in stoicism, the leading feature of which is tyranny over self, a revolt against the senses and passions, contempt of pain, pleasure, death, and of all the accidents of humanity. It was the philosophy of Roman citizenship, lying underneath the inflexibility of discipline and duty. Cleanthes and Epictetus both declared force to be the only virtue. A rigorous adherence to the essential elements, the lowest terms of human nature, a contempt for pleasure as something not designed in the scheme of natural law and inconsistent with its ideal of the freedom and inde-

pendence of the soul, a striving to shape the individual life according to the rational nature, which is itself in conformity with the rational order of universal nature, an abstract apprehension of virtue as the subjection of personal to universal ends, and a consequent moral indifference to external good, were the prominent characteristics of the ethical system of the stoics, which was rivalled only by Epicureanism in the amount of its influence on Greek and Roman thought and life. Its moral standpoint was one of abstract subjectivity, its scheme of particular duties was conceived with reference to an ideal of rational freedom, and its motives were all heroic. Stern, haughty, and inflexible, it disregarded the lighter graces both of inward and outward nature in its contemplation of the laws and the energy of the primitive forces of the soul. Stoicism was one of the modes of reaction against the degeneracy of Greek society; Epicureanism, another. Like Aristotle, Epicurus placed the highest good in happiness. The prize of life is the possession of supreme pleasure. All other virtues are but the auxiliaries of prudence or wisdom, which is the architect of our happiness, teaching us in whatsoever situation to derive from it the utmost advantages. Thus by prudence the wise man will abstain from the burden of public affairs and from marriage, will observe the laws of his country, acquire means to live with dignity and ease, practise sobriety and moderation, cultivate friendships, and aim after a life without a trouble (*ἀταραξία*). This serene pleasure he does not allow to be disturbed by fears of death or of the gods; for the gods live in changeless and blessed repose in empty space, undisturbed by any management of human affairs; and death is the end of all feeling, and not an evil to be dreaded, since when death is, we are not. His ethical system does not recognize any positive end of life, and proposes nothing higher than a state of passionless repose; and from the multitude of his disciples during several centuries there proceeded no original thought and no pre-eminent man. The system itself degenerated,

until it became strange that a philosopher who was proverbially blameless and temperate, who nurtured himself on barley bread and water, with which he boasted he could rival Jupiter in happiness, should have been the founder of Epicureanism. The Horatian *nil admirari* expresses the melancholy but not the sensuality of its later character. The influence of the Platonic and Aristotelian ethical theories declined; stoicism and Epicureanism remained as rival sects. During the first Christian centuries stoicism predominated in intellectual theories, and philosophers of all schools, poets, historians, and rhetoricians, spoke like Seneca and Epictetus of the sacred love of the world, of the equality of man, of universal law, and a universal republic. Unlike the earlier philosophers, who had founded ethics on the system of the human faculties and passions with reference to their combined operation in the state, the Neo-Platonists gave a theological and mystical character to duty in connection with their doctrines of emanation. The object of life was to rise by processes of asceticism and ecstatic vision from the world of the senses into which we have fallen to our original home in the world of ideas, and the virtues which mark the successive steps in this return are distinguished as physical, political, ethical, purificative, contemplative, and theurgic.

While all antiquity had made the sovereign good consist in escape from pain, either by virtue or by pleasure, Christianity by the mystery of the passion announced the divinity of sorrow. From this time until the rise of modern philosophy ethics cannot be separated from dogmatics. During a thousand years of theological speculations on the problems of life no system of philosophical ethics was attempted. The characteristic element in Christian virtue is love. If the Christian ideal of perfect charity were realized, ethics and politics would alike be absorbed in a higher science. Prominent as were the ideas of faith, hope, charity, and self-sacrifice in the age of the apostolic and church fathers, their basis remained from the first rather religious than specula-

tive, notwithstanding the persuasion that in the reason enlightened by the Word was given a ground of union between objective revelation and subjective knowledge. Justin Martyr, "the evangelist in the robe of a philosopher," began to apply the forms of ancient ethical philosophy to Christian conceptions of duty, and maintained human freedom by identifying the will and the conscience. Augustine, though aiming to emancipate Christian thought from antique influences, asserted the rationality of Christian morality, since it sprang from the absolute reason of Christ, who was the central idea in philosophy and the ideal of life. While Augustine and Pelagius were debating free will and sovereign grace, the same question was discussed in a different form by the last of the pagan philosophers, Plotinus and Proclus. The former, in a scheme of universal and absolute determination, suppressed liberty; the latter urged that the essence of personality was liberty, that man was his own controlling demon, and used the terms *autokinesy* and *heterokinesy*, corresponding nearly to the autonomy and heteronomy of Kant. The most elaborate attempt to combine the moral ideas of Christianity and of Alexandrian paganism was made by the writings ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite, which exerted great influence on later mystical theories. In the Middle Ages, mysticism, scholasticism, and casuistry successively presided over the doctrines of Christian morality. St. Bernard and St. Victor were the leading representatives of mysticism. The former has been surpassed by no author in his delineations of the worth and power of love. From him proceeded that passionate inspiration which the monastery of St. Victor perpetuated through the Middle Ages, and which remains embodied in the "Imitation of Christ." The two pre-eminent Christian sentiments, according to him, are humility and love, both springing from the knowledge of ourselves. A sense of humiliation is the first experience when we duly regard ourselves, and this prepares for intensity of love, which in its

highest degree is felt only with reference to God. The great masters of scholastic theological ethics were Peter Lombard, Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus. The aim of all was to harmonize Aristotelianism and Christianity. The first completed the list of the seven cardinal virtues by adding faith, hope, and charity to the ancient series of justice, fortitude, temperance, and wisdom. The second fully developed the mediæval philosophy of virtue. He made the intellect the highest principle, and distinguished universal and special ethics, the former being that of perfect beings in heaven, the latter that of imperfect beings on earth. Duns Scotus opposed the primacy of the will to that of the intellect, and thus introduced a subjective element in place of the objective knowledge to which Aquinas had given prominence. While by the mystical method morality was referred to inner feelings, aspirations, and conflicts, and by the scholastic method was founded on systems of intellectual principles, the casuistic method assumed prominence, which limited itself to the determination of duty in particular cases (*casus conscientiae*) in practical life. Numerous works of casuistry, some of them designed for the use of the confessional, were produced from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, the principal of which were the *Astesana* by a Minorite of Asti, the *Angelica* by Angelus de Calvasia, the *Pisanella*, also called the *Magistruccia*, by Bartholomew de Sancta Concordia in Pisa, the *Rosella* by the Genoese Minorite Trouamala, and the *Monaldina* by Archbishop Monaldus of Benevento. The *Astesana* treated in eight books of the divine commandments, of virtues and vices, of covenants and last wills, of the sacraments, of penance and extreme unction, of ordination, of ecclesiastical censures, and of marriage. The tendency of casuistry was to dissipate the essential unity of the Christian life in the technical consideration of a diversity of works, and it had begun to decline when it was revived and zealously improved by the order of Jesuits, and became their peculiar ethics. The

doctrine of probabilities was developed by them in connection with it. Pascal and others assailed the indefiniteness and ambiguity of casuistical principles. The *Medulla* of Hermann Busenbaum, which is the basis of the *Theologia Moralis* of Liguori, attained the highest reputation as an embodiment of Jesuitical ethics.—In the conflicts of the sixteenth century, when sects, schools, and parties were confounded and transformed, moral philosophy was subordinate to theology and politics. Montaigne, who of all the writers of the time was most distinctively a moralist, pretended to no system. The conciliatory Melancthon proposed a definition of virtue which includes the special features of all the schools and creeds; Suarez maintained the traditions of scholasticism; and Luther, Bruno, and Bacon, as well as the later Descartes, prepared in different ways for the achievements of a new era. One of the relics of mediæval discussion was the foundation of natural law. The disciples of Aquinas made it depend on the nature of things; those of Scotus and Occam, on the authority of God. The former made it essentially a matter of the intellect; the latter, of the will. The former tended to establish morality as independent of the Deity, and to affirm the eternal distinction between right and wrong, even if God did not exist; the latter tended to conceive of the moral law as an arbitrary enactment, to regard nothing as good or bad in itself, and the command of a superior as the only foundation of moral distinctions. The ablest representative of the latter theory in modern philosophy is Hobbes. He denied that any thing is naturally right or wrong, affirmed that pleasure and pain are the only objects to be desired or avoided, and limited human selfishness only by the control of an absolute civil power, the necessity of which is proved by experience in order to prevent a state of universal warfare. Morality is thus an artificial and prudential arrangement, dependent on the command of the political chief, without which the only virtues would be force and cunning.

On the contrary, Grotius maintained moral distinctions anterior to human convention, and established the law of nature and of nations as a special department in ethical science. The idea of natural law was more precisely determined by Pufendorf, who defined it as the precept of right reason among men mutually social, making a disinterested care for the advantage of society the first duty. It does not extend beyond the limits of this life, is limited to the regulation of external acts, and exists in the nature of things and in the eternal principles of the divine reason. Leibnitz disputed each of these three propositions. The theory of Hobbes was professedly opposed by Cumberland, who claimed the existence of certain natural laws, independent of experience, and cognizable by right reason, which prompt us to the exercise of moral and social duties. The eternal and immutable distinction of right and wrong in the mind of God, and as pure conceptions of the human reason, was sustained by Cudworth, and was the occasion of more precise speculations in England as to the mode or faculty by which we perceive the distinction.—The ethical writings of Malebranche were the most important produced in France in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Virtue he defines to be the love of universal order, as it eternally existed in the divine reason, where every created reason contemplates it. Particular duties are but the applications of this love. He substituted for the ancient classification of four cardinal virtues the modern distinction of duties toward God, men, and ourselves. Spinoza, according to his opponents by denying liberty in man and God, by recognizing only one divine substance and the modes thereof, made morality impossible, notwithstanding his principal work is entitled *Ethica*. But by defining clear ideas as those of the reason and vague ideas as those of passion, and establishing it as the object of existence to attain to clear ideas, he succeeded, like most other moralists, in opposing reason to passion. The being of the soul is thought. To

increase this, to rise to a greater reality, to preserve and exalt our essential nature, is at once the highest good and the highest virtue. Knowledge is happiness, which is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself. To follow our desires is the law of practical life, and limitation, deficiency of might, is the only evil. But evil is merely a relative conception of our own, formed by comparison of things with each other; there is no idea of it with God, who is always in harmony with himself, acting according to the laws of his own essence.—In the eighteenth century moral philosophy rested in England chiefly on theories of disinterested feeling and the moral sense, in France on sensationalism and self-interest; and in Germany the followers of Leibnitz maintained the supremacy of the reason and the doctrine of ideal good. Shaftesbury was the first to employ the term moral sense, which, however, he did not define. Some of his intimations favor the theory of general benevolence proposed by Edwards. Wollaston's definition of virtue as conformity to the truth of things, which Dr. Clarke changed to the fitness of things, gives to it an intellectual foundation, since truth and fitness are intellectual conceptions. Morality thus becomes the practice of reason. Hutcheson developed the suggestion of Shaftesbury of a moral sense, and supposed conscience and taste to be separate faculties which immediately introduce us to the objects of æsthetics and ethics. But neither he nor Bishop Butler, after thus determining the subjective condition of virtue, undertook to show the objective distinctive quality common to right actions. Nothing therefore but the immediateness of moral emotion and determination is secured by their theory, since neither the moral sense nor the morality of actions is explained by the statement that they correspond to each other. Adam Smith, in referring morality to the principle of sympathy, rendered a service rather to the philosophy of the sympathetic affections than of ethics. Though perhaps no one has ever accepted his statement that moral approval de-

pendes first upon sympathy with the motives of the agent, secondly upon sympathy with the gratitude of those who have been benefited by his actions, thirdly upon a perception that his conduct has been agreeable to the general rules by which these two sympathies generally act, and fourthly upon a perception of the utility and beauty apparent in a system of behavior which tends to promote the happiness either of the individual or of society; yet his analysis of the workings of sympathy is admirably conceived and illustrated. It was a part of Hume's ethical theory that general utility constitutes a uniform ground of moral distinctions. Denying a special moral faculty, he spoke sometimes of sympathy and sometimes of benevolence as the subjective quality which prompts us to be pleased with beneficial actions. Richard Price attempted to revive the intellectual in place of the sentimental theory of virtue, claiming that not only our moral feelings but all our emotions might ultimately be referred to the reason. He regarded right and wrong as simple ideas of the mind.—The maxim of Rochefoucauld: "Our virtues lose themselves in interest, like rivers in the sea," describes the ethical theory of the French sensational philosophy. Condillac, the head of this school, regards all intellectual operations, even judgment and volition, as transformed sensations; and Helvetius, applying the theory to morals, held that self-love or interest is the exclusive motor of man, denied disinterested motives, made pleasure the only good, and referred to legislative rewards and punishments as illustrating the whole system of individual action. A superior physical organization alone gives to man his superiority to other animals. La Mettrie maintained an atheistic Epicureanism; and though Condorcet proposed as a goal the perfectibility of mankind in the present state, he looked only to physical improvement, and wished to substitute an empirical education for the ideas and sanctions of religion and morality. The materialism, atheism, and fatalism of the epoch, which saw in the uni-

verse only matter and motion, and had pleasure for its single aim and law, were most completely and logically elaborated in D'Holbach's *Système de la nature*.—The influence of Leibnitz and Wolf maintained a higher philosophy in Germany, and the latter advanced the ethical principle that we should act only with reference to making ourselves or others more complete and perfect. Moral perfection consists in the harmony of the present with the past and the future, and of ourselves with the essential nature of man. Whatsoever tends toward or against this is right or wrong. Thus ethics is the science of the possible in life, as philosophy is of the possible in the whole realm of knowledge. A eudæmonistic and utilitarian school succeeded in the latter half of the eighteenth century, marked by subjective idealism, which made individual culture and happiness the highest principle and end, and cherished religion on the ground that it was advantageous to earthly pleasure. Basedow, Reimarus, and Steinbart were the principal representatives of this tendency, the subjective standpoint of which appears also in numerous confessions and autobiographies, like those of Rousseau.—Kant rescued ethics from the prevalent sentimental and sensational theories. "If," said he, "happiness, and not the law of inward freedom, be made the fundamental principle, there is an end to moral science." He defines ethics as the philosophy of the laws of freedom. Freedom is an *a priori* fact, an element which affirms itself in the activity of the will. The will has the capacity of entire independence or self-determination, bound only by its own autonomy. The pure reason proposes to it a universal law, which we call the moral law, and which is a categorical imperative, requiring an unconditioned obedience. This law is, in Kant's phraseology, the form of human action. Desires, passions, and material motives furnish the contents of action, and their influence constitutes the heteronomy of the will. To exclude principles that are merely of a heteronomic

nature, to admit only such motives as may be transformed into universal laws of the reason, so that the autonomy of the will may be inviolate, is the essence of morality. Thus the ethical law of Kant is: "Act only on such a maxim as may also be a universal law." A reverence for the moral law, which he compares to the starry heavens, a severance of the impulses of sense from moral motives, and an estimate of virtue as a triumph over resistance, characterize the Kantian morality. Sanctity is absolute conformity to the moral law, the ideal of moral perfection. Virtue is a constant tendency and progress toward this ideal. The supreme good is the highest happiness joined to the highest virtue. Since these do not correspond in the present state, the practical reason postulates for the attainment of the first the existence of God, and for the attainment of the second the immortality of the soul.—Personal autonomy becomes still more prominent in the philosophy of Fichte. According to him, the most profound and essential truth of our existence is the perpetual striving of the mind to develop itself, to realize its own nature, to bring into actual existence all that lies potentially in its consciousness. This fundamental impulse furnishes the formal principle of ethics, the principle of absolute autonomy, the self-formed aim of being. With it is associated the impulse of nature, which strives not for fulness and freedom, but for enjoyment. Both impulses aim at a unity, and their approximation is an infinite progression. "The world," says Fichte, "is the sensitized material of our practical life, the means by which we place before us, as object, the end and aim of our existence." Destiny is the course of the moral determination of the finite rational being. The formula of ethics is therefore: "Always fulfil thy destiny," which underlies the whole theory of particular duties. The conviction of duty, or conscience, is the condition of the morality of actions. A feeling of truth and certainty is the absolute criterion of the correctness of this conviction, and never de-

ceives, since it exists only when the empirical is in harmony with the absolute Ego. In the later form of Fichte's philosophy, its moral strictness was relieved by religious sentiment, the elements of the Ego and duty being transformed into life and love. His formula, making morality the fulfilment of destiny, is akin to the theory of Aristotle, and was adopted by Jouffroy, the principal moralist of the French eclectic school. In ethics alone Schelling scarcely departed from the principles of Fichte. In the system of Hegel, jurisprudence, ethics, and politics form the three divisions of the philosophy of mind viewed objectively. The removal of the antagonism between the universal and the particular will constitutes morality. To pursue the rational, or what is in accordance with the universal will, is right; to pursue the irrational is wrong. The three spheres in which moral purpose appears are the family, civil society, and the state. The state is the ethical whole, the highest embodiment of the moral idea, and its will should be supreme over that of the individual. He thus recurs to the ancient notion of merging ethics in politics, gives to morality a foundation of civil absolutism, and regards the rise and fall of states as historical developments of special phases of the reason. Herbart resolved ethics into æsthetics. De Wette adopted Jacobi's principle of feeling as the moral lawgiver, and stated the formula: "Live in order to live, and out of pure reverence and love of life"; and Schleiermacher founded a system of ethics, in which prominence is given to personal responsibility, and the invisible kingdom of God is made the highest good.—Against the doctrines of a moral sense and of disinterested benevolence which had chiefly prevailed in English ethical philosophy from the time of Hutcheson and Butler, and which were zealously defended by Dugald Stewart, a utilitarian tendency was manifested which culminated in Jeremy Bentham. Previous to him Tucker had developed a system akin to the selfish theory, founded on Hartley's principles of association; and

Paley had declared the motive to virtue to be everlasting happiness, and had resolved the art of life into that of rightly settling our habits. Bentham gave to his moral theory the name of "the greatest happiness principle," and represented the practice of virtue as the art of maximizing happiness. All moral action proceeds, according to him, from the calculation of pains and pleasures, estimated by their magnitude and their extent. In the proper balancing of these all morality consists, and virtue and vice are absolutely nothing, merely fictitious entities, when separated from happiness and misery. His aim was to expel from ethical science the word "ought," which was claimed by Mackintosh as the simplest and most universal expression of the moral sense. "The talisman of arrogance, indolence, and ignorance," says he, "is to be found in a single word, an authoritative imposture, which in these pages it will be frequently necessary to unveil. It is the word 'ought.' If the use of the word be admissible at all, it 'ought' to be banished from the vocabulary of morals." Till this is done he proposes to neutralize its effect by the use of another potent word—"why?" Yet Whewell has remarked that it is a mere assumption to prescribe that the answer to this query must be in the language of the utilitarian theory. Bentham urged the formation of general rules of conduct, and strict conformity to them, in order to avoid the temptations of our frailty and passions; and if a reverence for virtuous maxims and precepts thus takes the place in the mind of the utilitarian of the direct application of his principle, there will be little difference between him and the believer in immutable morality, since the practical rules of both will coincide.—John Stuart Mill, who acknowledges the influence of both Bentham and Comte, in the latter portion of his work on "Logic," proposes and discusses the inquiry whether ethics may not be reduced to a certain science, and principles be as definitely established in the art of life as the indisputable laws of physics. He develops the subject no further

than to state that happiness, in the full meaning of the word, must be the recognized goal of existence and aim of action.—The Italian school of philosophy of the present century presents the subject of ethics in new phases. Virtue, according to Rosmini, is founded on the idea of possible being. Universal being is the absolute good and the principle of every particular good. Moral good is the absolute good in so far as it is desired by man, since it is desire which first leads him to the idea of perfection, which is elaborated into that of being. The first precept of the moral law, therefore, is to love being, as such. But as the moral act must be with reference to the ultimate goal and infinite object of thought, the formula is thus transformed: "Love intelligent beings, not for themselves, but for their supreme end, which is God." Virtue consists in the conformity of intuitive and reflex knowledge, and its essential principle is truth. Obligation rests on the power of rational decision on what a person knows. Conscience is a speculative judgment on the morality of the practical judgment and on its consequences. Mamiani, also, seeks in ontology the sources of moral order. According to him, "absolute good exists," a deduction from the idea of a first infinite cause, is the fundamental principle of ethics. Virtue is the voluntary co-operation of free and rational beings in the moral order of the universe, in which consists the absolute good, and which converges to God. Deviation, on the contrary, is evil and sin. The moral law in most general terms commands: "Do good." Duty requires the accomplishment of the part assigned to each individual in working out the supreme end of society. But beyond this fulfilment, there is a heroic virtue whose object is the greatest possible realization of good, and which consists in the appropriation of individual capacities to the general interests of society. Mamiani maintains, as a matter of history, that right intentions have never resulted in greater evil than good, but that by a pre-established harmony even a false application of a truth

must result in some undesigned advantage. The law of progress reigns in the moral as in the material world, and ultimate perfection in an immortal state is the goal of humanity. Gioberti defines virtue to be the knowledge of an absolute law and the conformity of a free will to that law. Law is an idea considered in reference to the will, and an ethical must be founded on a metaphysical system. An ultimate law cannot be considered independently of religion, because it is in fact God himself. The divine will manifested in the moral imperative appears clothed with an absolute right. God as the absolute law reigning over the free human will is the condition of obligation. The ideal formula of Gioberti transferred to the department of ethics becomes: Being, by means of the human will, creates the good. The human will, preferring law to affection, creates virtue. Virtue, reconciling affection with law, creates happiness. All these Italian systems of ethics recall the ancient speculations on the subject by referring virtue ultimately to the intellect, making ontological conceptions of being the foundation of responsibility. They also connect virtue closely with religion, and give to it something of an ecclesiastical character.

DEITY.

Nature and Value of the Evidence for the Being of God,
from the moral nature of man, and the constitution and
faculties of the human mind.

If while viewing the western heavens at the sunset hour, all resplendent with varied light, a person should come to us and undertake to prove, by an array of syllogisms and by presenting a stately troop of arguments, that the scene before us was really a beautiful one, we should hardly think the man sane, and should certainly regard his mode of procedure as most absurd. We should inform him that arguments had their uses; but that at present the sense of beauty within us and the object of beauty without correspond immediately upon the act of perception, producing that harmony which is the test of truth, and that there was no opportunity for the intervention of his ponderous weapons of logic; that there was beauty in the sky, to be discerned by that part of his nature to which it appealed, but that it could not be seen through his logical nature, any more than it could be seen through his hat.

Much like the attempt of this man, I must confess, seems to me our attempt to prove by logical processes that Divine Being who is the Light that lighteth every soul that cometh into the world. To come to the human soul, itself an inspiration of God, and redolent in every part of its divine origin, while everything within and around it proclaims the divine existence and presence, while all its aspirations and anticipations demand and bespeak the Deity, while an intuition of and a faith in some form of divine sovereignty is an almost universal experience,—to come to the soul being of this nature and to begin to assure it by a long concatenation of terms that there is really a God in the universe, seems to be quite as superfluous and vain a task as to prove

that there is beauty in the sky. It is trying to get the idea of God from a wrong avenue and by wrong means, as if we should try to understand a mathematical problem by exercising the passion of love, or should attempt to play upon a piano or guitar with a sledge-hammer.

Before considering the forms of proof which have been drawn from the moral and intellectual nature of man, an objection to them all as compared with proofs from the material world should be stated and answered. It may be said that we are altogether ignorant of the nature of the soul—that we cannot demonstrate whether it be material or spiritual, whether it courses through the blood around the diaphragm as the old Homeric heroes thought, or whether it inhabits the northern and frozen regions of the brain as most moderns suppose, or whether it be not quite independent of the body and reach off as far as the universe goes, as Spinoza and Schelling believe;—and while the opinions of men have ranged as to its nature from earth to pure spirit, and, as to its extent, from a point to the universe, it would seem quite too indefinite an element to be made the starting point of a firm chain of reasoning. To attempt this would seem like attempting to make a deduction from a mathematical figure without knowing whether the figure in hand were square, sphere or hexagon. The answer to this objection is, first, that we are really as ignorant of the material as of the mental world; and, secondly, that men have a common consciousness antecedent to all metaphysical definitions which furnishes sufficient basis for argument—that passion, reason, imagination, conscience, the premises which we use, are essentially the same in all, however different persons may define them.

The proofs which have been based upon the moral and intellectual faculties of man are the cosmological, the physico-theological, the ontological, and the moral;—the two former being derived equally from the mind and the material world, and the two latter derived only from the mind.

The cosmological argument, first introduced by Didore of Tarsus and fully developed by John of Damascene, as based upon the mind would stand thus;—The emotional and intellectual powers of man exist not of themselves, but rest upon some sufficient ground, and are the operation of some sufficient cause lying back of them. These powers are phenomenal, conditioned, ever changing; therefore they must have a sufficient cause or ground, eternal, unconditioned, unchangeable. This cause can only be God.

This argument need not be limited in application to the powers of the mind, but by it anything whatever may be made to prove the Divine existence; since when reduced to its lowest terms it was simply thus:—something exists, therefore God, the sufficient cause, exists. It is assumed here that everything but God is an effect, which not being self-evident is not an allowable assumption. Why may not the present order of the universe be eternal, and its sufficient ground be an infinite series, a natural law of succession, without beginning and therefore without any possibility of its being accounted for? If it be said that a chain whatever be its length must be supported by its topmost link, we answer that by our hypothesis the chain is infinite and therefore has no topmost link, and that it reaches of itself infinitely beyond any place for it to be attached to.

The physico-theological proof, or the proof from design, as based upon the mind, starts not like the former from the mere existence of the mental powers, but from the design which appears in their order and mutual adaptation. It would be stated thus: The soul is a spiritual mechanism for the production of intensity and harmony of spiritual life. The passions prompting it to know, to love and to aspire, the reason and the senses presenting and ordering the objects of knowledge, love and aspiration, the will determining and executive, mysteriously giving to the spirit power to move and rule the world of matter—these elements thus acting together furnish as splendid though not as manifest an ex-

ample of adaptation as can be found in the whole gallery of nature's art. Order proves an orderer, design a designer; and Deity alone can be the designer of the soul.

With reference to this proof, it may be said, first, that it does not pretend to prove a Creator but only an orderer. The power which adjusted the elements of the soul need not at all have been the Creator of those elements. A house shows design; but it is inferred that the builder only arranged and placed the materials, not that he created them out of nothing. Again, this proof does not lead to one Divine Power, but rather to many. When different passions give diverse impulses, this argument would make a Deity the cause of each, and would not rest till it had introduced a hierarchy of deified human passions as numerous and as conflicting as that of old Olympus. This argument, unhelped by others, could not correct itself in this respect so long as the elements raged without or the soul wrestled with itself within. But while after all the proof is sufficient to furnish a strong confirmation or rather a lively illustration of a faith already possessed by the soul, we question whether it would be sufficient to give this faith at the first. Annihilate the moral law in man, reverse his religious tendency, blot out the living realm of sentiment, make him only a being of senses and of intellect, and would he then discover God everywhere manifest in the soul and in nature? Yet the appeal to his understanding would be the same then as now—the logical value of the argument the same.

The ontological argument is based upon the idea of God innate in the mind, and, by a general principle of the Cartesian philosophy, infers from the idea its objective reality or the real existence of God. By this argument I do not see why anything that we can think of is not proved to exist. And again, how can a man deny the existence of anything whatever, since he must have an idea of that which he is denying, and the idea proves the real existence. Again,

according to Descartes, existence is a necessary perfection of God, and therefore God exists. The fallacy here is that it is proving God by one of his attributes, which is equivalent to assuming His existence in the first place. Existence is not a real perfection of God unless there is a God, which must be proved before the attribute is ascribed to him.

There remains to be considered the moral argument. Among the various faculties of the soul, each with its own object and sphere, there is one of higher authority than the others, claiming power over the whole realm of a man's thought and the whole course of his action. This principle of conscience is the law of the soul, suggesting a divine power not merely from the fact of its existence, but from its nature. The throne in the mind suggests the throne of the universe; the authority of conscience within us suggests a moral governor of all things. Kant, having shown that the other arguments fail to establish what they are intended to, esteemed the moral argument as amply satisfactory. He states it thus: Morality and a degree of happiness corresponding to it are the two elements constituting the supreme good. But the virtuous do not always attain this. There must therefore be a compensation in the world to come, and also a Being that possesses the requisite intelligence and the will to bring about this compensation. Hence the existence of God is a postulate of the practical reason. This argument does not pretend to demonstration but only to give moral certainty, as appears from the term postulate which it ascribes to the Divine existence. In fact, the logical nature has very little to do with it, either in its first development or in accepting it. It is based upon the moral sentiment and appeals only to the moral sentiment. The soul with its perfect moral instincts mid what seems at present an imperfectly moral universe *feels* that there must be an infinite Rectifier of things, who from seeming discord and disorder shall produce a universal moral harmony, just as the soul from some of its passions and affections too great for

earthly objects feels that there must be a divine supreme object to which it may attach itself and which shall be the complement of its own existence. It is a matter of feeling throughout and loses all its force in being stated as a logical and deduced truth. It is this feeling which inspired Seneca when he said "in the bosom of the virtuous man, I do not know what deity, but some deity exists."

After this review of the proofs, it seems clear to me that they all derive their force not from their logical value but by transfer to them of the instinctive faith of the soul. Pure unimpassioned logic may reason of the Deity but I think could not first give the idea of Deity. It might search through all spaces forever and find only the coldness and cheerlessness of infinitude, like a desert. I have read of a German painter who, being ordered to paint a picture of a camel, an animal that he had never seen, retired to his room, and from the depths of his own moral consciousness tried to conceive the shape and color of the camel. This was absurd, in that it was transferring a matter which belonged to the understanding into the province of the higher reason. Is it not just as absurd to transfer a matter which belongs only to the higher reason, as the idea of God, into the lower province of the understanding?

The view which we have taken of the proofs of God may be confirmed by analogies. The reason seeks and believes in absolute truth, yet no process of the understanding can prove absolute truth. Beauty is the faith of our æsthetic nature, a faith which certainly would not survive a syllogistic operation. Conscience speaks authoritatively of that infinite righteousness of which itself is a premonition, yet it is with a very different authority from that of finite logic. Thus the existence of God seems as axiomatic and necessary a truth as our own existence, a truth immediately recognized by the soul, and which deserves to stand rather at the beginning than the end of any syllogism.

RELIGION.

Heb. i, 1 and 2.

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things."

The history of the world is the history of religions. Human events advance, like the chariot of the prophet, wheel within wheel; but in every age the outer wheel, whose motion decides the historic direction, and which carries onward in its ample embrace all the minor circles of social phenomena, is the reigning system of religious ideas. The citizen, in our government, is responsible to the State, the State to the United States, the United States to the law of nations, or the diplomatic order of civilization; but civilization itself now as ever obeys the genius of religion, advancing with the growth and perishing with the decline of the faith to which it owes its birth. Never yet has a religion appeared with power on the earth that it did not impart a new life and direction to society. Never yet has a great historical religion been uprooted without at the same time arresting the progress of the arts and sciences and confounding all moral and social order. Thus the widest generalization which we can reach in the survey of human affairs is a religion. Obedient to it follow the groups of nations and the myriads of men which make up an age or a civilization. A common quality vibrates in every heart, beams in every eye, gives a cast to every countenance, enters as a sentiment or habit into every moment of life:—it is the genius of the religion. Religion is the soul of history. The conception of God is the entrancing wand, which leaves its impress wherever it is seen.

In the dim early twilight of history God was revealed to the people of the further Orient in the imposing magnificence of material nature. In the vast plains and limitless mountain ranges of Asia, where the seasons and the ages passed alike in ceaseless repose and the transitions of Nature were accomplished in majestic quiet, without haste and without rest, were the earliest seats of the human race. There the religious soul lost itself in the contemplation of the infinitude about it. It trembled at finding itself within the bounds of so imposing material manifestations; it felt only a shivering and shrinking sense of its own personal existence, as it glanced with rapture at the working of an all-pervading universal spirit; it longed only to escape from the responsibility of life in the bliss of total absorption in the Divine Being. Thus in oriental religions, of which that of India may serve as the type, the Deity is all in all, all Nature and all souls being lost in his measureless shadow. Such is their religion, and we may discover in it the model of all their social institutes. An all-absorbing divinity, a resistless destiny in religion, appears in politics in the form of the absolute monarch, and in all history Asia has consisted of about half-a-dozen great despotisms. All the changes of the earth being referred to the divine action, there is no occasion or possibility of human effort, and therefore the Hindoos after a brief formal resistance have yielded successively to Greek, Mohammedan and British invaders. The idea of the Infinite, overwhelming that of individual consciousness, liberty and responsibility, could only result in proposing eternal sleep in the bosom of the Deity as the highest good. In the antagonism of spirit and matter, substance and illusion, there was no place for the human soul. The Infinite Spirit being the only reality, all the phenomena of human life must be illusions, and therefore it is the aim of all Hindoo poetry and philosophy to apotheosize ultimate annihilation as the blessed goal of the soul after accomplishing its circle of apparent but unreal transmigration. The



government, the science, the poetry of the Hindoos all have followed in the train and are subservient to the spirit of their religion. An all absorbing divinity, a resistless destiny, were the suggestion in politics of the vast absolute despotisms which have always divided the Asiatic continent. The Infinite Spirit being the only reality, all the Hindoo poetry and philosophy is a celebration of the illusions of life. There was no room for the human soul, no occasion for human effort, and therefore the Hindoos have never sought progress, and from Alexander to Lord Clive have only feebly and formally resisted invaders. Their life in every department is but a reproduction of their contemplative religious habits, looking only for repose here and eternal sleep in the bosom of Deity hereafter.

The Hindoo religion is the enchantment of visible Nature. Next appear the religions and civilizations near the borders of Europe and Asia, of which the Persian is a type. God was here sought not in the forms of still matter but in the element of light, with its infinite undulations. The opposite principles of light and darkness disputed together for the mastery of the world, and human life hung wavering between the combatants.

This symbol of their worship is the type also of their history. A swift, chivalric race, called even by modern travellers the Frenchmen of the East, the Persians marched against other nations with resistless impetuosity, with the suddenness of beginning light, and founded an empire wider than any that had existed before in the world. Yet there was no spiritual significance in sun worship and fire worship; there was no moral truth in it to be developed as the stamina of a nation; and the empire rose and fell almost in a day, and left no important mark upon human thought.

The gigantesque in Nature and the radiant mystery of light were thus successively the media through which the mind rose to a consciousness of God. In Egypt a new religion opened a new chapter in history. The Deity had

heretofore been sought in inanimate nature; the massive earth and the beaming heavens had been successively apotheosized. But in Egypt a higher mystery met the searching eye of the soul—the mystery of life. Slow indeed is the historical progress of the religious sentiment. It had been unknown ages in unravelling itself from the meshes of material nature, only to be fascinated with the radiance of the sun and to adopt this brighter species of cosmic worship. Again quickly turning from light to life as the object of its reverence, it grasped at first only the lower living organisms, and thus the religion of Egypt was divine homage paid to the crocodile, the ox, the cat, the hawk, the serpent, and other beasts and birds as sacred animals.

In thus making organic life the object of attention the Egyptians laid the foundations of the natural sciences, and left traditions of wisdom which were inherited by the Greeks. True to the direction given by their religion they peopled the heavens with that fauna of monstrosities which still figure on our celestial maps, and they displayed in their architecture, government, and philosophy the evidences of articulated thought far in advance of the contemplative listlessness of the earlier Orient. They seem even to have disdained at last the ignoble idolatry of animal worship, and devised as the symbol of their later faith the monuments of the Sphinx, the body of the lion crowned with the head of a man with the brow of reason. An effort was thus made to transcend irrational life and to advance another step in the way of divine knowledge.

We must turn to Greece to see this step taken. Man in all the beauty of his physical and intellectual being was the symbol of Hellenic worship. The idea of the divine was discerned, not through matter, nor light, nor animal life, but in the bounding genius of a fair humanity. The gods were conceived after the human type and Olympus was a pantheon of humane divinities. The marvellous Greek mythology, which has exerted a lasting and beneficent influence on

the world, was an apotheosis of all human excellences, of beauty, grace, pleasure, of poetry, art, and divine philosophy. In architecture and in poetry the genius of Christianity has perhaps produced finer examples than any that were left by the Greeks, though Christian universities still adopt the Greek literature as the foundation of their discipline; but in sculpture and oratory the Greeks still stand unrivalled, since these arts depend upon the plastic form of man, which was studied and cultivated by them with reverent attention, as it has never been by any other people. To the Christian, not beauty but holiness is the goal and ideal, and the Deity is revealed not as a circle of Homeric Gods and Goddesses of matchless grace, but as a Spirit, the omnipresent but invisible and inconceivable maker of the heavens and the earth. But as we cannot fail to see the defect of the Hellenic religious culture neither can we refuse our admiration to a worship which held a nation up to greatness so long as it was cherished as the popular faith, and which inspired in history, literature, and art some of the finest examples that have remained in the world. And when we see how far Christians have generally been from realizing their own ideal, we are tempted not to dispute the statement of the poet, that

"When the gods remained more human
The men were more divine."

We have thus followed the progress of human intelligence on the subject of religion in countries remotely or not at all connected with the Christian revelation, and have indicated in each case that the national development and all the attainments of the arts and sciences received their animating and characteristic impulse from the prevalent religious conceptions. Thus comparative mythology, which has but lately been recognized as a science, and which promises as important results in the knowledge of ancient religions as have already been furnished by comparative anatomy in natural

science and by comparative philology in history and ethnography, demonstrates a progress in the religious conceptions of nations antecedent to Christianity from material pantheism, up through the cosmic worship of light, and through the worship of animal life, to the Hellenic worship of human graces. History marks also that a national civilization has sprung from and flourished and declined with each of these faiths. The highest revelation of God that in our survey we have thus far found is not in human righteousness but in human graces.

The conception of the unity and spirituality of God was in all antiquity the exclusive possession of the Hebrews. The realm of the spirit, transcending and distinct from nature and humanity, was thus for the first time entered.

A higher task remained for Christianity, which came into the world in the fulness of time. This was to see God through the human soul. The preceding steps had all been taken. The Hebrews, an isolated people, had transmitted through the ages their conception of the unity and spirituality of God, of a divine Being transcending and distinct from Nature and humanity. They had preserved this peculiar glory of their revelation in the desert and in Jerusalem, in captivity and in triumph, witnessing the decay of all surrounding religions, and awaiting the fuller revelation of Christianity, under whose banner it was to go forth to inherit the world. It was the mission of Christianity to reveal in man also a spirit transcending and distinct from Nature and from his own physical frame and destined to share the immortality of heaven. The religious sentiment was thus at last raised to its proper poise; the infinite and the finite spirit were brought into immediate relation, the human soul looking now through a glass darkly but some time face to face upon the Creator and King, eternal, immortal, invisible. Everything else may fold itself together as a scroll and disappear, but the soul and its author shall survive in ever growing sympathy through all eternity.

The history of Christianity is the history of modern civilization. The order of society, now as ever, follows the banner of religion, and the genius of faith reproduces itself in all the arts of life and tinges every sentiment of the heart. It was the positiveness of dogma and the dominance of faith which built up the ecclesiastical culture of the Middle Ages, and it is the freedom of Protestantism which has animated government, science, and art in more recent times. And in every age of Christian history there have been that tenderness of spirit, that habitual charity, and those intuitions of divine substances through earthly shadows which are essential characteristics of the Christian spirit. Could we imagine that the Christian faith should now disappear from the face of the earth, then our civilization would be arrested, all the institutes of society would fall to pieces, and the barbarisms of the sixth century would be repeated until faith should again have reared its altars. With our religion would disappear our virtues, our purposes, our hopes, and our ideas, for they all have their root in it and grow from it. Egypt, Greece, Rome and all other countries have fallen with their gods, and so will America. It is the lesson of all the past that with the advent of national infidelity we must (to quote the words of Pope),

"The sable throne behold

Of night primeval, and of chaos old!
 Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away. . . .
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain, . . .
 Thus at her felt approach and secret might,
 Art after art goes out, and all is night.
 See skulking truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!
 Philosophy, that leaned on heaven before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more. . . .
 Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires

And unawares morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word,
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all."

We have outlived many of the habits of older Christian piety, and no matter—for we could not be Christians after the fashion of the age of Hildebrand or even of Calvin, if we should try. Religion, like everything else, shares in the motion of the universe. Let us but adhere to the Christian spirit, and the forms will look out for themselves, adapting themselves in every age to the prevalent habits of society. The danger which we have now to fear is not of the decline of forms but of the decline of piety. It is one of the striking lessons of history that great material improvements are not always an indication of a progressive age, and that their influence has often been rather to overthrow than prosper a civilization, by their tendency to substitute material for moral greatness. Thus the material resources of Greece were never so great as in the time of Alexander, yet she had already lost her moral character and fell a prey to Rome within a century; and the Roman empire was never so completely developed and so well ordered in a material point of view as in the second century, an age of spiritual despair and sensual revelry, while hordes of avenging barbarians were already crossing the borders. So that for the future of our country it is not safe to trust to our power, our arts, our conquests of nature, our material progress. These may be signs of decline rather, and will surely be so, unless the spirit keeps pace with them, and is able to assimilate their products to its own nutriment. We need now as ever a central fire in the soul that shall fuse down all our science, poetry, scholarship, hopes and themes into living power,

tempered by the Christian faith. The traditions of authority are everywhere losing their hold upon us, but the skies are already radiant with the dawn of a new day at once of religious intensity and religious liberty. A new spirit is brooding over the troubled earth, and we must grasp it or perish. It is the modern Sphinx propounding its question to us, and we must solve it or, like Œdipus, be devoured. To recognize religion as the queen of ideas, now as much as ever; to have the spirit of worship and not the affectations of religious attitudinizing; to enfold in the atmosphere of faith all the energy, beauty, and science of our lives; to live both as in the eye of the great taskmaster and in generous sympathy with the best results of modern thought—such are now the aims of Christian effort. The age of strong-hearted dogmatics and the age of coarse and mocking scepticism, are both in the past. The matchless beauty of the life and lessons of Christ, in their evangelical simplicity, is now undisputed. To realize the fulness of this beauty among men, in the order and blessings of society, is the nearest duty of the church.

FAITH.

Gal. v, 6.

"Faith which worketh by Love."

There are three words in the New Testament which seem to strive with each other for the supremacy. These are faith, love, and works, the watchword of different epistles. Each of them in turn appears to be presented and inculcated, as if it were pre-eminently the ground of right action and the abstract type of all that is excellent in character. It is remarkable that each of these words, representing as they do diverse elements and phases of life, has its special champion among the apostles. St. Paul, whose genius was trained to the heights of Hebrew speculation at the feet of Gamaliel and to the heights of Greek speculation by his missionary conflicts with pagan philosophies, laid hold of faith as the peculiar glory of the Gospel and always affirmed its primacy in Christian life. St. John, who was specially the loving and the beloved disciple, put greater stress and lingered with greater earnestness upon the excellency and power of love; and, according to the ecclesiastical tradition, he travelled during the latter years of his life, leaving to the disciples in every place no other injunction than this, to love one another. And St. James, who was eminent among his brethren for practical wisdom and common sense, found the measure and quality of righteousness in good works.

The apostolic precepts thus seem to radiate from different centres, and to suggest diverse goals and guides in the Christian race, conflicting methods of spiritual life. The Pauline statement is that a man is both justified and sanctified only by the faith of Christ. The Johannine statement is that every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God; God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in

God, and God in him. The Jacobian statement is: By works is a man justified, and not by faith only; for as the body without the soul is dead, so faith without works is dead also.

But the divergence of doctrine, or even of sentiment, in these passages is far less than it seems. In employing his favorite term, each of the apostles appears to have implied the other two as its necessary concomitants. The phrase varies, but the cluster of virtues remains the same. Thus, the apostle of love preaches love only as the offspring of faith and the parent of works, and proclaims faith to be the victory which overcometh the world. The apostle of works preaches works only as the manifestation and seal of faith and love. And the apostle of faith is not only the author of the magnificent hymn to charity in his first epistle to the Corinthians, but sums up the whole subject in a way to harmonize every view of the matter in the single clause: "Faith which worketh by love." The inspiring power is faith; the coincident social motive is love; the fruit of both is good works. They thus unite to form the structure of Christian life and character: but faith is the foundation stone on which everything else rests, the vital principle from which everything else proceeds. It begins the series of Christian attainments. All earthly virtues and heavenly graces are involved in it by necessary sequence. It is the rock on which the church is built, the key which opens unto the kingdom of God, the power which works miracles. Nothing, says the Gospel, is impossible unto it. As a man believes, so he is and does. He mirrors in every thought and word and act whatsoever is intense in his religious emotions. It is faith which gives the sweetest sanctions to acts of duty, the noblest energy to our virtues, the richest beauty to our contemplations. It is at once the most precious thing in individual experience and the grandest social force in the providential march of history.

Let the inward life be right, and the outward life cannot

but correspond. Let the faith only be true and intense, and the works cannot fail to take care of themselves. Let the quality of a man's spirit be pure and active, and the quantity of his good deeds will be only a matter of circumstances. Let the Christian principle have been received in the soul, and it bears in germ the whole moral culture which follows. In Christian theology salvation is a matter of the spirit, a matter of vital principle, of essential character: it is only the Chinese theologians who have developed the dogma that in order to become immortal a person must have amassed three thousand merits and eight hundred virtuous actions. This view would transfer the central life of a man to his fingers' ends, and it would not be by struggles and triumphs of the soul but by mechanical handicraft that he worked out an immortal spirit. Far wiser is it to live by genuineness and power of faith, and then the whole current of love and duty will by inherent tendency be impelled toward God.

The philosophy of faith is of far less importance than that glow of the heart which is its practical recognition. Indeed, it is a subject which almost eludes the grasp of philosophy. Theorists have in turn identified it with reason, and made it the foe of reason—have referred its seat to the intellectual, the passionate, or the volitional nature of man—have made it an act of the mind, a habit of the mind, and an organ of the mind—have questioned whether it applied to other departments of thought as well as religion—have defined it as belief, insight, illumination, intuition, aspiration—and yet the mystery of faith remains the same as ever. It is known only to him who in childlike simplicity, in solitary meditation, has dwelt in the secret places of the Most High. It is its own evidence and its own reward. Faith is the repose of all the faculties in a boundless confidence upon an all-powerful, inscrutable Being.

In the inventory of the human mind, we find first and foremost the domain of sense, the organs through which the material universe makes itself known to the soul. Ris-

ing, we attain next in the order of ascent to the understanding, to those intellectual faculties which elaborate the contents of the senses, generalizing, analyzing, and reproducing them, and shaping our practical knowledge and principles of conduct. Rising still higher, we come to faculties which transcend sense and all it contains, which reveal an abstract world that would still exist though the material universe should be blotted out of being, which give us those divine ideas of truth, beauty, and holiness that ever gleam before us on the pathway of life. This higher reason, with its *a priori* principles, furnishes the foundations of all knowledge, the moulds in which all the sciences are created, the abstract forms of all thought.

Now, faith means simply confidence in and obedience to this higher part of our nature instead of the lower, to the instincts of reason rather than those of sense, to those faculties which link us to heaven rather than those which link us to earth, to those truths which survive through immortality rather than those which perish with the day. It is a high affirmation of the soul in favor of realities which lie beyond the range of sense, but which nevertheless appeal to the heart and shine before the mystic eye of the mind. Its data have to be recognized in all the sciences, even in the axioms of mathematics, which are at once indemonstrable and incontestable.

A person may have faith in a truth that he does not understand, that is, may instinctively and by all the premonitions of the soul feel that such or such a thing is true without being able to know why or wherefore. Thus the revolutionary hero Ethan Allen was an honest and earnest disbeliever, and whenever religion was made a matter of discussion in his presence he so expressed himself. His beautiful daughter on her deathbed said to him: "My dear father, I am about to try the scenes of another life. Shall I believe and follow the lessons that you have given me or those of my sainted mother?" "Follow your mother," said

the hero, with a quaver of emotion. This shows that above all his reasonings there was a higher nature and feeling in him, and that though with his lips he denied Christianity, yet that he was drawn to it by all that was tender and noble within him, and that he would not withhold its solace from the daughter of his love.

The highest exercise of faith is in the recognition of religious truths. It is not a distinct faculty, but the current of all the faculties toward divine things. It is not a special act of the mind, but an atmosphere illumining all the acts. It is the grasp of the religious sentiment after truth, a passionate bond between the mystery without and the mystery within us, a sacred vision which transcends and anticipates the action of the reason. There is in it a rational element, and a mystical, passionate, or intuitive element. It is an inward energy following directly a lively apprehension of divine truth. It transforms the abstractions of the reason into living forces. It implies as its only condition that the mind have a sunny side open toward God. The world, bathed in the sunlight of divine purposes and divine operations, lies before it as it lay before Elijah from the summit of Mt. Carmel.

After the fantastic theological ideas which have been raised in the discussion of this subject, it seems almost strange to remember that faith is a special characteristic of childhood—that it implies that peculiar simplicity and docility which mark at once little children and the occupants of the kingdom of heaven. Project the sweet confidence of childhood through life, make it triumph over all attainments of knowledge and fruits of experience, let it send its radiance across the gulf of death, and throw its halo not only over the present but over the infinite future, and you have the life of faith.

The truths of Christianity are objects of faith. The philosophical justification of these truths, and the practical development of them in Christian civilization, are tasks for

the reason. Yet these truths may be, and were, recognized as certain, before they were recognized as rational. The instincts of faith saw their sacred order and beauty before the scientific intellect could account for them. The former gave the Christian tendency, raised the Christian problem, upon which the intellect of mankind has been engaged ever since. The whole train of Christian thought and policy was contained in germ in the inspiration of the apostles, and thus Christian civilization is but a development of Christian faith. So has it been universally. Every civilization that the world has known has rested not upon its sciences, policy, commerce, or arts, but upon its religion, and has become demoralized and has gone to ruin, in spite of whatever material advantages, soon after its religion has ceased to be an object of interest and faith. The whole course of history rises and falls according as the popular faith be low and weak or high and intense.

While the religious sentiment is thus the most potent factor in the growth of civilization, it is so only because it is the keystone in individual character. All that is excellent within us has its root in it, either directly or indirectly, either consciously or unconsciously. The mind of man does not rest satisfied, and does not work well, with anything less than a background of infinite motives. It is one of the pregnant sayings of Novalis that all our knowledge strives to become first mathematical, then rational, next poetical, afterward moral, and at last religious. Thus human thought would be perfect, not when it satisfies the reason, or the sense of beauty, or the instinct of right, but when it is elevated to a religious bearing, when it is conceived in reference to eternal truth, when it is veiled in the atmosphere of faith. Nothing within us is consecrated till it is inclosed within the circle of religious intuition and passion.

By faith the realm of mystery ceases to be a blank unto us. The radiance of faith plays across it, illumines the val-

ley of the shadow of death, and the believer contemplates immortal life with hope and joy.

One of the philosophers of the last century, at a time when the intellectual reaction against the church had almost extinguished all Christian faith, was asked on his deathbed by his associates if anything in that solemn hour seemed certain to him. He answered in the negative. Some one asked if at least the truths of mathematics did not seem indisputable. "Mathematics," said the learned sufferer, "mathematics! I see in them a perfect succession, a faultless chain of consequences, one from another, but the beginning of the chain, the point of support, the basis of the whole, that I do not see." This point of support, which science can never see, this original principle which can alone explain the enigma of life, this basis which underlies all phenomena, is the divine essence, the final and sufficient object alike of the searching heart and the searching intellect of man. The intellect attempts in vain to grasp it unless aided by the moral power, the passionate intuition of faith.

Though we cannot attain to the secret of faith by intellectual analysis, though its objects are impalpable, its world invisible, yet we may reveal its beauty and power in the works of our lives. Our faith may work by love. Its fruits may adorn our daily paths. It may fill the heart and the countenance with all the radiance of affection, and may give to our slightest labors something of the sanctity of holiness.

HUMILITY.

Matt. xviii, 4.

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

The text conveys one of those lessons which are eternally and unconditionally true. No change of society, manners, country, race, or time can modify its interest or its truth. The innocence and confidence, the sprightliness and docility, of little children, never fail to give us delight; and to retain these qualities through all the hard experiences of life, to grow ever fresher in spirit as we are the more weather-beaten in the world, will always be the greatest of achievements and worthy of the highest place in the kingdom of heaven. We cannot be too wise or too learned or too acute or too polite to be childlike in our instincts and manners. Customs are revolutionized, ideas are overthrown, nations fall, civilizations decline, even religions fade away, but amid whatsoever changes of circumstances or convictions it will ever be a worthy object of striving to cherish the elasticity, the guilelessness, the tenderness of impression, the quickness of sympathy, the glow of enthusiasm, which belong to youth, through all the battle of life and in the worn form of age. In the storm and stress of mature years, we love to recall the consciousness of the early flush of life, to remember the happy interval between the blossoming of the faculties and the first blasts of care and trouble, the period when the soul was all alive with hopes and fancies, with love and joy, and knew as yet little of the world of policy and passion and defiant struggle through which it was to pass. Poetry and religion flourish almost unconsciously, because almost without resistance, in the hearts

of little children. Instinctive innocence, love, trust and joy, a quick perception of beauty, a trembling delight in the untried realities of nature and of being, a lively emotion in face of the all-pervading mystery of things, are the characteristics of our shadowy reminiscences of childhood. As we advance in years, these quick instincts and intuitions of poetry and faith, the native qualities of guileless trust and sympathy, are nipped and dwarfed by the cold experience of the world. Every pathway on the earth is full of snares, every generation has its abundance of evils, the infantine heart evolves in its growth a full brood of bad qualities, and, amid the pressure of want, the difficulties of attainment, the rivalry of competition, and the arts of policy, the life, which began with innocence, and trust, and instinctive generosity, and spiritual intuition, is transformed into an institute of subtle calculation, of selfish pursuits, of cold thought, far removed from the untutored simplicity of childhood, the glow and noble passion of youth. Yet to be like little children is to be worthy of the kingdom of God—to cherish a simplicity and tenderness of disposition, a susceptibility to artless faiths and sympathies, in combination with the wisdom of age, is the whole philosophy of right living; to preserve those graces, which beam from the eyes and animate the voices of the nursery, through all the cheats and perplexities of the world, the conflicts of interest, and the fascinations of evil, to allow no part of our culture or experience to mar the original beauty, and purity, and freshness of the human spirit, is the very highest and best result of Christian discipline.

Nations and civilizations, like men, have their periods of youth and their growth to maturity. There is a close analogy between the childhood of an individual and the dawn of a civilization. The simple trust and fancy of the one appear in the ballads, romances, adventures, and religious legends of the other. Thus, for instance, the Middle Ages were the youth of the principal nations of modern

times. It was a time when the nations seemed to be conceiving grotesque fancies, playing whimsical games, and telling and listening to fairy-stories, like children in a nursery. It was a time of fantastic poetry, religion and romance, of pomp and ceremonial, of crusades, and tournaments, and pilgrimages to holy shrines, of harpers, minstrels, and court-jesters, of knights, heroes, saints, mendicant monks, and white processions of nuns. This period has been often styled the ages of faith, because all the events and habits of life were then so intimately blended with the religious notions of the time, and the very atmosphere was filled with pious legends, the exuberant offspring of the imagination and the heart. The reason was lulled, and the mind was left to wildness of fancy, to adventurous exploits and contemplations, and to religious and poetic fervor. It was a juvenile age of faith and fancy, and the world, like children at play, went on jubilant under the sway of great illusions. There was little scientific knowledge current; even the order of society and the daily routine of affairs were inexplicable mysteries to most people, who had therefore nothing to do but to leave the innate instincts and tendencies of the heart to play and develop themselves as they might.

It is to the honor of human nature that then, as in all periods of national youth, religion and poetry, the two highest capacities of the soul, were the chief interests of society; that the whole circle of life and thought, poetry, art, government and manners was inspired and regulated by reverent motives; so that the chivalric romances, with religious heroes, the passionate piety and the imposing worship of that period have, like its cathedrals, commanded the admiration of all subsequent and more cultivated ages. Then, as ever, the prevalence and even the extravagance of religious emotions and ceremonies, of romantic conception and adventure, marked the early vigor of a dawning civilization. The great religions and the great epics of the

world have all come down from periods of semi-barbarism or of civil turmoil and revolution. Thus the simple trust, the glowing enthusiasm, and the reverent and romantic feelings of individual childhood appeared also in the childhood of modern nations; and the text which instructs us that these are the qualities which shall inherit the kingdom of heaven warns us also that they are the qualities which nations must cherish during all the period of their maturity if they would be truly great and acceptable unto God. Faith should not dwindle as science advances; poetry should not decay as material arts are improved; the intensity even of barbaric youth should not be dissipated as the standard of popular culture and intelligence is raised; the bloom of young life, the glow of generous passion, the unshackled energy of Christian purpose and emotion should shed a refulgence over all the ordinary duties of a civilized community. As it is the law of individual spiritual progress to preserve the instincts of childhood in all their freshness through the years of manhood, so it is the great law of history that a nation or a civilization can permanently flourish only by cherishing, through whatever degrees of intellectual and physical advancement, the elastic vigor, the romantic enthusiasm, and especially the intuitions of religious truth and the habitual feeling of reverence which characterized its earlier and ruder periods. Let the age of advanced science continue the world's admiration of the infantine poetry of primitive history.

The lesson of the text, thus transferred from men to communities, makes religion a leading national influence, the power and the grace which prepare society to be worthy of the kingdom of God. In blessing little children, Christ blessed all those instincts of faith, worship and beauty, whose first blossoms herald the transition of a race from barbarism to culture and order, and which can never be extinguished by the cares of the world or the deceitfulness of

riches without being fatal to civilization itself. The passionate beliefs, the prophetic intuitions, the magnificent ideals of religion are the most splendid and powerful elements in history, and have directly or indirectly impelled all the conflicts of great principles. They reappear in new forms, and will not die. If they drop out of sight, it is only, like the river Arethusa, to come to the surface elsewhere with a larger and swifter current. To realize our religions is the problem of the world.

Notwithstanding this præminence of the ideas and institutes of religion, it is remarkable that there is a tendency in every cultivated age to depreciate them. The ages of science and the ages of faith are always at war, and our own is præminently an age of science. There is an eminent writer at the present time who proposes that religion of whatever character should for the future be abolished. He claims that in the process of intellectual evolution Christendom has now advanced so far that it can dispense with religion and may throw it away, as a snake throws away its last year's skin. The eighteen Christian centuries, he thinks, have fulfilled their purpose, which was only to serve as a prelude to a purely scientific view of the phenomena of life. The ceremonies of worship and systems of theology should be abandoned and forgotten as the dreary products of human imbecility, and the voice of prayer and hymn of praise should nevermore be heard among civilized men. The sacred thread which has thus far been interwoven in the woof of life should be broken off, and history should become wholly profane. There is, it is to be hoped, and believed, only one man in the world who would thus strike out from the future everything that has been dearest and most potent in the heart of man in all the past. There are others, however, who have little confidence in any of the religious institutions now existing, who think that the age of pure and undefiled religion has gone by for a time, that

we have now rather the reminiscences of piety than the power thereof. Only some great calamity, they suggest, can drive us from our habits of routine and cold intelligence to contrition and godly fear. Our social order and routine and prosperity hide God from us, they think. Vivid religious conceptions and emotions will be habitual and possible to us again only when in severe affliction the mind shall grope in fitful darkness, driven by great passions as by billows in the oceanic storms of the imagination. There are many others who, without taking this serious and despairing view of contemporary religion, yet practically and as a matter of personal experience take little interest in it. There is a class of erudite and literary men, especially in large cities, who have a mild and comprehensive contempt for the clergy and for pious people. There are persons of fine taste and culture, who take a languid interest in the sculptured divinities of Greece and think that worship in a European cathedral would be elegant, who nevertheless find church-going nowadays and here at home to be the dullest of all their amusements. The church was once the fairest blossom of the social system, a mighty instrument of intelligence and power, rivalled only by the court in dignity, and in sway over the ideas, the sentiments, and the manners of the age; but now we can find fuller information in our newspaper, better ideas in our library, more graceful manners in the parlor, and finer costumes at the opera or an evening party. Why, then, should we go to church?

My friends, in answer to this question it need only be asked whether the great truths of God, and immortality, and the Christian revelation, and spiritual influences, and personal responsibility for future destiny still remain truths—whether we are soon to wake from the dream of life to meet the Creator of the world and of all souls in judgment. With the advancement of knowledge and refinement, our conceptions even of fundamental religious truths may be

modified, but the glow of our emotions, the earnestness of our appreciation of these truths, should never grow less. Our fuller knowledge of them should lead only to our more reverent recognition of them. Now, especially, new sciences, new arts, and new tastes are everywhere pressing into the ancient domain of erudition; the genius of mankind is breaking away from many an antiquated routine into new worlds; but in whatsoever fortunes of circumstance or knowledge, the preservation of the sweet instincts of childhood will always be the highest attainment; the confiding trust, generous enthusiasm, fixedness of principle, and chivalric character, which spring from faith in divine truths, will ever, in the future as in the past, be the fairest graces and most effective virtues of humanity. With all the learning that comes from study and all the wisdom that comes from experience, in an age of unrivalled general intelligence, we need to guard against the danger of becoming cold and indifferent, with no faith and no enthusiasm; but should strive rather to cultivate the intensity and energy of spirit which characterized the youth of our civilization, the heroism which saved Europe from the Mussulmans, the genius which built Gothic cathedrals, the romantic enterprise which prompted the Crusades. We should cherish in connection with the refinements of an advanced period those quick impulses which belong to simpler and ruder ages, and which spring chiefly from religious fervor. We should perpetuate the poetry and freshness of national youth throughout national progress. Modes of worship may well change with the changes of taste, but the deep current of reverential feeling, however it be expressed, can never be diminished in strength, except to our harm.

At a time when material and palpable interests are so dominant and so strongly tempt us away from things of the spirit, nothing needs to be more earnestly impressed upon our minds than these truths; first, that there is and can be

no substitute for religion, and secondly that that religious experience is most genuine which has in it most of childlike simplicity and purity. Whatever new forms human life may assume, it can never outgrow the grand instincts and emotions of our nature; and the greater our advancement in the practical arts, in worldly ease and wisdom, the more need have we of cultivating those softer feelings of all true religion, affectionate reverence toward heaven and charity toward all men.

DEATH.

Ezek. xviii, 4.

"Behold, all souls are mine."

Of the various grounds of our faith in immortality, the most convincing is the quick instinct of the soul that it can never die. This instinctive feeling belongs to every soul, is as universal as humanity, is proclaimed by every religion on the earth, anticipates and transcends all the inferences and analogies by which it may be confirmed, and is in itself more authoritative than them all. But of auxiliary proofs, the most striking is drawn from the inadequacy of this life to satisfy the desires and capacities of the soul. No one ever seems to reach the full development of his powers here; however late the hour of death be deferred, there are faculties of the head and heart that are still vainly looking with the wild gaze of a youthful scholar for objects that shall satisfy them. If this world be the whole of life, whence then this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality? Why was the consciousness of infinitude granted us, if our destiny terminates in the tomb? Why was the love of perfect truth and holiness implanted within us, if our life be limited to a world where falsehood and injustice often triumph? Why was the capacity and longing for higher wisdom granted us, if only the folly of the earthly sage be possible to us? Why should the death of man alone in the universe be accompanied by unrealized desires, unfinished projects, undeveloped powers, unless it be that man alone is to rise again in another sphere to resume his career?

When the venerable forest trees fall, when the beasts of the field perish, there is in either case no higher attainment

conceived or possible than has already been reached. The tree can only repeat its foliage and breast the tempests anew with every new season, and the beast can only repeat the action of its already fully tried instincts. Both make a complete cycle of being in themselves; they rise, grow to maturity, and decline like a perfect day, and may disappear forever like a day that is past.

But there is not this harmony in the earthly life of man. The soul in some way seems greater than anything it finds to do here. Its faculties are ever blossoming but never full-blown, all the way through life, and its survey of new fields is never so broad, and its eagerness so great, as when the finger of Death beckons. From youth to age we go forward seeing through a glass darkly, though ever desiring to see face to face. And the ideals of truth, and beauty, and holiness which have hovered before us at every step, which have charmed our earthly pathway, still hover before us, sought but unattained, as mortal life fails. If this world were all, there would be a vast disagreement between the prophecies of the soul and the realizations of experience, between the order and the beauty which we seek and the order and beauty which we find, between our conception of the Divine attributes and the revelation of those attributes in the discipline of Providence. There are powers and aspirations within us which, like sails becalmed at sea, wait for heavenly gales that never come. Wherefore did God send the sails, unless there be somewhere celestial breezes?

Even the maturest life of man can impress us only as a fragment. It is only a small proportion of all who are born that reach the prophet's limitation of threescore years and ten. We see the instincts of love and hope, divine ideas and passions, meet together in a breast of clay, and that greatest of mysteries, a person, a little human being, stands before us. The child learns to prattle by our knee, to play by our door, to delight in forms and voices. Its budding

faculties begin to open, the tendrils of its heart lay hold on the friends and objects around it, it reflects a beauty brighter than that of nature in its eye. According to an old fancy every soul is a being from a higher world which descends to the earth only to seek for a long-lost and half-remembered love. The child with searching heart and eye begins its survey, enters into sympathy with the kindness of friends and the harmonies of nature, begins a progress which should be infinite, for there is no limit to the range of the intensity of love and hope. Suddenly this child has disappeared from the earth. A spirit with infinite capacities has gone from our sight in a moment. Those instincts, longings, hopes, ideas which were the radiance of the budding life of that fair form no longer display themselves. If this were all, celestial capacities would be lost, the prophecies of the soul would all be falsified, its powers defeated, the very breath of God would be wasted. The beautiful mystery of life would be the saddest of failures were it not that there is another world, which is the complement of this, and in which the moral law accomplishes its supremacy, and all the faculties of the soul accomplish their development.

This is not a demonstration of immortality: there can be no demonstration: to know another life we must enter it, to learn the secret of death we must die. But it is one of the many confirmations derived from the spectacle of human affairs of a faith which is instinctive in the soul, which is established by Christianity, proclaimed by philosophy, and received by all nations.

Man is alike the child of time and the heir of eternity. He is linked at once to the world and to heaven. There is the rapture of earthly and the rapture of divine love. There is the wisdom of earthly and the wisdom of divine philosophy. There is a circle of thought which does not surpass the horizon about us, and there is a radiance of thought which takes in all the infinite. There is the realm

of temporal care and struggle, and there is the realm of faith, of religious contemplation and emotion. It is the discipline of divine providence which leads us from the world of time and sense and sin to the throne of God. The Lord loveth those whom he chasteneth, and it is in the furnace of affliction that the fairest human virtues and graces are formed. Sometimes we see our little plans come to naught, our schemes disappointed, our fortunes defeated, our friends fallen. We are not less devoted, prudent, or energetic than before, but the giant hand of the Destroyer works against us and we are powerless. When and where we least expected it, God speaks to us and reminds us of the higher life which we are forgetting while pursuing the shadows of earth. Then, as we lie stricken by the heavy blow, we hear the still small voice of the Comforter. The horizon of the earth rolls itself away, and we take in the wider view of heavenly and immortal interests. The curtain of time is drawn, and the spectacle of eternity is revealed. The angel of death reappears in the blessed robes of the angel of mercy. We bless the hand that smites, for it is the discipline of sorrow which reveals to us the full meaning and power of religion. It is only as the world fades from our view, as we lose ourselves in the depths of affliction, that we find ourselves enfolded in the arms of our Heavenly Father. It is then that the eye and the countenance beam with the spirit of resignation and pious content, and even in time we learn to dwell in eternity. Since nothing abideth on the earth, since our best treasures are in heaven, we place there our hearts also; and our life becomes to us only an anticipation of immortality. Nothing vanishes away. Our strength, our joy, our beauty, our dearly beloved, are ever with us. The spirit whom we call Time is no longer the wingéd wizzard he is painted, the grave-digger of the universe, clutching his victims and hiding them away. To the regenerate eye he is a far different spirit, an angel,

young with the youth of all eternity, his brow encircled with the starry dawn, folding our treasures in his arms, and beckoning us on with a smile. He is now, as he will ever be, the leader of the vast procession of eternity. He strikes the hours, he peals the chimes, calling all living things to the tabernacle of glory, hastening us forward in that path of life which is the same path here and hereafter, the same secret of the living God, forever. Eternity is the substance to which time is the vestibule, and all earthly goods but a hint. It is the glory of which all beauty here is but a shadow. It is a joy to which all human joy is but a dream. It is a rest to which all rest below is but disquiet. It is a music, to which all melody that falls upon our ears is but a fluttering cadence, a faltering echo. It is a home, to which all earthly homes have a foreign strangeness. It is a day, for which all other days were made. It is a life, to which all other life is but a fleeting sign. It is a worship of which all other worship is but a dim anticipation. It is the very dwelling place of God, which philosophy vainly seeks to find, which poetry vainly seeks to describe, but whose divine meanings are foreshadowed by religion to the believing soul. To this radiant land, one of our number has just departed, preceding, we know not by how short a time, us who are left. May we be prepared with perfect resignation and with holy rapture to follow at the call.

“Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path which reaches heaven.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the silent land
Fell round our brother's way.

The light of his young life went down
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of the setting star,
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet his fair brow seemed,
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, his voice
A sound which could not die."

MEMORIALS.

*To bring my tribute to his grave;—
'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the President's annual message to Congress, which is a key document in the history of the United States.

2. The second part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Interior, dated January 3, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the Secretary's annual report to the President, which is a key document in the history of the United States.

POSTHUMOUS TRIBUTES.

To his brother, from Mr. William P. Tucker.

. . . His manner had a strange power; it seemed to grasp my soul. I thought of it as I turned up the street; frequently during my railroad journey home, and twenty times while there, spoke of it to my mother. The next day (Friday), as I learn, he was taken sick; a week after died; and the next Wednesday morning was buried. I was all the time in Salem, but saw nothing of it in the papers, and, accordingly, left home the same Wednesday morning to return to my place here,—to learn, only a few hours after he was buried, the whole terrible news. I would have travelled the country to have taken a last look of the dead, but shall never think of him, except to bring up the indelible stamp my memory must hold of our last parting. Commend my deepest sympathy to your stricken and desolate family. I can only mourn with them. Words and tears of man can do little to assuage the grief such a blow has brought. God alone can heal. We have but faith. To His mercy and the tender compassion of Christ I shall ever commend you all in prayer; and may his grace be powerful in our need.

Boston, January 23, 1862.

To Mr. Charles Nordhoff, from James Ripley Osgood.

No manuscript has been received by the Atlantic Monthly from Mr. Symonds. Not many days ago, certainly less than a fortnight before his death, I had a note from him, in which he told me that he should send one or two articles very shortly. I inferred that the articles were very near completion. I hope they will be found among his papers, in such a state as will warrant their publication in the Atlantic Monthly or elsewhere.

I cannot say how much the death of Mr. Symonds has shocked all his friends here. It fell with peculiar force upon me, as I had been lately brought into relations with him that revealed more strongly than ever the kindness and friendliness of his nature. Let me join his other friends in thanking you for the just and appreciative tribute to his memory, in the *Post*.

New York, January 23, 1862.

To his brother, from Mr. Thomas Gardner.

How severe a blow his death has been to me I cannot find words to express; our relationship was of that close, spiritual nature which is not often repeated. Indeed, I am without hope of ever being blessed again in this world with a friendship of so tender and elevated a character. He was to me more than a friend, he was my teacher and guide, a teacher not less modest than wise, a guide not less gentle than true. Hour by hour and day by day, as sunrise and sunset mark the flight of the vacant days, the sense of my bereavement creeps closer to my heart, and the estimation of my loss, in his departure, grows into larger and still larger proportions.

I suppose you saw the obituary notices in the *Tribune* and *Post*, written, I believe, by his friends Ripley and Nordhoff. If you have not, I shall take pleasure in sending them. I wrote one for the *Christian Inquirer*, a copy of which I send you: by this post, which has at least the merit of having been written from a full heart, if it shows but slender literary ability.

Lansing, Michigan, January 27, 1862.

To his father, from Mr. T. C. Abbott.

I hope you will not think me obtrusive in writing to you at this time of your affliction. I would express to you my deep sympathy, and claim a share in the loss. It was Saturday the New York *Evening Post* brought me the notice of the death of your son; yesterday I took the mournful pleasure of reading over his letters to me,—letters full of aspirations after all that is pure and noble.

I entertained for William a deep affection. He completed his preparation for College under me. I made him my assistant in the Portland School, and ever expected the best things from him. Many live longer and, with best endeavors, do less for the world. Few do so well for themselves.

Boston, January 28, 1862.

To his brother, from Mr. Ambrose Eastman.

On Tuesday last I received a letter, forwarded from Saco, containing the painful announcement of your brother's death.

The intelligence was so unlooked for and sudden that I cannot yet realize that my friend is no more. It seems as if I must yet again meet his kindly greeting and see his sunny, thoughtful smile.

I recognized so much promise, and had looked forward so confidently to his coming success, that his departure leaves a vacancy far more sensibly felt than easily described.

I love to think of him as my friend. I was proud of his gathering and growing honors. I hoped for him as earnestly as he hoped for himself.

I cherished my old familiarity with the quiet, pure, thoughtful spirit which governed his early life; and I rejoiced to find, in my later meetings with him, rare though they were, that the same modest, reverent, gentle soul animated him still. It is very sad to me that the bright future we marked out for him is so suddenly dimmed. It is only left for us now to place our tribute of love and admiration upon his tomb.

The public homage which willing hearts have given to his memory, in the various notices of his decease, only show us what he did. None of us can tell to strangers just what he was. I read them with a sense of their inadequacy, while yet grateful for the affection which prompted them. His genius had but begun to unfold itself, and the accumulating treasures of his ripening wisdom are but faintly shown in the productions of his pen. There is a sense of loss, which

I cannot repress when I think of the manifold things, all ripe for accomplishment, which, alas, have perished with him; but there is a deeper sense of personal bereavement which touches me far more closely.

But I know too well how poorly words of mine can meet the needs of those hearts which were bound to him by the ties of kindred and close affection. I knew him well enough to be sure that the tribute of their grief would be his most cherished and prized memorial. His affections kept pace with his ripening intellect; and his friends almost forgot his honors, in the love they bore him.

My heart is pained in sympathy with the desolate aching hearts at your home. May God be with parents and sisters and brother, to soften the grief, and cheer the fainting spirit, till you can look back with a chastened yet grateful joy upon the memories bequeathed you of a life so pure and lofty, and can attain the resignation which its whole record teaches, to say "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Chicopee, January 31, 1862.

To his brother, from Rev. John Albee.

Your brother was my classmate at Cambridge, and my friend, as I suppose you may know.

I imagine there are few, outside of your own family, to whom the loss will be greater than to myself.

With your grief I cannot make any comparison; nor would I invade it by any attempted consolation vain and futile as words. So much my own feelings teach me.

At the request of the people here, I spoke, last Sunday afternoon, on the life and character of your brother.

New York, February 6, 1862.

To his brother, from Mr. George Ripley.

I greatly regret that I lost the satisfaction of seeing you again, during your last visit in New York.

It would have been a sad pleasure to exchange words with

you in regard to one who was scarcely less dear to me than to yourself. From my first acquaintance with your brother I was deeply impressed with the rare purity and loveliness of his character, his keen sense of duty, and his unfeigned devotion to all that is true and beautiful and good. As I became more intimate with him, I formed the deepest attachment to him, although his peculiar modesty prevented me from expressing it as I could wish. His assistance in the literary labors which we shared in common, was of unspeakable value; and the loss of his kindly smile and pleasant companionship is now a daily sorrow.

I beg you to assure your father and mother of my constant remembrance and deep sympathy, and in hope still to meet you again, I am very faithfully yours.

Portland, February 19, 1862.

To his father, from Mr. C. S. Daveis.

I took occasion some days since to call at your house to pay my respects to your family after your recent very sad and afflictive bereavement, and to leave a letter I had received from my friend the Rev. Dr. Peabody,—who had a high appreciation of your excellent and lamented son,—part of which would be interesting to yourself and them. As they were unable to see any one at that season I thought I would leave it and hoped I might see your son Joseph on his return from New York, where I understood he had gone; my health does not allow me to make many visits. . . .

I send you another interesting and appropriate article, in the *Christian Register*, which pays a most deserved tribute to your amiable, accomplished son.

“None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.”

Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, N. J., February 21, 1862.

To his brother, from Mr. Robert Carter.

I saw William, for the last time, shortly before Christmas,

just as I was going to Washington. I did not visit New York till last week and heard nothing from or about him till, on opening the *Tribune* one morning, the first thing that caught my eye was his obituary, written, I suppose, by Mr. Ripley.

Neither do I know of any articles besides those you mention. He wrote, for a considerable time, the literary notices of the *Knickerbocker*. . . .

My acquaintance with your brother began in 1859, at the Cyclopædia office, where he was writing when I joined the work. I was attracted by his intellectual, scholarly face, radiant with ardent and lofty aspirations for knowledge and wisdom. I observed that he was gentle, courteous, and refined, and, though perfectly self-possessed, singularly modest and retiring,—always attending diligently to his own business, and never meddling in the least with that of others. He was a universal favorite in the office, and the editors spoke to me warmly of his talents and character. The most difficult articles on literary and philosophical topics were generally assigned to him, in confident reliance that his learning, his ingenuity, his flowing and felicitous style, and his unflagging and conscientious industry would overcome, in the happiest way, all obstacles, however formidable. His literary skill was truly remarkable, and equally remarkable was his indomitable resolution to do his duty and perform his task, under all circumstances and in spite of all temptations to idleness,—temptations to which he was far from insensible; for he was always cheerful, social, and curious to see and hear all that was to be seen and heard in the city.

Our acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and I invited him to share my room at the Studio. There, for more than a year, I think, we lived together, sleeping in the same room, on sofa bedsteads which we made up ourselves, getting our breakfasts and suppers ourselves, and paying equally the expense. We were so much together that, except on Sunday, when I went home to Perth Amboy, he was scarcely ever

for an hour out of my sight. Yet so gentle, so kind, so pleasant was he that I never felt, or had the slightest occasion to feel, any disapprobation or irritation towards him, even in the most trifling degree. His good temper, patience, and unselfish readiness to help others made him a very agreeable companion. Though manly, firm, and resolute, he was as gentle, delicate, and pure as the most refined woman.

The only thing in his character or conduct that gave me trouble was his inattention to his own comfort and physical welfare, and his constant overworking of his brain. I tried hard to teach him to eat, drink and sleep sufficiently, but in vain. He would sometimes stay all night at the Cyclopædia office, writing, and at one time insisted on trying the experiment of sleeping only every other night and working all the rest of the time. To this, however, I put a peremptory stop, and so long as we lived together I took care that he had food and sleep enough, and, so far as possible, that he did not work too hard. We separated in consequence of my ceasing to spend the night in New York, and afterwards I saw little of him except at the office.

He went little into general society, but was exceedingly fond of assembling at our room a club of intelligent, thinking men and discussing with them questions of philosophy, or history or politics. He had drawn to himself a number of friends, mostly young men of high cultivation and character, by whom he was greatly beloved and admired.

After he left the Cyclopædia, to become a preacher, I heard nothing from him till last summer (1861), when he wrote to me, from Chicopee, that he was tired of the ministry and wanted to return to New York and become a journalist. I replied, advising him to return to the Cyclopædia and he did so, with the intention, however, of getting employment on some newspaper when the work on the Cyclopædia came to an end. With this in view he was working with his usual industry, cheerfulness, and confident hope when I went to Washington. He seemed to be in good health, though he

still persisted in working at night, and occasionally all night, in spite of my occasional warnings and remonstrances. I was, however, so seldom at the office myself that I scarcely saw him. One of his last requests to me was for a letter of introduction to the editors of the leading daily newspapers, which I gave him.

Though your brother's removal from this world was a severe loss to me, I cannot regard it as you do, as an event in which it is difficult to see either wisdom or benevolence. My sorrow is entirely for those whom he has left behind, and for my own loss,—not for his. For him I can conceive of nothing wiser or more beneficent or more desirable than to be taken suddenly and painlessly to that world for which his character, his attainments, and his purity fitted him more than for this. He was insatiable of knowledge and especially of spiritual knowledge, and, young as he was, had nearly exhausted all that we know on intellectual and metaphysical subjects. He had studied all philosophies and nearly all religious systems, and was growing weary of searches without result and almost without aim. He is now where truth in its essence, unclogged by human error and earthly dullness, is open to him in infinite extent, and I do not doubt that he is already most ardently and most delightedly pursuing his congenial studies.

Smyrna, February 21, 1862.

To Mr. George Ripley and Mr. Charles A. Dana, from Mr. Julius Bing, U. S. Consul at Smyrna.

I received yesterday the New York *Tribune* of January 19, containing in a brief but touching paragraph the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Symonds.

I cannot refrain from expressing to you, and to all our fellow-laborers in the Cyclopædia, the mournful sensations which this great bereavement (for such it is for all of us who have had the privilege of his acquaintance) has awakened in my heart.

I remember well the time when he first made his appear-

ance in the Cyclopædia office, and when he entered upon his new sphere of literary activity—with an enthusiasm, a fidelity and an ability which inspired us all with reverential regard for the pale, gentle, spiritual, noble student who did so much, and that much so well, and who said so little and that little so much to the point.

More than one night have I passed with him in the Cyclopædia office, both of us busy in performing our literary tasks, and more than once have I looked upon his countenance, when, overcome with fatigue, he would lie down on a rough bench and take a few hours' sleep; no one who saw him sitting in his place in the morning, supposed that he had been sitting up all night, and writing, and writing, not only stimulated by his characteristic love of literary labor, but inspired by considerations so tender, so generous, so beautiful, so totally self-sacrificing, that I, aware of these considerations, and looking upon his countenance as he slept on that bench, felt more deeply than any words could then, or now, express, how holy the soul which was so gently reflected in that delicately chiselled countenance, but alas encased in a body so frail, so frail, so frail, that sometimes he seemed actually more like a purely spiritual being than one of flesh and blood.

Yet how strong, enduring, and acute the intellect of that holy soul and of the frail body, and how lovely his flow of fancy and of choice, idiomatic, telling words and sentences; and how great was his ambition to make himself worthy of your approving smile! How almost girlish this noble ambition was of his! How he would blush, and how his eyes would sparkle with delight, when his quick glance detected marks of approbation, while you were reading his articles!

At the time he entered upon his labors on the Cyclopædia, the necessity of imparting vitality to the work and of dispatching the issue of the early volumes and the sowing of Cyclopædia wild oats generally made us all write rapidly and copiously. He would often say to me that last week

Mr. Herbert or I had written fourteen or sixteen pages ; that he must do the same. He did the same and did it better than any of us, better I really think than any Cyclopædia writer in any part and at any period of the world. Those who now read his articles can hardly form a conception of the immense amount not only of his research but of the conscientiousness, the acuteness, the cleverness, and the most painful erudition which he brought to bear upon that research. . . .

You could hardly know of the immense amount of work which he performed outside of the Cyclopædia. Very few knew it and few will ever know it, for much of it was done for other parties ; mostly from a feeling of kindness. He was benevolent in the highest sense of the word, and, in his literary benefactions, he did not let his left hand know what his right hand was doing.

There was a singular combination in him,—a sort of Channing, Bancroft, Motley trinity,—and, at the same time, he assimilated somewhat to the genius of Charles Lamb, his great idol in modern English literature. To all these elements of theological, philosophical, and scholarly-historical and belles lettres aspirations he joined a capability of research, from the highest spheres of metaphysical lore down to the lowest dregs of bibliographical drudgery, which would have been astonishing in an old and weather-beaten littérateur, but which was perfectly amazing in one so young. With all his predilection for grave studies, he revelled with delight in fairy lore, in all those pretty things of fancy and imagination which are based to some extent upon mythological, or classical, or theological foundations or traditions. He had the keenest appreciation of poetry. I remember how much he enjoyed the Italian, German and French poets, which in the earlier period of his Cyclopædic career I used to read with him, on Sundays and during leisure hours. He was a most excellent linguist, and intuitively caught the most subtle passions of Dante, Tasso, and Goethe. His judgment of public events and of public men was singularly

correct, for one so all-absorbed in scholasticism, in his shrinking from men and things which did not come before his mind in an artistic or in a literary shape. Yet the spirituality of his nature was so great that it made his judgment nimble, limpid, and acute. . . .

Yet above all, and that which *above* will redound more than all the rest to his eternal glory, was his martyr-like, heroic self-abnegation and self-sacrifice for the sake of his parents, of his sisters, to whom he bore a romantic love, of his brother, to whom he was a most loving Mentor. Alas, they have lost their guardian angel; but I do almost wish they could read what I say about him, for it might solace them, in their irreparable loss, to find their departed son and brother so well appreciated by one, who although a stranger to them, had uncommon opportunities to become acquainted with his holy aims and with his great, with his truly remarkable intellectual and moral qualities. . . .

New York, February 25, 1862.

To his sister, from Mr. T. Gardner.

Your sad, kind letter reached me on Saturday morning and yesterday I forwarded the portrait, which I had framed, as I thought it could not be sent otherwise without injury. It looks almost as well as it did a year ago, when it first sprung from the gifted hand of the fond artist. What terrible sorrow that year held in its lap, not for your home alone, but for hundreds of others besides. . . . But you have this consolation, that his life was entirely true to his highest instincts, and that he fell bravely fighting to the last.

I am certain neither you nor any one else could have saved him if you had been constantly at his side. You could not have stopped his active brain in its eager pursuit after truth and beauty. He had all the ardent instincts and high-strung temperament of a scholar and man of letters, and his life was as natural to him as that of a farmer at a plough. Be-

sides he told me, a few days before he died, that he had never known so good health as he had enjoyed since his return to the city, and that his present illness was a strange freak of nature. Do not embitter your grief by fancying you could have prolonged his life if he had had your sisterly care, for I am certain, from what I have since learned from medical men, that no human power could have prevented a fatal termination to the disease, attacking such a temperament and brain.

Mysterious indeed, my dear Miss Symonds, are the sad ways of Providence and perhaps not on this earth will be given to us the solution of the mystic problem; we can only cast aside our finite reason and make our hearts like unto the heart of a little child, having a firm faith in His everlasting love who guideth the stars in their eternal course and watcheth the sparrows when they fall. The more I see of life, the more intimately I become acquainted with the private history of men and women, do I find that sorrow is a cup which has been given to every one to drink, and even in my most rebellious moments I hear a high faith whispering to me that, bitter as it is, it yet contains the elixir of all spiritual beauty and joy.

You kindly say you hope the "household over the sea" may be spared an agony like to yours. Alas, my dear Miss Symonds, an agony quite as poignant has lately visited that home. The last letter from them told me that one of my brothers, than whom a gentler and purer heart never beat, has become the inmate of a lunatic asylum and but slender hopes are entertained of his recovery. I would much rather weep over his early grave. Ah me! through the rhythm of every human life runs how sad a tenor; but can we not hope that the anthem of the universe is rendered more spiritual and entrancing by reason of these plaintive strains? I hope this sharp agony which your fond heart has been called on to endure may not shake your faith in the wise rule of a beneficent Creator. Be assured "no peg

was loose in the universe, nor did a god or even an angel sleep when the young scholar answered 'Adsum' when his name was called."

My letter is fulfilling a double purpose, for, while I am trying to furnish consolation to you, I find I am also preaching to myself. His death has made a marked epoch in my life and has greatly altered the current of my existence. I have been lately re-reading some of his writings, and I now marvel how, with so profound and cultured an intellect, he ever came to have so warm a friendship for me. Yet surely our love was like the love of Jonathan and David, or Ruth and Naomi. Intellectuality, I think, plays but a minor part in the formation of a deep friendship; it is guided and warmed by subtle and spiritual instincts, of which we know here less than nothing.

I am no believer in that will o' the wisp humbug, that dreary compound of legerdemain and superstition called "spiritual manifestations," yet I think it is not an absurd belief to entertain that, by a refined and mysterious agency, the close presence of a beloved spirit may be made manifest to a sorrowing and faithful heart. Surely, since his death, when I have been meditating in my solitude over our ruptured friendship, I have felt more than once the high influence of his ransomed soul. Quietly as the dew falls on the flower has fallen on me the sweet benediction of his love and wisdom. Fill your heart with a child-like faith, and to you also will be made manifest his holy and loving communion.

I looked long and earnestly at the portrait, yesterday, which Mrs. Hildreth's cunning and fond hand had wrought with such marvellous fidelity. I could almost fancy, as I gazed at it, that I was again in his living company. The serene air, the sweet, thoughtful look and smile which I had so often seen on his beloved countenance, are caught and fastened there forever. May it be to you and every mem-

ber of your bereaved family a sure and abiding consolation! . . .

Smyrna, March 1, 1862.

To Mr. Richard Hildreth, U. S. Consul, Trieste, from Mr. Julius Bing, U. S. Consul, Smyrna.

I thank you for your kind reference to me personally. I have indeed been on intimate literary terms with your friends Ripley and Dana, as I have taken an active part in the New American Cyclopædia from the beginning of the work, in the early part of 1857, up to the end of 1860, when I removed to Washington. . . .

Among my collaborators in the Cyclopædia was the late Rev. William Law Symonds of Portland, Me., one of the holiest, purest, most laborious, accomplished, and highly gifted youths I ever met, in any country, and whose death has filled me with great sorrow. His death is not only a great loss to American literature and theology, of which he promised to become a distinguished ornament, but also to his relatives, of whom he was in every sense the guardian angel, and to his friends and acquaintances, who have admired the gentleness and loftiness of his beautiful nature.

More than once Mr. Symonds spoke to me of you and of Mrs. Hildreth in the warmest terms of affection and reverence; and Mrs. Hildreth and you have contributed greatly to make his social life agreeable in New York.

New York, March 2, 1862.

To his brother, from Mr. George Ripley.

I will very cheerfully comply with your request to consult the Messrs. Appleton with regard to a selection from your brother's contributions to the N. A. Cyclopædia. Although they are firm adherents to the doctrine that it is the book-sellers' right to drink their wine from the authors' skulls, I do not think they can resist the wishes of the family of one to whom the Cyclopædia is so greatly indebted for its value. I trust a suitable memoir will be prepared, in con-

nection with his writings,—forming a precious volume, which will be an honor to his memory.

His early departure, as you observe, is indeed “a terrible fact, to which it is difficult to adjust ourselves”; but although every particular case of bereavement is surrounded with darkness, we may, perhaps, find a ray of consolation in the assurance that the general law from which it proceeds is associated with a most beneficent purpose and tends to the highest good.

Brunswick, March 17, 1862.

To his brother, from Mr. William P. Tucker.

Your brother's life and mine, in college, ran so much together, from our intercourse as classmates, that I cannot recall this or that particular time or occasion or occurrence by which I most remember him, or by the mention of which I should feel that I had communicated to another any just idea of his character as I hold it in mind. Friends are of each other, and I find it impossible to hold him off and measure him by this or that act or word.

The impression I retain of our familiar and daily life does not find meet expression in words. To one who may have known him afterwards I would only need to say he was the same in college,—in ambition, in achievement, in friendship. His manner was his former self, with, if changed, a more tender pressure of the hand, a more affectionate way to those he held dear, than before he knew, by the shams, to prize the true friends.

We of the class, from the first, regarded his attainments as remarkable for a student. He had unusual gifts of mind, but had these been tenfold less he could not have felt in a more solemn sense the duty of making the noblest use of them. Every energy was bent, every faculty was strained, to labor,—passionately and unremittingly. I do not remember when he spent an hour idly or in profitless employment. The usual recreations of college failed to engage him. He gave his time freely to friends; never seemed interrupted

by them; was frank and cordial to them; seemed to enjoy keenly converse with them; but went *home* from them to the nearer and dearer companionship of his books and knowledge, and, penny for penny, these mute teachers chose to tell him more than to the rest of us. He looked deeper into them; and then, not less aptly than in after years, it might be said of him, with Bacon, that he seemed to have "taken all learning for his province";—he was reconnoitering in force where afterwards he won conquests and domain, and whenever I have met him since I could not see that he had changed; ever as affectionate and as companionable,—almost *preyed upon* by the same feeling that in this world there must be "no folding of the hands from work." "Rest," said Arnauld, "why should I rest here? Haven't I an eternity to rest in?" Almost the last words I remember of him were in a reply to a question I had addressed to him, the afternoon before he was taken sick. "I feel just about ready to strike in somewhere and work hard."

New York, April 18, 1862.

To his sister Elisabeth, from Mr. Thomas Gardner.

His death has been a marked epoch in my life. I am a very different fellow from what I was when I could run any day to his side. I feel now if I wish to hold communion with him I must make my heart a censor for high and pure aspirations. I never expect to find a friend on this earth who will supply his place, but I can live on the recollection of his friendship till I see him again face to face in the abodes of the blest.

Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, N. J., May 18, 1862.

To his brother, from Mr. Robert Carter.

You ask what motives impelled your brother to overwork himself in New York. I hardly know how to give a satisfactory answer. It certainly was no external necessity. He

lived frugally, dressed plainly, had no expensive habits, and could always, by half a week's easy work, pay the expenses of a whole week. He was sometimes, though very rarely, out of money, and would then borrow, without hesitation, small sums of me, as I, without hesitation, did occasionally of him. But the want of money never impelled him to labor. He worked from higher motives. From an honorable ambition, from sense of duty, from a desire to do something for mankind and from an abhorrence of idleness. He was impelled by great natural energy and a resolute will and by a lofty contempt of obstacles within or without. His health was remarkably good while in New York, and he had a singular union of strength and delicacy in his physical frame. He looked delicate but I do not think he felt so, and in his youthful confidence of strength and health he overtasked himself before he was at all aware of the danger. He was also impelled by a sort of scientific curiosity to try experiments on himself,—to see how much he could endure, and to learn how he would feel under certain circumstances.

It is useless, however, to speculate upon the causes of death to any of us. We see the means but know not the end. Many a stronger and more careful man has been taken away even more prematurely, while many, on the other hand, far more delicate in structure and more indifferent to the rules of health, have lived to a green old age.

New York, May 24, 1862.

To his brother, from Mr. George Ripley.

I beg you to accept my cordial thanks for the portrait of your brother, which you were kind enough to send me. It is an expressive memorial of his intelligent face, but probably no likeness would do justice to the serene and sweet beauty of his countenance as it lingers in the recollection of his friends.

New York, May 27, 1862.

To his brother, from Mr. Charles Nordhoff.

I must ask you to excuse me that I have not yet kept the promise I made you long ago, of writing for you the particulars of my last conversations with your brother and my dear friend. I have several times sat down to write but have thrown aside the attempt. All that he said is as present to me as though it had been spoken but yesterday. I need not tell you that I miss him more and more every day. I shudder to think what a blank his death must leave in your household. As for me, my best thoughts are unspoken, because he is gone; and there is no one to replace him to me.

Brooklyn, June 15, 1862.

To his mother, from Mr. Charles Nordhoff.

I promised your son, Mr. Joseph W. Symonds, to write out for you some account of my intercourse and conversation with my dear friend, your son William, and I take the liberty to address myself directly to you, because in that way I shall write more freely.

I was introduced to your son by our mutual friend Mr.,—now Colonel,—William Birney, in the winter of 1859-'60. We three met, after that, almost every Saturday, until Mr. Symonds went to Boston, with the intention to enter the ministry, under the auspices of the Unitarian Association. He and I at once became intimate, and I soon learned to love him very dearly, both for his heart and mind. He was highly prized by many friends here, and knew many people, but he always seemed to meet the little club,—which Mr. Robert Carter afterwards joined,—with peculiar pleasure. We discussed everything, and in all discussions your son seemed animated by a most bright, quick, and penetrating, yet always truly reverential spirit.

I do not now remember when or how I came to know that he proposed to preach. The question what to do was one which appealed only to him and myself in our little club,

—Mr. Birney and Mr. Carter being older men, settled in life,—and it was often argued, between your son and myself, if it was not best to preach the gospel. We both thought, yes; and he finally announced that he was to prepare himself for this work. I was very glad when I heard it, for I felt that he would be happiest in carrying out this determination, that he could do a great deal of good in the ministry, and that he would most assuredly rise to eminence.

It was, I think, in August, 1860, that he told me of his determination. That he should choose the Unitarian connection did not surprise me. We had both been earnest readers and admirers of Channing, and I believe he knew then, as little as I, that the present Unitarianism of New England has very little of Channing's spirit and fire. To be a man like Channing, to follow in his footsteps, and preach and write as he did, seems to me to be a true Christian; and, though I am a Methodist, I felt nothing but happiness to see my nearest friend turning that way.

He was quite ill before he set out for Boston. From the time he left the city till he returned I did not hear a word from him. He afterwards said he was in a condition of mind in which he had nothing to write, but here is the account which he gave me on his return, when we at once fell into our old habits of intimacy.

He went to Boston and there preached several times. (I should have mentioned that he preached once, to my knowledge, on Staten Island, before he went away.) Then he asked to be sent to the country, and was sent for six months, to Chicopee, Mass. Here he had, for congregation, as he said, all the lawyers, all the physicians, merchants,—in fact all the cultivated people of the town, with few exceptions. "I went there," he said, "with a determination to preach to them pure religion, and only that. I had no doctrines to impart, but meant, as well as I could, to stir their spirits to a better life, to urge them to holiness and spiritual thoughts. I preached earnestly, prepared myself carefully, and en-

deavored to spread among them the same desire for a pure and holy life which I felt myself."

Thus he preached, some three months, as I remember his story, and, he believed, without effect. He was kindly treated, welcomed everywhere; his people came on Sunday and listened to him; but he felt himself no nearer to them, and believed that he had not affected them by his teaching. I think he was, probably, mistaken; but he felt that he could not conquer the coldness of heart, in spiritual things, which affected his congregation. They were polite enough to listen, he said; they came, with regularity, to church; but they went away as they came, no way changed from their icy worldiness. So he gave over, for awhile, and thinking it at any rate needful to make an impression upon them, so that perhaps he might lead them afterwards, he began to lecture instead of preaching. He prepared carefully, as he told me, a series of lectures (full of learning, wit, and not, we may believe, without moral purpose), but, as he seemed to feel, the merest husks and chaff. The first of these roused his audience; his church at once filled up; everybody was delighted—except the preacher, who was profoundly, almost bitterly, disappointed.

He continued to "lecture," as he called it, to the end of his term of six months; then the people asked him to stay, and promised him, I believe, something like double the salary they had been accustomed to pay. But he refused, and returned to New York, done with that ministry. He believed that his failure was proof that he was not fitted to preach, effectively, that spiritual religion which alone he felt he ought to teach; and he would not submit to "lecture."

He then expressed the determination to connect himself, when his labors on the *Cyclopædia* were completed, with some daily journal. I had, before his return, become connected with the *Evening Post*; and my happiness in my new work led me to believe that he would find himself equally satisfied. . . . He felt, as I, that in the news-

papers one who writes conscientiously, also preaches, to a large audience, and with worthy texts. Latterly he grew impatient to commence, and when he fell sick he had written at least two articles for the *Tribune*, and had made application for a place on that journal, which I believe Mr. Dana, then the managing editor, would have given him.

In those latter days his experience at Chicopee was a frequent subject of conversation between us. He seemed contented with it,—so much so that I was satisfied with its results, on himself. He appeared to feel that he had not known before the present spirit of New England Unitarianism. He did not say this to me, but in other ways the sentiment appeared. He spoke more frequently concerning formalism in religion; was more desirous to see a true and lively religious spirit; and spoke more tenderly of the old-fashioned ways in the church. “After all,” said he to me, as we were parting, the last time we met together down town, “I should feel more at home in my father’s church at home than anywhere else, or among any other people.” He had just been speaking of the impossibility of reaching the suffering or the poor and distressed with any empty form or parade of words, and it was this, and my remark, that I loved our Methodist ways more and more as I grew older, which drew forth these words.

Of his last illness I unfortunately saw little. On the Saturday before he died we were to have met up town. I was prevented by urgent business from going to the Cyclopædia office, where I had promised to call for him. I sent a note to say I could not come; and it was left there by my messenger. Nothing was then known of his illness, at that place. On the next Monday I received a note, to say that he was at his room, had been a little unwell, and would like to see me. I could not get up there till Tuesday afternoon. Then I found, to my surprise and alarm, that he had been very sick; but the friends I found with him thought him much better; and the physician who had attended him had

spoken so favorably that he believed himself nearly recovered. He seemed wearied, and I did not suffer him to speak much; but read a little to him, till he fell into what seemed an easy sleep. Not knowing before that he was seriously ill, nor guessing it, I had not provided to stay with him, but prepared at once to send word to my wife, and remain with him all night. But he protested very strongly against this, and seemed so much worried at the proposition, returning to it again and again, that I gave it up. I sat with him till about half past nine. He seemed then to be sleeping quietly, and I left him and called on his physician, whom I caused to promise that he would see him once more that night,—though he seemed to think it scarcely necessary. This was my last meeting with him.

The thought recurs to me constantly that, if I had only known when he was first taken ill, I could so easily have had him removed to my house, where he would at least have been more carefully attended than he could be in his little room. On the Tuesday when I saw him it could not be done. The Doctor prohibited the removal, saying he could not bear even lifting downstairs.

Your son was, in the general opinion of all in New York who knew him, a man of exceeding promise; one before whom there was a fine career, in whatever profession he might choose. He was a fine scholar, a brilliant writer, a man of infinite wit and of the most kindly humor I ever knew. To me, who held him as the friend nearest me, he was this, but also much more,—a man so pure, so unselfish, so conscientious in all his affairs and acts, so lovely in every part of his life and thoughts as I have known no other man. I do not presume to speak of my own grief in his loss, beside yours; but there is no day since his death in which I have not missed him; for there was no subject which engaged my thoughts but it was formerly discussed between us; and though we met, in general, but once a week, he had

become,—how greatly I did not know till he was gone,—a part of the best portion of my life.

I wish much that I could have written you a more particular account of his life among us here, in New York, but I believe even what I have been able to set down will be welcome to you.

Erie, Penn., February 24, 1863.

To his brother, from Rev. John F. Spalding.

. . . It is questionable how far you ought to enter into Willy's religious experience. It is too sacred. Besides, I very much doubt if anybody is qualified to trace it down through his Unitarian Ministry to his return to the New York Press. I have my own very decided views about it, which are confirmed by the letters I have and by conversation with him in New York in 1860, also the last time I saw him to talk with him, when we conversed a great deal about these matters. If the progress and result of his religious conflicts and struggles be given, they should be given *correctly*. . . .

If Willy's spiritual development *could* be given, it would be intensely interesting. I thought yesterday as I was looking over our letters, that perhaps I ought to carry out an idea he and I once entertained, to give, in one volume, from our letters, our "Auto-think-ographies." But I would do it, if at all, under the form of a romance or perhaps Platonic dialogue. His life was then (1855) imperfect. *Now*, it could be viewed as a whole, for it is not right to think of him as cut off prematurely. If you could know his real inward self, in all its stages, to the last, you would see that it had a perfect development, symmetry, and proportion. He lived long as most; because he felt, thought, suffered as much as most. But there is no one living who can see just what he was in his maturity of spiritual development. God alone knows. You can understand why. His course was peculiar. His development, religiously, was unique. He had no common experience. I have strong convictions what

it was, but could not well express them. I often see him in my mind's eye, standing out prominently from all others, nobly struggling up out of the darkness into the light of heavenly truth. I see him as he was in College and at graduation. I see him bravely battling his way, amid terrible suffering and conflict of soul, almost driving him mad, at Gardiner. I see him as at Cambridge, disappointed in not finding that passionate Christianity, that warm spiritual religion which his heart craved; but studying tremendously, Greek Tragedies, German, Spinoza, everything, doing Herculean tasks. I think I see why he left Cambridge; why he abandoned the ministry; why he went to New York; why he tried the ministry; why he finally renounced it. There was no whim in it, no chance. There is a grand purpose and idea shaping, from the first, his destiny. That idea must be seen in what he was, spiritually, at the last. Getting possession of that, you will see how every act of his life fits in its place, and how no part was a mistake or in vain. But the difficulty is in getting that master key. There is no one that knew his spirit well enough, who was sufficiently in communion with him. Besides, one must see things *with him*, from his points of view, which involves besides deep inward fellowship,—the knowing what he knew,—common pursuits and studies. . . .

Cambridge, March, 1863.

To his brother, from Rev. John Albee.

. . . Looking over these letters I seem to see but little fit material for your purpose, yet there is a little, and, if all his correspondents can add as much, it will be perhaps enough. But I fear much is lost, both of his own correspondence and that of others to him. Mr. Bartlett made what seems to me a true remark in speaking of this very matter. He said the letters your brother received from his friends would be even more useful than those he wrote; having as they would, the feeling and estimation of his friends toward

him. This leads me to venture to say that any account of him written from an external point of view,—the outward facts of his life—cannot fail of being unsatisfactory. The history of his life is the record of mental events. But I will not say more, for I might easily say too much.

Your brother designed nothing less than to compass the circle of human knowledge; not vainly, but in right earnest, and put his shoulders like an Atlas to the work. We want the record of that glorious youthful attempt. He made his own monument, but we must put it upon its proper pedestal; and we shall honor ourselves in remembering him.

New York, September 11, 1864.

To his brother, from Mr. Charles Nordhoff.

I read the essay with the greatest delight. It was like hearing the dear fellow talk once more; and I laid it down with a sigh that I shall never again, in this world, hear his genial humor, or see his kindly, shrewd smile.

If, as I have heard, you intend to publish a collection of his writings, pray do not omit from it a short article which was printed in the Saturday Press, Buckle's History. It was one of the most genial he ever wrote, and at the same time a most searching and satisfactory exposition of Buckle's error.

Erie, Penn., Dec. 1, 1864.

To his brother, from Rev. J. F. Spalding.

. . . Every day, as I look at Will's picture, hanging before me in my study, I rejoice that I knew him and regret deeply the mysterious Providence by which he was taken away. I think how pure and noble and full of enthusiasm and genius he was, and I am stimulated. What might he not have done and been, could he have lived! I do hope the volume, with the memoir, will soon be published.

Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, to Hon. Charles S. Davies.

I find that Mr. Symonds's death is received with an expression of the strongest sympathy and most affectionate regard by all who knew him. All recognized his superior ability, his fine scholarship and his rich and beautiful character. Do say to his friends that if the sorrow of others and the love and honor of all who knew their son and brother can be of comfort to them, they can have the fullest assurance of that consolation, while they will rejoice most of all that he has carried to heaven a spirit congenial with heaven, to the presence of the Saviour a soul that Jesus loved, to the inner courts of the Father's house a character that can find only a welcome and a home there.

New York, January 21, 1868.

To his brother, from Mr. William Winter.

A somewhat overworked pen naturally shrinks from letter-writing. That is why I have so long delayed acknowledging the receipt of your welcome note,—so kindly expressive of the sentiment of good-will extended toward me by the members of your family because of my friendship for your late brother. I can only say that your kindness and courtesy are sincerely appreciated. My recollections of your brother are all cheerful. He was a good man and a charming comrade.

PRESS TRIBUTES.

Mr. GEORGE RIPLEY, *in the New York Tribune, January 20, 1862.*

" . . . Mr. Symonds was a graduate of Bowdoin College in 1854, afterward a student in the Cambridge Divinity School, and for the last five years a resident in New York, as one of the staff of the *New American Cyclopædia*, with the exception of a portion of 1860-'61, which he devoted to preaching as a candidate for the Unitarian ministry. He had become known to a large circle of readers by his philosophical and historical contributions to the *Cyclopædia*, which indicated a depth of reflection almost beyond his years, a wide range of research, a ripe and delicate literary taste, and a singular felicity of expression. Several remarkable articles from his pen in the *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals attest his power in a more strictly original sphere of composition, evincing a brilliancy of fancy and a high poetical instinct, no less characteristic than his extraordinary aptitude for attainment, and gave the brightest promise of a distinguished career in the nobler walks of literature. Mr. Symonds possessed a peculiar modesty of disposition, which, except to his most intimate acquaintances, had the appearance of reserve, almost of shyness; but, in fact, he had uncommon warmth of affection; his power of attaching others to himself was great; he had a strong spirit of reverence; and his quiet dignity of manner was the genuine expression of a pure and lofty mind, which, in its deference to others, never parted with its own self-respect."

Mr. HARRISON GRAY, *in Portland Transcript, Feb. 8, 1862.*

"At a period of life when others are furnishing their

minds, Mr. Symonds contributed largely to the most refining literature of our time, and devoted no inconsiderable share of his short and busy life to the systematization of that knowledge, in a popular form, which is scattered in so many inaccessible and untranslated tomes.

"Happy as he was in the selection of the pursuits in which he was mainly engaged, pure as was his taste, delicate and susceptible as was his mind to the lighter and more graceful forms of literature, it is no less the untiring industry which he brought to the task of less attractive studies that excites the astonishment and admiration of those whom he honored with his confidence and friendship. In the volumes of the American Cyclopædia lie a large share of the labors of his little lease of time. Sometimes it was his fortune to deal with characters which he had cherished with such a love and veneration that they had become his familiar friends. Sometimes topics engaged his attention involving those great problems and mysteries of life upon which he had profoundly meditated. . . . Sometimes subjects dry and unattractive in themselves, yet the necessary helps and supports of science, became, in the routine of duty, a portion of his occupation. But all his varied duties, however severe or unpromising, were met and discharged with the same faithfulness and equanimity. We know not where now to turn for the example of a life so well ordered and employed. . . .

"Cherishing a deep sense of his responsibility for the direction of his faculties to some elevated sphere of life, the great duties that spring from the moral and religious nature of man had early occupied his thoughts. Trained from youth to the practice of virtue and a veneration for revealed religion, these pious lessons became the guide of his conduct, while he gradually emancipated his mind from the traditional dogmas of doctrine with which they were interwoven. . . .

"His manners were retiring, and this circumstance, to-

gether with his constant employment, necessarily limited the circle of his acquaintance. But to those who knew him he was the most approachable of men, alive to all noble sympathies, open-hearted, whole-souled, generous of his advice, assistance, and his means. He is gone, and we shall see his face on earth no more. But late will the day arrive when the memory of his genius and virtues will fade from the hearts of his friends."

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, *in the N. Y. Christian Inquirer*,
January 25, 1862.

"In the untimely death of William Law Symonds, America has lost one of its clearest and most thoughtful intellects, felicitous writers, and promising scholars, the breadth of his attainments testifying to the severity of the study which had enabled one so young to reach a scholarship so ripe. At the early age of twenty-eight years, when his present achievements had given high promise of a brilliant and noble career, he has been suddenly stopped in his earthly toil, and to the land of shadows have been transferred his scholarship, his eloquence, his wisdom, his lofty and pure enthusiasm. . . .

"In his intellect was evidenced a beautiful combination of two high and apparently contradictory powers. United to a mental vision of extraordinary clearness and reflective faculties eminently philosophical, there was a fine poetical instinct which was constantly stretching itself toward the dim and mysterious. He might be said to have had the soul of a devout mystic, of the reverent tenth century, in the brain of a philosopher of the critical and practical nineteenth.

"We can hardly think we shall never see him more—that his sweet, thoughtful smile must be for us, from henceforth, only a memory. We can hardly realize that the sad duty which we now perform is the last expression we can show

of our love. . . . Among the last of the coherent utterances which we caught from his pale lips, while we watched at his side, was, as he stretched his frail and trembling arm upward, while a beautiful light stood on his rapt eye, 'The earth, O Lord, is full of the majesty of thy glory.' "

REV. JOHN ALBEE, in the *Chicopee Journal*, Feb. 1, 1862.

"Mr. Symonds did not complete the theological course in Cambridge, but in the latter part of the middle year accepted an offer to go to New York and engage as one of the staff of writers of the American Cyclopædia. He very soon took that place he had ever maintained elsewhere. The work was to his taste. His articles in the Cyclopædia are perfect in their kind—condensed, clear, flowing. He exhausted the libraries when an important topic was to be discussed. So extensive was his knowledge of books that when Dr. Cogswell, the superintendent of the Astor Library, was absent for a part of the year of 1860, he was selected to fill that office. The ghost which was said to haunt the learned doctor's quarters in the Library never dared show itself to that vigilant, clear-eyed man. He knew how to use books; he struck with an infallible instinct the author, the very page, that would help his researches. He knew books as other men know persons—by their physiognomies. What he wanted, he found; what he found, he used and made his own, and mounted as on a stair to new acquisitions. . . .

"He was one of those men who, living, seem to make life worth the having; for his presence and conversation were invigorating to his friends, he suggested so many things to be done, and he had always some new study or endeavor upon his hands. Beyond this, he incited, he inspired his friends by his faith in them; thought them equal to his most generous expectations; trusted and hoped everything from them; and, distinguishing what was superficial from what

was central, always appealed to their best purposes and thoughts. . . .

"Notwithstanding he had abandoned the study of theology and seemed to be firmly established in the literary guild, he had still a secret leaning to the clerical profession, which was only to be extinguished by actual experience. He thought it the divine art. Leaving New York toward the spring of 1861, he went to Boston, and after preaching a few times in different places, he accepted an invitation to fill the Unitarian pulpit at Chicopee for three months. Here he made warm friends, and was highly appreciated. But he was not satisfied with himself, nor with the profession. He returned to New York, to his former employment, a little saddened, I think; with a little less enthusiasm; but with the purpose to toil with new, terrible energy.

"He had always recognized what a desperate feat it was to live by literature—overwork and under pay—and now he saw nothing else for him to do. His literary co-laborers received him back again with great rejoicing. They complimented, they cheered, they heaped fuel upon a flame already too brightly burning. They spoke of his unequalled 'facility and felicity.' But I, who chanced to have been behind the scenes, knew what that felicity and that facility cost him. The price was the days and the nights with every faculty at its tension; and his life flowed from his pen in a swift and mighty stream. There are some pages of the *Cyclopædia*, to my eyes, written in blood.

"His spirit, great and ever progressing, soon wore out its frail mortal sheath. If he could have remembered that what is lost in time is gained in power; if he had recalled what Corinna told the youthful Pindar,—sow with the hand, not with the whole sack,—had he been content to move more slowly, what a future awaited him! If he could have mingled his work with rest and calmer pleasures, remembering that the mortar which seems to do nothing but hold the

bricks together is so much gain in height, much might have been gained out of apparent loss. . . .

"Dying so young, and in the bloom and excellency of his powers, there seems nothing but loss. But it is not so; he had accomplished more than most men who live the Psalmist's years; he was yet in the front of men's good opinion; his few days were crowded with noble efforts and auspicious beginnings that must have elsewhere their perfect consummation, and no life can be said to be finished which has been well begun."

BOWDOIN COLLEGE CLASS OF 1854, AS IT AP-
PEARS IN THE CENTENNIAL CATALOGUE.

1894.

- George Washington Bartlett. B. 19 Feb., 1828, Litchfield.
Harv. Div. Sch., 1857. Pastor, Augusta. Chap. 14th
Me. Vols., 1861. D. 2 June, 1864, Coal Harbor, Va.
- William Morrison Bartley, A. M. B. 9 May, 1833, Hamp-
stead, N. H. Rector, Alabama. D. 3 Dec., 1862, Win-
chester, Tenn.
- David Thaxter Bradford. B. 14 Aug., 1828, Cumberland.
Music dealer, Atchison, Kan.
- Henry Purchis Brown, A. M. B. 19 Oct., 1830, Baldwin.
Merchant, Fond du Lac, Wis. D. 21 Sept., 1890.
- Charles Peleg Chandler, A. M., LL.B., Harv., 1857. B. 4
Jan., 1835, Foxcroft. Lawyer, Boston. Major 1st
Mass. Vols., 1861. D. 30 June, 1862, Malvern Hill, Va.
- John Frederic Deane. B. 3 Sept., 1834, Bangor. Teacher
and lawyer, New Orleans. D. 2 Jan., 1872.
- John Abbott Douglass, A. M., M. D., Columbia, 1861. B.
20 Oct., 1829, Waterford. Surgeon 11th Mass. Vols.,
1863-'64. Physician, Amesbury, Mass.
- Henry Dunlap, A. M., LL.B., Albany, N. Y., 1858. B. 16
Nov., 1834, Brunswick. Lawyer, New York City. U.
S. civil service, Washington, D. C. D. 27 April, 1888.
- Ambrose Eastman, A. M. B. 18 April, 1834, North Yar-
mouth. Lawyer, Boston.
- James Bonaparte Farrington, A. M. B. 3 Jan., 1831,
Rochester, N. H. Physician, San José, Cal. Asst.
Surgeon, U. S. V. D. 22 Mar., 1883, Salinas City, Cal.
- Samuel Freeman, A. N., M. D., 1857. B. 17 Mar., 1830,

- Limerick. Druggist, Chelsea, Mass. Res., Everett, Mass.
- Harrison Gray. B. 18 Oct., 1827, Danvers, Mass. Lawyer. D. 13 Feb, 1878.
- Council Greeley, A. M. B. 20 Mar., 1825, Dover. Lawyer, Quincy, Ill.; Chicago.
- James Lewis Hatch. B. 13 Feb., 1832, New Gloucester. Journalist, Charleston, S. C.—D. 25 Sept., 1858.
- Charles Melvin Herrin, A. M. B. 9 Nov., 1834, Houlton. Lawyer. D. 9 May, 1876.
- Warren, Johnson, A. M. B. 24 Dec., 1830, Farmington. Tutor. Teacher, Topsham. State Sup't. Sch. D. 28 April, 1877, Newton, Mass.
- Edwin Sewall Lenox, A. M., M. D., 1859. B. 19 Feb., 1830, Newcastle. Manufacturer, Worcester, Mass.
- Daniel Clark Linscott, A. M. B. 17 Mar., 1828, Jefferson. Lawyer, Boston.
- George Washington McLellan, A. M. B. 11 June, 1826, Monmouth. Teacher, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Manufacturer and teacher, San José, Cal. D. 11 Feb., 1883, Red Bank, N. J.
- Henry Nettleton Merrill. B. 23 Mar., 1827, Norway. Lawyer, Haverhill, Mass.
- Joseph Edward Merrill. B. 8 Dec., 1832, Yarmouth. Supt. N. E. News Co., Boston. Res., Newton, Mass.
- Benjamin Franklin Morrison. B. 9 April, 1832, Farmington. Teacher, Malden, Mass.
- James Ripley Osgood, A. M. B. 22 Feb., 1836, Fryeburg. Publisher, Boston; London, Eng. D. 18 May, 1892.
- John Owen Robinson, A. M. B. 7 July, 1832, Thomaston. Lawyer, Thomaston; Seattle, Wash.
- John Wesley Simonds, A. M. B. 10 May, 1829, Franklin, N. H. Teacher. State Sup't. Sch., N. H. Pres. Univ. of Dakota. D. 3 June, 1885, Vermillion, S. Dak.
- Henry Hyde Smith, A. M., LL. B., Harv., 1860. B. 2 Feb., 1832, Cornish. Lawyer, Boston.

- Joseph Emerson Smith, A. M. B. 19 Mar., 1835, Wiscasset.
Lawyer, Wiscasset; Chicago, Ill. D. 16 June, 1881.
- Charles Winslow Smyth. B. 9 April, 1829, Holderness, N. H.
Prof. Math., Catawba Coll. D. 3 Nov., 1865, Newton,
N. C.
- Daniel Carlton Stanwood. B. 3 May, 1829, Alna. D. 23
April, 1855.
- John Glidden Stetson, A. M., LL. B., Harv., 1860. B. 29
Feb., 1833, Newcastle. Lawyer, Boston. Clerk U. S.
Circuit Court.
- William Law Symonds, A. M. B. 29 April, 1833, Raymond.
Literary work New York City. D. 18 Jan., 1862.
- Charles Frederick Todd, A. M. B. 11 May, 1834, St.
Stephen, N. B. Manufacturer, Calais. D. 13 July, 1893,
St. Stephen, N. B.
- William Packard Tucker, A. M. B. 24 July, 1834, Bidde-
ford. Instructor and Librarian, B. C. Rector, Paw-
tucket, R. I.
- William Drew Washburn. B. 14 Jan., 1831, Livermore.
Manufacturer, Minneapolis, Minn. M. C., 1879-'85.
U. S. Senate, 1889-
- Nathaniel McLellan Whitmore, A. M. B. 15 Sept., 1833,
Richmond. Lawyer, Gardiner. D. 4 Mar., 1871.
- Franklin Augustus Wilson, A. M. B. 6 Nov., 1832, Brad-
ford. Lawyer, Bangor. Pres. M. C. R. R.
- Henry Clay Wood, A. M. B. 26 May, 1832, Winthrop. 2d
Lieut. 1st Inf., U. S. A., 1856. Bvt. Lt. Col., 1865. Col.
and Asst. Adj.-Gen., U. S. A.

CYCLOPÆDIA LABORS.

In considering the scholastic acquirements of the writer whose literary labor is represented in this volume the familiar thought recurs that genius follows its own peculiar course and proceeds independently of the laws that regulate the development of the average mind. One of the most singular, as well as one of the most absurd, of contemporary follies is the notion, sometimes promulgated by persons who ought to know better, that the works of Shakespeare were not, and could not have been, written by Shakespeare, because Shakespeare did not possess the scholarship assumed to be essential for the production of Shakespeare's plays. That position ignores the fundamental fact, established beyond question by all literary history, that genius can acquire and apply knowledge in a manner completely superior to that of average talent, and is a power operative above all known laws and usual customs. Hogg's verse is as melodious as that of Sir Walter Scott, and Hogg lacked education: "He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." Chatterton, a wonder in poetry, died at eighteen. Keats died at twenty-seven. Byron died at thirty-six. Gifford, a marvellous scholar, born and reared in poverty, educated himself,—learning to write by copying, with a nail, upon pieces of leather. It might be urged that Mr. Symonds could not have done what he actually did because, to an ordinary mind, the achievement would have been impossible. His sister has recorded (page 23) that at the age of seven he had not manifested any marked enthusiasm for books. When his parents removed with him from Raymond he was about twelve years old, and he had then "nearly finished arithmetic," and he had studied more or less (probably less) grammar, geography, and

United States history, and had learned to write. His chief reading had been in "The Youth's Companion." Books to which he might have had access were "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Paradise Lost," Young's "Night Thoughts," Pope's "Essay on Man," and a few others. Gift books that came into the house were such cheerful volumes as Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted" or Allien's "Alarm." Notwithstanding his sister's assumption that he may have "read them all," it seems improbable that he did so, as he had manifested no marked enthusiasm for books; and it is likely that, between the ages of seven and twelve, he could not have entirely comprehended them, even if he did read them. Yet he died, when he was twenty-eight years and nine months old, one of the most accomplished scholars in our country. In less than seventeen years he had acquired an almost incredible fund of knowledge, a copious vocabulary, and a nervous, lucid, melodious style. He had learned the Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages. His knowledge of theology was complete. His faculty of analysis was consummate, and his facility of direct and clear expression was extraordinary. He had studied botany. He had studied law. He had written many essays, some of which are exceptionally brilliant. He had become a clergyman, and his sermons would fill a volume. He had, in short, become an accomplished scholar and writer: yet several eulogists of him express amazement that, being so young, he should have done so much,—one commentator perceiving, in his Cyclopædia articles, "a depth of reflection almost beyond his years." He was a chief contributor to that work,—writing in it about 2,600 articles. The exact number has not been ascertained. The subjoined list of a few of them indicates the scope of his learning and the assiduity of his labor:

Francis Atterbury.

Emperor Aurungzebe.

John Neal.

Leibnitz.

Junius.

George Bancroft.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Latin Literature. | John Milton. |
| Mysteries. | The Objective and the Subjective. |
| The Classics. | The Novel. |
| Goethe. | Mythology. |
| David Hume. | Christmas. |
| The Wandering Jew. | Sir William Hamilton. |
| Lucretius. | Mathematics. |
| The Knights of the Bath. | John Galt. |
| Marco Bozzaria. | Charles Kingsley. |
| Dynamics. | John Donne. |
| Necromancy. | Ecclesiastes. |
| Robert Southey. | Thomas à Kempis. |
| The Sophista. | Spinoza. |
| Tennyson. | Henry Kirke White. |
| Oratory. | The Sonnet. |
| Montaigne. | English Literature. |
| Copernicus. | Adam Smith. |
| Athanasius. | Lamartine. |
| Belles Lettres. | Garibaldi. |
| Corneille. | Abelard. |
| Mendelssohn. | Comedy. |
| Sir James Mackintosh. | Diderot. |
| Metempsychosis. | Socrates. |
| Bishop Thirlwall. | Lafayette. |
| The Fathers of the Church. | History. |
| The Dance of Death. | Anne Boleyn. |
| Euclid. | The Society of the Cincinnati. |
| Lord Edward Fitzgerald. | Sir Francis Drake. |
| Sidney Godolphin. | Fairy Tales. |
| Heroic Verse. | Elizabeth Fry. |
| Italian Literature. | Goldoni. |
| Thackeray. | Edward and William Law. |
| Geometry. | Massinger. |
| Biography. | William Wordsworth. |
| Cookery. | Marcus Manlius. |
| Logic. | William Ellery Channing. |
| Library. | Antiphony. |
| Sophocles. | Dwarfs. |
| Jesus Christ. | Lessing, etc. |

CHRONOLOGY.

- 1833. April 29. William Law Symonds. Born: Raymond, Cumberland County, Maine.
- 1845. March 12. Moved to Portland, Maine. School education there.
- 1850. September 26. Entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
- 1852. November 29. Began school-teaching, in vacation from college.
- 1853. August —. Made first visit to New York City.
- 1854. August 2. Was graduated from Bowdoin.
- 1854. October —. Became private tutor in family of R. D. Richards, at Gardiner, Maine.
- 1855. July —. Returned to home.
- 1855. September. Entered the Divinity School, at Cambridge, Massachusetts.
- 1856. May 1. Resumed position of private tutor at Gardiner,—retaining it till end of July.
- 1856. September. Returned to the Divinity School at Cambridge.
- 1857. June —. Left the Divinity School and obtained employment in New York, as a writer for Appleton's Cyclopædia.
- 1857. August 5. Delivered Oration at Bowdoin College, for degree of Master of Arts.
- 1858. July 21. Delivered Oration at Bates College Lewiston, Maine.

1860. ———. Was made temporary custodian of Astor Library, New York, in the absence of Cogswell, who said he had seen a ghost there midnight.
1861. March —. Entered the Ministry, and preached Boston and its vicinity.
1861. July 1. Assumed charge of Unitarian parish Chicopee, Massachusetts.
1861. October —. Retired from the pulpit and resumed occupation as a writer for Appleton's Cyclopædia.
1862. January 18. Died: in the Studio Building, West Tenth Street, New York City.
1862. January 22. Burial at Evergreen Cemetery, Portland, Maine.

The memorial stone that marks his grave is inscribed with his name and the dates of his birth and death and with the words, chosen by his mother,

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

CONCLUSION.

Although this book is intended only for private circulation, I have, in my editorial treatment of the materials that compose it, pursued precisely the same course that I should have taken had the purpose been to accost the public. The story of a writer's life is well told when it is told in his own words, conjoined with the words of those by whom he was thoroughly known. William Law Symonds was, by natural vocation, a writer, and in his Letters, Journals and Essays here collected,—not in full, but in sufficient number and variety to exhibit his personality and depict his career,—he has clearly written the history of his mind and clearly revealed the character of his experience. The portraiture, furthermore, is augmented and amply illustrated by the testimony of his relatives and friends. My personal intercourse with him was that of a casual comrade, in Bohemian days,—by which I mean, not days of riot and reckless behavior, but days of youthful freedom and adventure, at the beginning of a literary life. No young man was ever less sympathetic than he was with the license and revelry that are, commonly, supposed to pervade the realm of Bohemia. My memory of him presents the slight figure and placid, thoughtful face of a modest, reserved, gentle person, observant more than communicative, who liked better to listen than to speak, whose presence was sympathetic, and with whom companionship was not only possible but charming without the expedient of talk. He could, indeed, talk fluently and well, when he pleased to do so,—for his mind was richly stored with well digested knowledge and careful thought; his manner, in conversation, was eager and animated; his voice was sweet; and he possessed the engaging charm of playful humor; but, in my remembrance, he chiefly

lives as one of those rare beings with whom it is feasible to enjoy silence. He had obtained absolute self-possession, and his personal influence was that of tranquillity. Such, at least, was the impression that he left with me, at the time when we were both engaged in strenuous toil, on the skirmish line of literary industry in New York, half a century ago, and before yet he had determined to attempt the vocation of the Church. In considering his writings it is easy to perceive that his experience had been that of incessant, persistent, laborious study, intermingled with acute torture of the mind, incident in part to mental perplexity as to religion, and in part to a continuously baffled desire of ecstatic spiritual aspiration. The somewhat conflicting religious influences that surrounded him from childhood wrought their natural effect upon his exquisite sensibility of temperament. The period of his youthful study was the period when the tremendous intellectual force of Emerson had begun to ameliorate, in New England, the severe stress of ecclesiastical creeds, and, generally, to emancipate the religious mind. That force stimulated currents of thought which found their way into his consciousness, as into that of many other students, and which are still potently operative upon the finest intellects throughout this country. He was educated in the Orthodox faith; he became a Unitarian; he ended, as Emerson had ended, by becoming a man of letters;—by determining to rear and perfect the structure of his own spiritual being, and to help, and bless, and beautify the human life around him by the widest possible diffusion of ennobling thought. Upon that career he had finally and successfully entered, when, before he had reached the age of twenty-nine, his pen was arrested by the sudden hand of death. In the selection of his Letters my endeavor has been to preserve enough of the domestic tone to indicate, without insipidity, the loveliness of his filial and fraternal feeling and the beauty of his home life; to reveal, also, because it imparts beneficial admonition, the spiritual

conflict through which he passed, if not to peace (which does not seem intended for our mortal state), at least to a final and definite resolution. In his Journals,—which are fragmentary and mostly composed of criticism of authors and cursory meditations on life,—there seems to be intimation that he had projected a Novel, which should depict the New England rural life of his time, and should crystallize his religious experience. From his many contributions to the New American Cyclopædia,—hundreds of articles, relative to an astounding variety of subjects, and expositive of copious learning, sound judgment, pure taste, and delicate precision of style,—only a few (Victor Cousin, Coleridge, Philosophy, Beauty, History, Moral Philosophy), have been incorporated into this volume, and those only because they help to denote the extent of his knowledge and the versatility of his mind. The use that a writer makes of his knowledge is more important than the knowledge itself; and it was the supreme felicity and crowning excellence of this writer that, in the co-ordination and application of all that he had learned of human history and all that he had felt of the experience of human life, he imparted the substantial results of thought, and, with decisive practical effect, exerted a fine genius in the great work of promoting that higher, purer, nobler civilization for which the best intellect of humanity is longing and laboring all over the world. I know not whether he was acquainted with the poetry of Matthew Arnold: he would have loved it, if he was; but he died before the works of that great leader had become much known in our country. When I think of him I think of Arnold's words:

“I in the world must live; but thou,
Thou melancholy shade!
Wilt not, if thou canst see me now,
Condemn me, nor upbraid.

For thou art gone away from earth,
And place with those dost claim,
The Children of the Second Birth,
Whom the world could not tame;

And with that small, transfigured band,
Whom many a different way
Conducted to their common land,
Thou learn'st to think as they.

Christian and pagan, king and slave,
Soldier and anchorite,—
Distinctions we esteem so grave,—
Are nothing in their sight.

They do not ask, who pined unseen,
Who was on action hurl'd,
Whose one bond is, that all have been
Unspotted by the world.

There without anger thou wilt see
Him who obeys thy spell
No more, so he but rest, like thee,
Unsoiled!—and so, Farewell."





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